Liberty

MAR. 29, 1947 10c

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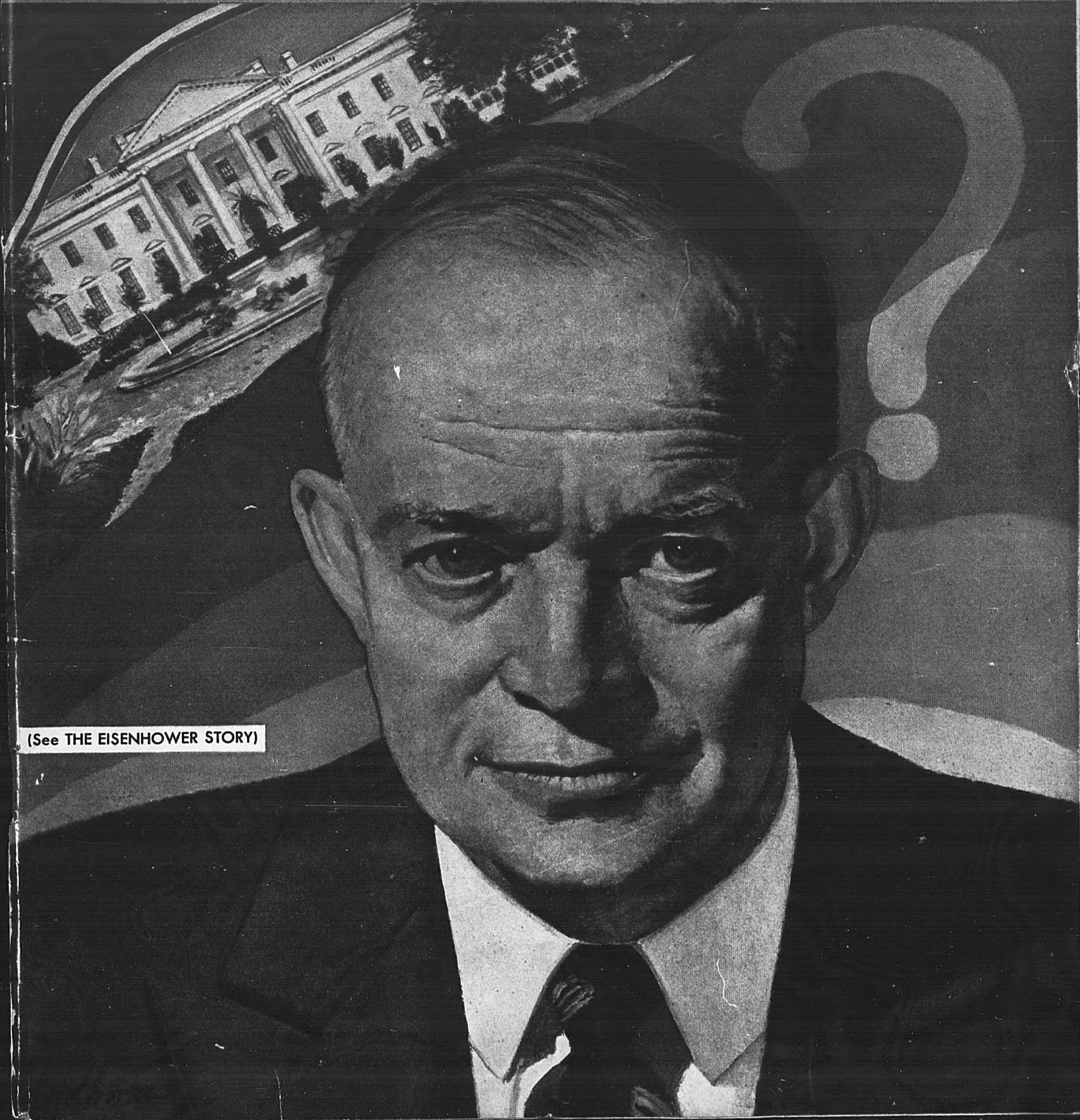

(See THE EISENHOWER STORY)

Just the kiss of the hops

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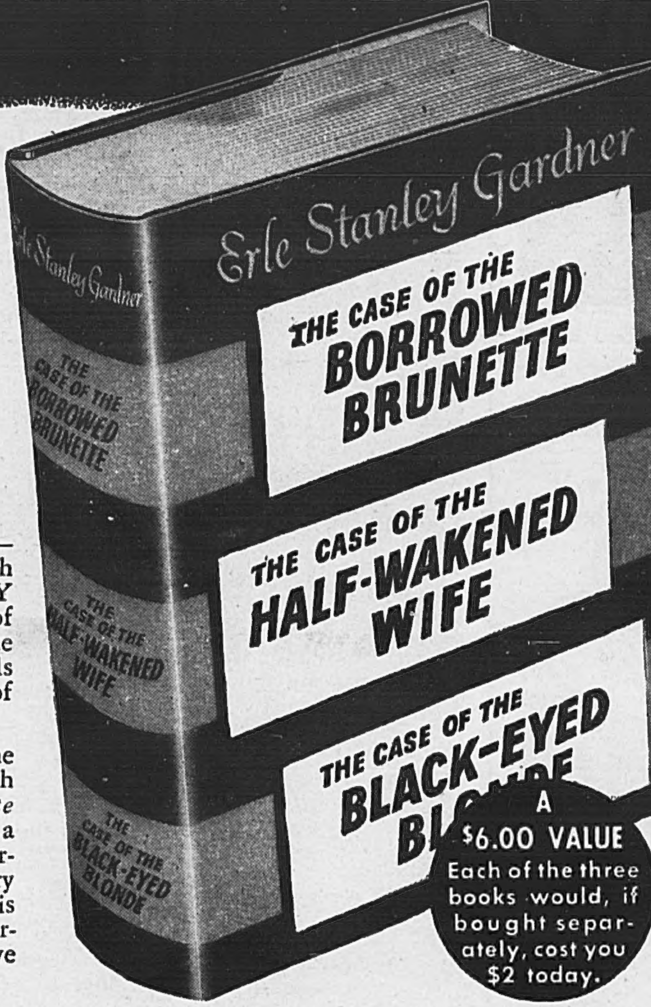
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THE CASE OF THE HALF-WAKENED WIFE
THE CASE OF THE BLACK-EYED BLONDE

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IT'S the dead of night. You are aboard a yacht. Suddenly . . . A scream! A splash! A shot! Then the cry, "Man Overbo-o-oard!" And you find yourself clutching a beautiful woman who is holding a gun—from which one shot has just been fired!

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JUST ONE blonde can cause enough trouble—and Mason is tangled up with THREE! No. 1 bursts into his office wearing practically nothing but a fur coat—and a "wow" of a black-eye! No. 2 is having suspicious "in-law" trouble. And Mason finds No. 3 sprawled in the mud, a bullet through her head!

Can No. 2 help Mason prove that No. 1 didn't murder No. 3?

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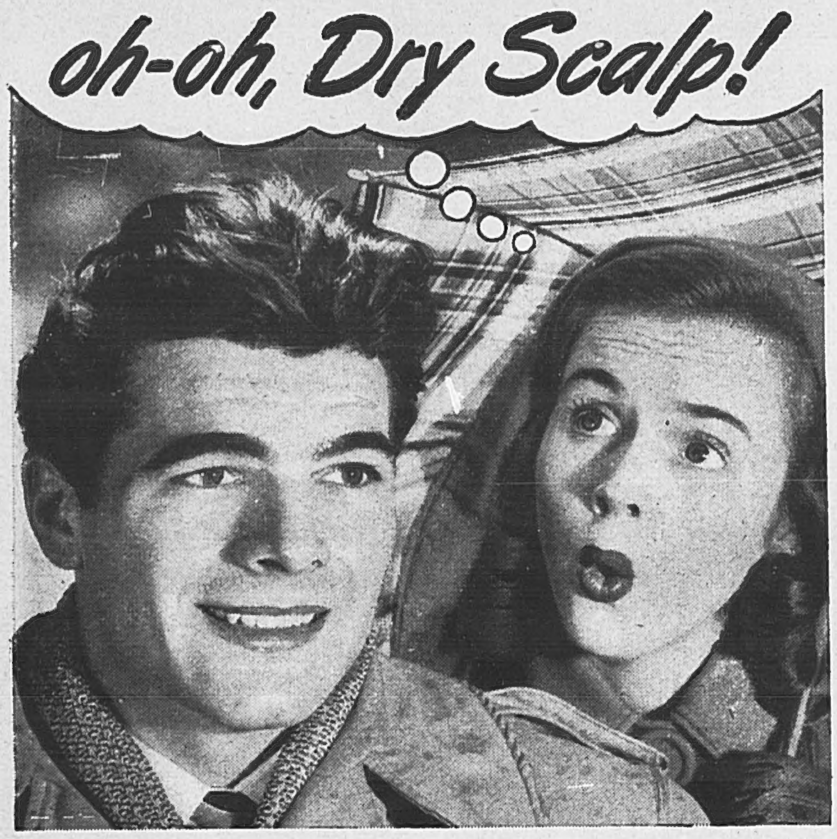
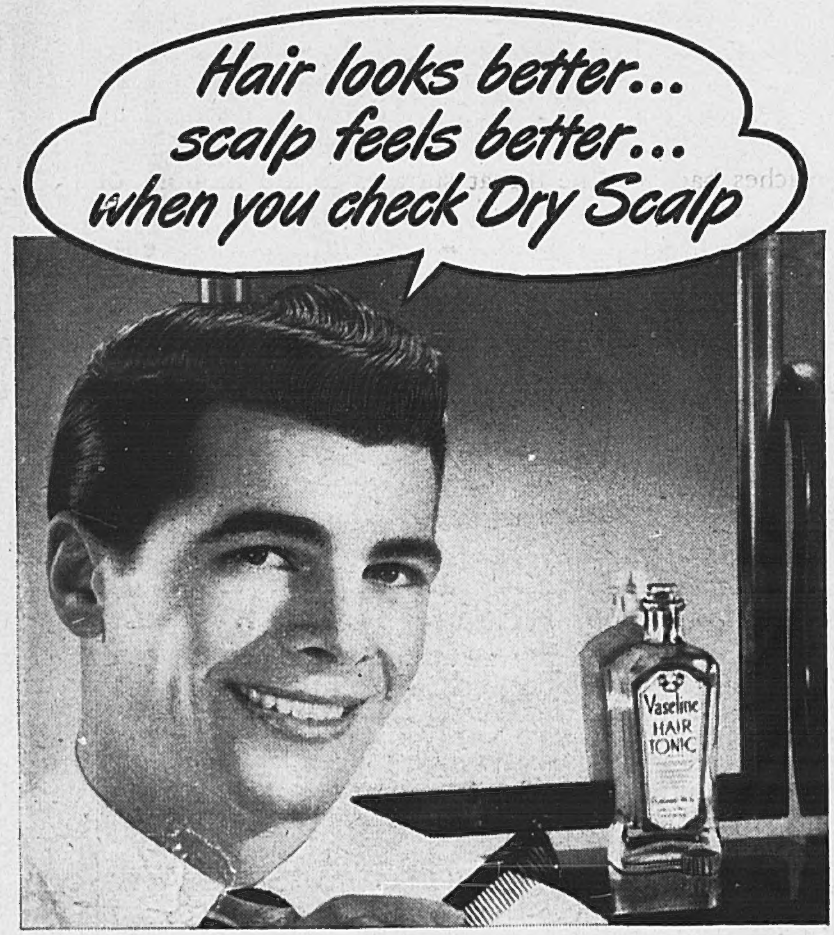

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"WHETHER IT'S RAIN or shine, he *always* has a bedraggled look. His hair never looks combed . . . it's so lifeless and straggly . . . full of loose dandruff, too. He's got Dry Scalp, all right. I'd better tell him . . . quick . . . about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"



WELL-GROOMED HAIR is easy to have—with the daily use of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! A few drops every morning—and your hair takes on new lustre—new neatness. You check loose dandruff and Dry Scalp. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

Liberty

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Painted by Pat Holbrooke

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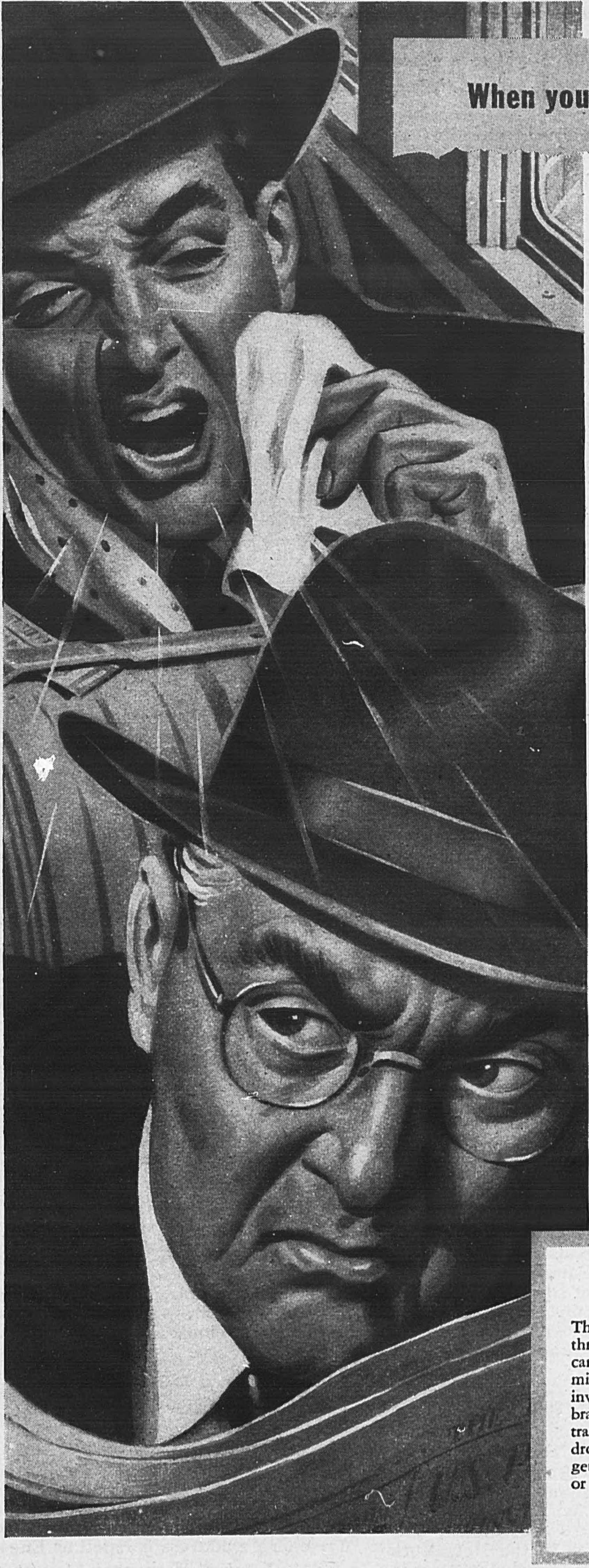


When you're in line for his COLD—*Look Out!*

Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Quick!

Germs reduced up to 96.7% in tests

IF YOU have been in close contact with other people who have colds, or if your feet get wet or cold, or if you have been exposed to sudden changes of temperature, it's only sensible to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic as promptly as possible.

Guard Against Mass Invasion of Germs

Such exposure may lower body resistance so that germs called the "secondary invaders" find it easier to invade the throat tissue and produce many of those miserable aspects of a cold you know so well. Listerine Antiseptic reaches back on the throat surfaces to kill millions of these "secondary invaders."

In tests, germs on throat and mouth surfaces were reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle; as much as 80% one hour after. You can see why it can help Nature in guarding against a mass invasion of germs.

Fewer Colds in Tests

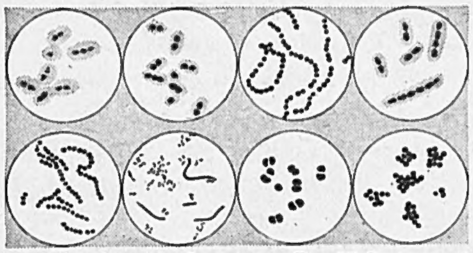
Bear in mind Listerine Antiseptic's impressive record made in tests over 12 years: Those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

So, remember, at the first hint of a cold, use Listerine Antiseptic. Better still, make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a morning-and-night habit.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

"SECONDARY INVADERS," Potential Troublemakers

These are some types of the threatening germs, which can cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the throat membranes and which may be transmitted to you in tiny droplets of moisture if you get in the way of a sneeze or a cough.



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

On her wedding night,

she alone can send
a stranger to his death

...or keep silent and
hold her happiness
forever!

Paramount presents

RAY MILLAND · TERESA WRIGHT

in

"The Imperfect Lady"

with

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE · VIRGINIA FIELD
REGINALD OWEN · ANTHONY QUINN
MELVILLE COOPER · Produced by KARL TUNBERG
Directed by LEWIS ALLEN · Screen Play by Karl Tunberg

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

A LOFTY VIEW?

El Cerrito, Calif.—After reading The Dim View, spoken of as a "Story of a Great Love" (December 14), I do not know whether I shall ever care to have Liberty in my house again.

I have never read anything with more disgust or with greater wonder that such a story should be allowed in the mails. Talk of free love, drunkenness, and filth if you have to, but please don't soil the name of love by calling such a story as this a great love. Is this the kind of example you would hold up to our young people? Is this the ideal that made America great?

Such things may have happened and probably did, but must we try to glorify their sordidness?—*Mrs. W. A. Anderson.*

That story was Liberty's condensation of a novel which isn't banned even in Boston, and whose naughty heroine is a backwoods Aussie. So why not relax?—Vox Pop Editor.

PAREE'S CAR "SHORTAGE"

Paris, France—In your November 30 Camera Eye is a picture of a Studebaker that, "With new cars scarce as vacant apartments, turned up in, of all places, England!" I'm stationed in Paris and I think the camera should turn its eyes on this fair city and see the many '46s and '47s we have here. The number would surprise you. I can show you 1947 Studebakers in showrooms. There are even Kaiser-Frazers floating over the Parisian boulevards. Why do we have so many new cars over here when my father and other American people can't get one in the States?—*A car-hungry American.*

WHISTLER'S MOTHER

Los Angeles, Calif.—That sailor pictured whistling at a pretty girl (January 18 Camera Eye) happens to be my son Carl Otten, Jr., S 1/c when the picture was taken. The same picture was in the New York Times. He got quite a thrill out of it. He is now back in civilian life trying to complete his high-school education with the help of the G. I. Bill of Rights. He spent most of two years in the South Pacific on the aircraft carrier Monterey. Is 19, will be 20 next month.—*Mrs. Mabel Otten.*

FOR PETE'S SAKE

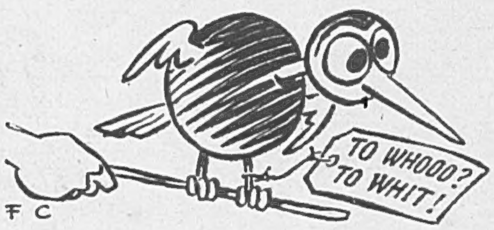
Pecos, Texas—Usually on Saturday morning I buy my Liberty, go home with a pint on my hip, read all the stories, start on Ted Shane. Pretty soon take a drink to make me more "cockeyed." A pint as a rule enables me to solve the puzzle.

On account of snow this Saturday morning, I bought a quart, thinking I couldn't get back to a bar. Now the quart is gone, the snow is two feet deep, and I haven't solved the February 1 puzzle.

How in hell could a cowpoke know what Vertical 2 is? Why doesn't Ted get cockeyed for the masses instead of the minority?—*Pecos Pete.*

WOOD NOTE WILD?

Merkel, Texas—I would like to express my opinion of a letter by W. W. Whitaker (Vox Pop, January 18), editor of the Grenada County (Mississippi) Weekly. I read Liberty all the time I was overseas, and I think it is great. But that letter was too much. I do not think Mr. Whitaker's voice (which he said was a baby wren's) can be compared with that of any bird except one. When he criticized Mr. Roosevelt, he showed what bird—the magpie, with its incessant chatter and stupidity.—*James H. Winter.*



Dozens of letters have been giving baby-wren Whitaker the bird, and a bird even louder than the magpie.—Vox Pop Editor.

"HAM" CORRECTION

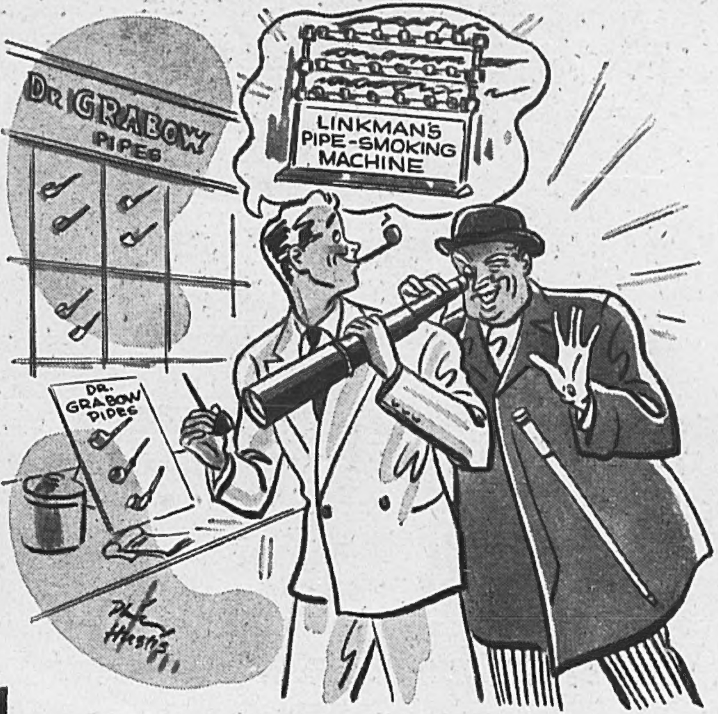
W3IUC—In "Hams" Across the Sea, by John Chapman (February 1), W6BY's address is listed as Eng-

(*Continued on page 8*)

NO BREAKING IN
NO BITE
NO BITTER TASTE

Pre-Smoked
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

DR. GRABOW
PIPES



"Take a gander at the bowl, sir,—you can see that only a Dr. Grabow pipe is scientifically Pre-Smoked!"

Ripe'n' Ready for Smokin' Steady

DR GRABOW
TRU-GRAIN

SEE . . .
It's Pre-Smoked - - - - - - - →

Illustrated
Actual Size
DR. GRABOW
Tru-Grain . . . $3.50

You taste the fragrance of real tobacco from the very first puff of your new Dr. Grabow . . . *No Breaking In . . . No Bite . . . No Bitter Taste!*

The only correct way to break in a new pipe is to smoke it. Every Dr. Grabow is Pre-Smoked at the factory . . . actually under fire . . . with fine tobacco (Edgeworth) on Linkman's exclusive pipe smoking machine . . . duplicating the slow, deliberate puffing of an experienced smoker. Here is the most important advancement in pipe smoking history . . . ripe and ready for smoking steady.

Ask your dealer for Dr. Grabow Pre-Smoked Pipes . . . all equipped with special aluminum fittings.

The DR. GRABOW *Pre-Smoked Line*

SELECT GRAIN	$5.00
TRU-GRAIN	$3.50
SUPREME	$2.00
DE LUXE	$1.50

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DR. GRABOW PIPE COMPANY, INC.
Chicago 14, Ill.

Dr. Grabow Creed
FAITHFULLY
MAINTAINING
QUALITY—AT
NO ADVANCE
IN PRICE—

PIPER CUB, "The Good Safe Plane You Can Afford to Buy and Fly"... proved by billions of miles of flying!

IN THIS AIR AGE—IT'S air-o-magic

You take the highway in AIR-O-MAGICS . . . the skyway-styled shoes that spell c-o-m-f-o-r-t from the word go! There are 88 reasons for AIR-O-MAGIC perfection. For instance, the patented, hand-moulded innersoles that air-cushion every toe, curve and joint, yet cannot ridge or wrinkle. Enjoy AIR-O-MAGICS from the instant you put them on. They need no breaking-in!

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WITH PATENTED HAND-MOULDED INNERSOLES

SOFT AS A MATTRESS
JUST AS RESTFUL

FREE! Fascinating, instructive booklet "How to Fly." Just like taking pilot course, it contains clear descriptions and photos of 53 step-by-step lessons; aviation terms and flight maneuver diagrams. Write today.

MARION SHOE DIVISION, Daly Bros. Shoe Co., Inc., Dept. E, Marion, Indiana

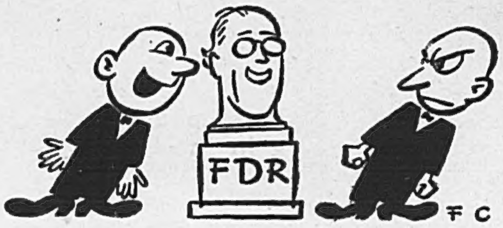
(*Continued from page 6*)

land. This is impossible, since the first letter of any call indicates the nationality, and W is the letter assigned to U. S. stations. Undoubtedly Mr. Chapman meant G6BY, since the letter G has been assigned by international treaty to England.

Nevertheless, the article was swell and I am sure my fellow "hams" appreciated every word of it.—*Marx S. Kaufman.*

PRO AND CON AS TO F. D. R.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—I want to thank you for publishing F. D. R.'s Biggest Fight, by Alden Hatch. In these rather trying times it is good to be reminded that courage and selflessness are still the most important goal to be reached by man. We could read a great many more stories about F. D. R. The moment I saw the cover with his picture, I wanted it, and I bought a copy for a friend. Too many editors and columnists seem to have forgotten that the majority of our nation voted four times to keep President Roosevelt in office; to have forgotten the deep sorrow and sincere, unashamed tears shed at his passing away; and they don't seem to realize the great love we have for his memory. Thank you for remembering.—*Lawrence Straight.*



WEST LIBERTY, OHIO—I have been a reader of Liberty for several years. Today I canceled my subscription. At the request of my newsdealer, I am telling you why. For your information (in case you have not heard), both Roosevelt and the New Deal have been dead for some time. The results of the recent election show that some of us have had enough.—*H. L. Hale, D.D.S.*

PLAYING LEFTWARD?

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Senator Taft of Ohio in his recent reported utterances before the mayors of the Ohio Valley cities said he favored rent control beyond the next June 30 expiration date. Can he reconcile that attitude with the one he took last July? He evidently is playing to the galleries in an effort to spotlight his candidacy for the Presidency in '48. And God help the Republican Party if he is nominated—it will be another Democratic victory sure as shootin'.

When the depression days were dark in the '30s, many a property owner reduced his rents to a record-breaking low in order to help his tenants survive—and suffered losses in doing so. Was he appreciated and thanked? No! When he was caught with his britches down in March, '42, and compelled to keep his rentals down to depression levels, the high-bracketed wage earners in his properties gloried in the thought that here at last they had a chance to punish the man who had befriended them. How do I know? I managed rental properties at that period and for years before. I even organized a property owners' organization to combat some of the evils of the F. D. R. control; and while it is still in existence—some 600 strong—it cannot function to protect the owners against bureaucratic and left-wing contemptible controls of the American way of living. And Taft believes in extending that period, does he?—*R. F. Williams.*

C.A.F. IS NO JOKE, SUH!

New Bern, N. C.—Your short article describing our organization (January 4) was *incorrect!* The Confederate Air Force is a pilots' organization and is not in any way connected with the sale of airplanes. We do not have an instruction service and do not even have an airplane. Our group is a membership of aviation and private flying in the *South,* not the North, and these two programs are our entire object.

The Confederate Air Force was organized here in March, 1946. Since then we have grown into a club numbering over 200 members who are scattered all over the world, but with the bulk of them in the *South.* Our Air Force can do much good in the promotion of safer and better private flying, and will, if we continue to have the support of the press.—*A. T. McSorley, Colonel, C.A.F.*

LET'S ALL THINK—TWICE

Chicago, Ill.—I wish to protest against the type of comment placed opposite your picture of a Negro caught in mid-air in his attempt to commit suicide (February 1).

I realize such sensational pictures have news interest, but surely such callous comment, such utter lack of humanity and pity as is shown in the small "Tired of livin'" paragraph is below the standard of even the humblest reader.

Ask yourselves, editors, if this Negro had been one of your own family, driven beyond endurance by some insurmountable pain or trouble—ask yourselves what such comment would have done to your heart and your sorrow. Then, I beg of you,

(*Continued on page 10*)

You're really "Solid"-when you've got P.A.*
CRIMP CUT P.A. IS GREAT FOR 'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES. ROLLS EASY—PACKS JUST RIGHT
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal

Pipe Appeal is that "something extra" that has a real appeal to women. It's the distinctly masculine look of men who smoke pipes!

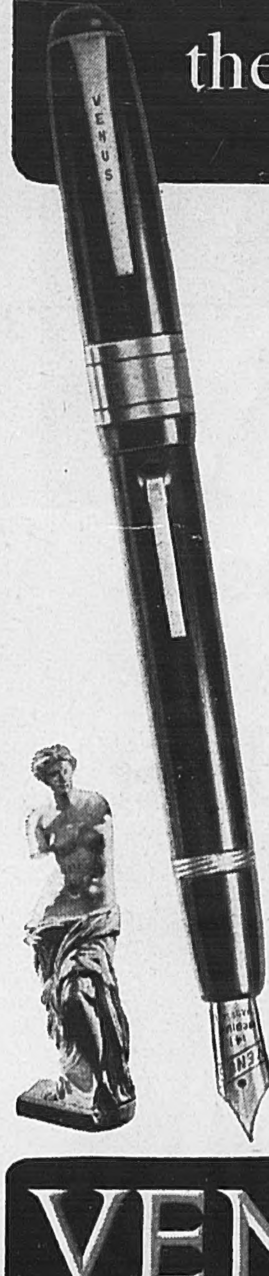
P.A. means Prince Albert

—that rich-tasting tobacco that's mild and mellow—easy on the tongue. P.A. is specially treated to insure against tongue bite—to give you real smoking joy and comfort. More pipes smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco. Try it—and see why!

R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

The National Joy Smoke

When you buy—
compare
...the *pen* and the *price!*



Stop at your favorite pen counter. *Look* at *all* the popular brands. Then ... *see* and *write with* the Venus *President*—that gives you *every essential writing feature of pens costing twice as much.*

14 Karat gold point, *extra* large for strength, *Iridium* tipped for smoother writing, longer wear. Smart colors. *Yours for years* of writing satisfaction at a mighty reasonable price ... only $3.50. Backed by the *Venus Guarantee.*

$3.50

Matching pen and pencil set $5.00

VENUS

AMERICAN PENCIL COMPANY
Makers of famous Venus Pencils

(*Continued from page 9*)

think before you commit such an offense against us all. Are not the words Equality and Fraternity linked with "Liberty"?—*Mrs. Eugenia S. Wallace.*

They are indeed, and for anyone, Negro or white, who is "tired of livin'," Liberty has due compassion. Its "callousness" is reserved for suicide.—VOX POP EDITOR.

FIGURES IT'S PEORIA

DES MOINES, IOWA—In The Town Without Shortages (January 18) the town is referred to as "Test City (its identity is a closely guarded secret)." This somewhat amused me. Why make mention of the "closely guarded identity" of this city when farther along in the article the 1930 census population of 104,969 is mentioned? Mention is also made of the fact that this city produces heavy machinery, and this fact, along with my check of the 1930 census figures, leaves no doubt in my mind that "Test City" is Peoria, Illinois.—*Lloyd C. McLaughlin.*

AH-HAH!
Liberty
F C

THAT HELPFUL CHALLENGE

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Can you give me the name of the publisher of The Challenge of Marriage, by Dr. Rudolf Dreikurs—that very helpful book that appeared in the February 15 Liberty?—*Rexford Hoyt.*

Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York.—VOX POP EDITOR.

"WHAT COMES NATCHER'LY"

FRESNO, CALIF.—In Vox Pop (December 28) William P. Wilkins made the statement that Mother Nature has given us a sex instinct "to be freely expressed and enjoyed without man-made restrictions." This is certainly not a universal view.

In the study of lower animals we learn that sex is restricted to definite seasons. These restrictions ofttimes are very severe, limiting the animal to but one mate in its lifetime.

Lower animals are so protected in nature because they lack the power of reason. But reason is man's only protection. And whatever restrictions are placed upon him must be man-made—either by himself or by others for the protection of society. Such restrictions constitute moral law. Therefore promiscuity cannot be dealt with as merely obeying a natural instinct.—*H. R. Dalke.*

Just Between Ourselves

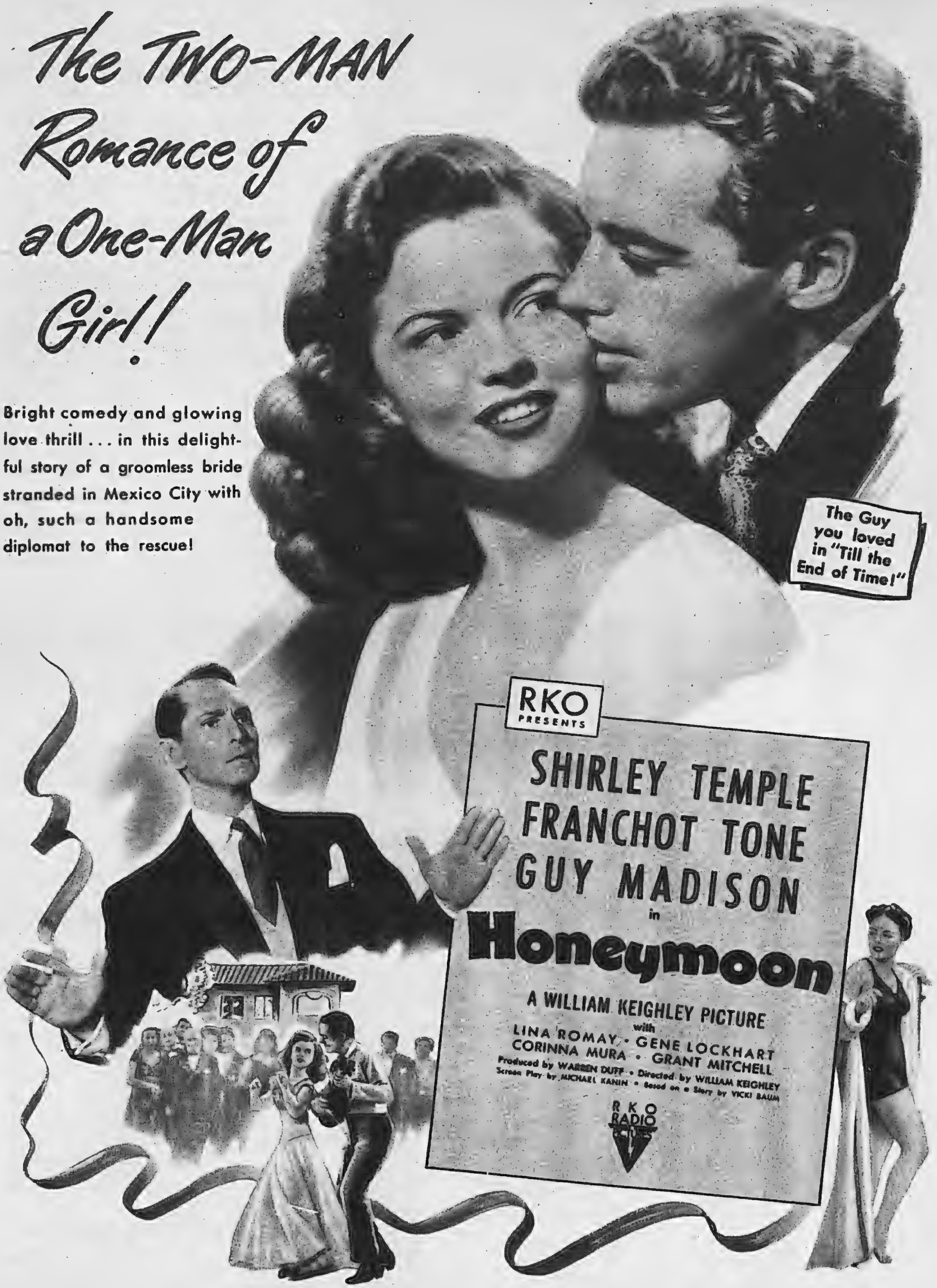
PROBABLY no newspaperman in the United States is better qualified to write on America's foreign policy than James Reston, author of HORSE-AND-BUGGY DIPLOMACY IS HURTING US (page 15). Good-looking thirty-seven-year-old "Scotty" Reston has the awesome, much-coveted assignment of diplomatic correspondent for the New York Times. His reporting at Dumbarton Oaks won him the Pulitzer Prize. He has covered nearly all the big-power conferences since. His persistence in prying important information from unwilling sources is credited with having made President Truman break prematurely the story of General Marshall's appointment as Secretary of State. Reston so convinced Mr. Byrnes that he (Reston) knew what was up, that Mr. Byrnes phoned the President and advised him to make the announcement.

One of Mr. Reston's equally distinguished colleagues in the nation's capital is Robert S. Allen, Liberty's Washington columnist (see WASHINGTON UNDERCURRENT, page 13). Allen is, of course, with Drew Pearson, co-author of the sensational book, Washington Merry-Go-Round and co-originator of the newspaper column of the same name. His formal education was completed at the University of Munich, where he witnessed and covered for a number of American newspapers Hitler's famous beer-hall putsch and subsequent trial. After working for the United Press in New York for a year, in 1926 he joined the Washington bureau of the Christian Science Monitor. Five years later, his book, Washington Merry-Go-Round, lost him his job but won him his reputation for candid reporting. Allen, Pearson, and their column boomed. In 1942 Allen became an infantry major. Before his military service had ended he had won a colonelcy on General Patton's staff, numerous decorations, including the French Legion of Honor and Croix de Guerre, the Bronze Star and Silver Cross—and had lost his right hand. That happened in Germany a month before V-E Day.

LIBERTY'S April 12 issue brings you an all-star line-up of fact, fiction, and pictures. . . . On the article front, Leland Stowe tells you what he saw behind the "iron curtain"; Bob Considine reveals some of the good things ahead for the sports spectator; and Dick Strouse writes of an employment service that gets executive jobs for veterans who might otherwise wind up as office boys. . . . In fiction, John and Ward Hawkins bring you a poignant, unforgettable story entitled FIRST KISS. You'll like, also, the fast-moving, laugh-loaded Gordon Malherbe Hillman story, ON APPROVAL, and three other top-flight tales, including Part Six of Edward Hope's absorbing romantic serial, PARADISE WITH SERPENT. . . . For eye appeal, EYE-INTEREST, Liberty's sparkling new picture section, offers you more stand-out features, including what's goofy this spring in women's hats.

The TWO-MAN Romance of a One-Man Girl!

Bright comedy and glowing love thrill . . . in this delightful story of a groomless bride stranded in Mexico City with oh, such a handsome diplomat to the rescue!



The Guy you loved in "Till the End of Time!"

RKO PRESENTS

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
FRANCHOT TONE
GUY MADISON
in

Honeymoon

A WILLIAM KEIGHLEY PICTURE
with
LINA ROMAY • GENE LOCKHART
CORINNA MURA • GRANT MITCHELL
Produced by WARREN DUFF • Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY
Screen Play by MICHAEL KANIN • Based on a Story by VICKI BAUM

RKO RADIO

an intimate glimpse of a Gar Wood model . . .

It may have escaped your attention, gentlemen—but there's a boat in this picture, too. A honey! Just look at those lines! Styled by Norman Bel Geddes. And given the breath of life by the master manufacturer of them all —the Boat Division of Gar Wood Industries. Believe me, boys, she's the sweetest little ship ever to ride a wave.

Her name? . . . THE ENSIGN.

Phone Number? . . . Just call your local GAR WOOD DEALER. Better phone early, too. Anything *that* beautiful isn't unattached very long.

THE ENSIGN: Length 16′, Beam 6′, Draught 21″, Seats 6. Fuel capacity 22 gallons. Engine options up to 37 miles per hour.

Two tone upholstery . . . Luxury appointments.

Fingertip control...
Easy-to-read dash.

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BOAT DIVISION • ALSO BUILDERS OF HOIST AND BODIES • TANKS • HEATING UNITS • WINCHES AND CRANES • ROAD MACHINERY • *GENERAL OFFICES:* WAYNE, MICHIGAN *PLANTS:* WAYNE • DETROIT • MINNEAPOLIS • MATTOON • MARYSVILLE • FINDLAY • NEWPORT NEWS

WASHINGTON

★ UNDERCURRENT ★ UNDERCURRENT ★ UNDERCURRENT ★ UNDERCURRENT ★ UNDERCURRENT ★ UNDERCURRENT ★ UNDERCURRENT ★

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

ATOMIC RACE • They are not talking about it publicly, but members of the Atomic Energy Commission have some momentous good news.

On the basis of certain recent discoveries by their crack corps of scientists, the Commissioners are convinced it is now possible to develop atomic power for civilian use in two years.

LILIENTHAL

Only one thing stands in the way of this epochal realization—the fierce international atom-bomb race.

Inside fact is this fateful race has reached such a feverish pitch of intensity that it completely dominates all atomic research. Led by Russia, a number of countries are concentrating all their resources and efforts on atomic weapons.

Privately, the Atomic Commissioners are profoundly disturbed over this sinister rivalry. They view it as catastrophic in two ways: (1) As gravely increasing the menace of a cataclysmic atomic war. (2) As seriously retarding U. S. efforts to develop atomic energy for peaceful purposes.

As long as Russia and other countries are concentrating wholly on the military aspects of atomic power, the United States is compelled to do the same for its own protection. The Commission's first and all-controlling policy is U. S. supremacy in atomic weapons. Nothing is being permitted to interfere with that policy.

But if the desperate atom-bomb race could be abated, the United States would be able in a matter of months to produce atomic energy for industrial use.

That's the great dream of the Commission.

Out on a Limb • A definite accord on Germany will be reached by the Big Four Foreign Ministers at the Moscow Conference.

Dr. John R. Steelman, glad-handing "economic czar," will vanish from the Truman administration by summer.

A new auxiliary bishop for the Boston Archdiocese will be announced by the Vatican.

Congress will renew Presidential war controls on sugar, meat, dairy products, protein foods, and the wonder drug streptomycin.

King George of Greece will lose his throne for the third time within six months.

McNUTT

Paul McNutt, former Governor of Indiana, will resign as U. S. Ambassador to the Philippines and enter the private practice of law in New York.

The Senate War Investigating Committee will investigate the secret maneuvers of three large U. S. corporations to gain control of American holdings of the notorious German I. G. Farbenindustrie.

Chiang Kai-shek will retire as Generalissimo of Nationalist China.

President Truman will veto the Republican tax bill. The G.O.P. does not have enough votes to pass it over his head.

Around the Circuit • President Truman already has had two attractive job offers when he leaves the White House. One was from a large mail-order firm at $100,000 a year; the other from an insurance company at $85,000. . . . In eight months the personnel roll of the United Nations has zoomed from fifty to more than 3,000. . . . Over 900 veterans of the Indian Wars are still drawing pensions from the government. . . . John L. Lewis is quietly grooming his short, blustery younger brother, Denny, to succeed him as boss of the United Mine Workers. Denny is now the $12,000-a-year head of the United Construction Workers Organizing Committee, by appointment by John L. . . . Treasury investigators estimate German-owned assets in Switzerland at over $750,000,000. . . . General Eisenhower's address before the Women's National Press Club in Washington drew the largest throng in the history of the organization. . . . Alf Landon, 1936 G.O.P. Presidential standard bearer, is quietly planning to go into radio with several or more stations in small Midwestern towns. . . . The government is holding more than $40,000,000 in veterans' terminal-leave pay that next of kin have failed to claim. . . . The Navy Intelligence School in Anacostia, Maryland, is teaching both navy and army officers Russian, Turkish, Greek, and Arabic. . . . Jim Farley, former Democratic National Chairman and Postmaster General, has completed his memoirs of the New Deal. He says he wrote them himself. . . . The Congressional Record, daily printed transcript of proceedings in the House and the Senate, costs taxpayers $72 a page. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas is the proud possessor of a unique autograph collection. It consists of an original signature of every U. S. President from Washington to Truman. . . . Maury Maverick, former ardent New Deal congressman from Texas, now practicing law in Los Angeles, is eying the mayoralty chair in that city. . . . Commerce Secretary W. Averell Harriman, multimillionaire railroad owner and banker, always wears soft collars.

TRUMAN

EISENHOWER

Security Instructor • One of Secretary Marshall's first moves upon taking over the State Department was to order a drastic tightening-up on security. It was badly needed. The Department was "leaking" like a sieve.

Under Marshall's edict, all officials were required to read certain documents, and also to attend a series of lectures. Further, they had to view a film made especially for the Department on secrecy. The film was a must. Everybody had to see it.

Producer and director of this compulsory instructional film was—Carl A. Marzani, former State Department employee indicted on charges of concealing Communist membership.

Courtesy

Some materials for new telephone service are still scarce . . . but reasonableness, courtesy and kindness we can provide in full quantity, for we make them ourselves on the spot. "The Voice With a Smile" keeps on being one of the nice things about telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Horse-and-Buggy Diplomacy Is Hurting Us

We're playing a global game with an old team and old rules. A top Washington reporter tells what we must do if we want to keep the ball

By James Reston

READING TIME • 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE United States sent a new team to Moscow this month to negotiate with the Russians on peace treaties for Germany and Austria. This mission is being directed by Secretary of State George C. Marshall. The team we sent to Moscow in December, 1945, was run by James F. Byrnes. Earlier in 1945 the American Secretary of State at the Yalta Conference was Edward R. Stettinius, Jr. And when the first meeting of the Big Three Foreign Ministers was held in the Soviet capital in October, 1943, Cordell Hull was Secretary of State and led our delegation.

A new captain almost every year and plenty of eager new substitutes on the team may be an excellent system for football, but it is not necessarily good for diplomatic negotiations involving the peace of the world. The United States is trying to create a just and stable peace. World stability depends in great measure upon the continuity and stability of the policies of the great powers; and our personnel changes have not been conducive to creating a sense of American stability.

As a matter of fact, our policy has remained fairly

INP PHOTO

America's reputation as a world leader isn't helped by U. N. team changes. James Byrnes was the top man when this photo was taken.

stable in the period from Cordell Hull to George Marshall. In this era of personal journalism and authoritarian governments, however, the world has come to think of contemporary history in terms of individuals, and the inevitable effect of so many changes is uncertainty, especially when we have changed our team at the United Nations almost as fast as we have changed it at the Department of State. In the first year of the U. N. Security Council, for example, we had four different negotiators: Stettinius, Byrnes, Herschel Johnson, and former Senator Warren R. Austin. This was the worst case, but in the other agencies of the U. N., the same now-you-see-'em-and-now-you-don't situation existed.

INP PHOTO

George C. Marshall takes over as Secretary of State, a post that sets a killing pace not only at home but also abroad.

Eugene Meyer, former publisher of the Washington Post, took over the presidency of the World Bank, a U. N.-affiliated agency, and gave it up after a few months. Much was made of the fact that we were taking our Ambassador from London, John Winant, in order to have a strong U. S. delegation to the U. N. Economic and Social Council, but Mr. Winant also retired after the first few meetings.

Similarly, Bernard M. Baruch, given almost an autonomous status in directing our A-bomb policy in the U. N. Atomic Energy Commission, resigned while the negotiations were still in a formative stage. Finally, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan and Senator Tom Connally of Texas, who did so much to make the United Nations a reality, say they cannot continue to take time out from their duties on Capitol Hill to participate in future meetings of the Council of Foreign Ministers and the United Nations.

IF the fundamentals of American foreign policy were deeply rooted in tradition and history, and if we had a stable and reliable Civil Service to help direct policy from one Secretary of State to another and from one national administration to another, these changes would not seem so important. But this is not the case.

Look at the problem for a moment from the point of view of the world's Foreign Ministers who have come to this country recently. Those who came to the last meeting of the General Assembly in New York found the United States was represented in the main political committee meetings by Senator Connally. Not only did Secretary Byrnes stay away until the very end, when he made one set speech to the Assembly, but the principal U. S. delegate, Warren Austin, did not negotiate for the United States on the main committees.

As a result, Senator Connally was not only overworked and negotiating at a disadvantage against two Foreign Secretaries, but on at least two occasions his remarks were repudiated by members of the State Department, who explained to the press that the senator did not on these occasions represent the U. S. position accurately.

The world's Foreign Ministers are constantly confronted with situations in which they must decide whether or not they can rely on a stable American policy, and when American negotiators are ineffective or overwhelmed by other negotiators, their confidence is impaired and our reputation as a world leader is not enhanced.

The experience of the Italian Prime Minister on his recent trip to Washington is perhaps the best illustration of the unsettling effect of our casual personnel policy. Alcide de Gasperi came here last Christmas. He was in the same position as most European Foreign Ministers, fighting the left-right battle at home and needing economic aid from the United States. He held a series of solemn conferences with Mr. Byrnes; and then, after he felt that he understood our position, he prepared to leave for home. Just at this point, Mr. Byrnes resigned, and the letters of resignation showed clearly that, without de Gasperi's knowledge, Mr. Byrnes had actually known he was resigning throughout their conversations. De Gasperi got a promise of help, but what he reported to his Cabinet about U. S. negotiating procedures is not known.

IT is easier to explain why these things happen than to correct them. The explanation lies primarily in the fact that the United States is playing a new role in the world with old equipment—old in years and old in habits. No nation in the world, with the possible exception of the Soviet Union, has been pitchforked into a position of world leadership so quickly as has the United States. In spite of all the talk about a bipartisan foreign policy, we have not yet achieved a wholly American policy in all fields.

For nearly a century the United States has been an "observer" of world affairs, and for nearly a hundred years of its independent existence it was a debtor nation, borrowing money abroad to develop its resources and raising tariff barriers to protect its developing industries.

Now, suddenly, it is neither an observer nor a debtor. It is a leader of world relations and the wealthiest creditor nation in history. The change in the debtor-creditor status has taken place in a generation; the change from observer to leader in less than a decade.

FIX PHOTO

In contrast to the capital's more modern government office buildings is this old-fashioned State Department structure.

Inevitably, there is always a gap between the acceptance of a new idea by a large electorate and the implementation of that idea into the laws and habits of the country. This lag afflicts not only the people but their executives. Franklin Roosevelt was one of the greatest advocates of the idea that foreign affairs were of vital importance; yet, in selecting a successor to Cordell Hull as Secretary of State, he chose a man who had very little background for the job. Similarly, Mr. Byrnes often spoke of the mission of world peace as the most important in the world; but when a convenient time arrived for him to resign, he got out, though his health was certainly no worse than Ernest Bevin's or Andrei Vishinsky's, both of whom have carried on.

There is also a relevant hangover of political habits, and this also helps explain the selection of certain U. S. representatives and the rejection of others. For example, no American at the San Francisco Conference was more effective as a negotiator or made a better impression on his world colleagues than Harold Stassen. He was more responsible than any other delegate at that conference for the drafting of the U. N. trusteeship charter, but he was passed over when it came time to select the American delegation to the first United Nations General Assembly meeting in London.

Instead, Frank Walker, former Democratic national chairman, and John G. Townsend, Jr., chairman of the Republican Senatorial Committee, were chosen to supplement the U. S. delegates who had been at San Francisco. Senator Fulbright complained about this at the time and suggested that they had been chosen for political reasons, that President Truman had explained that he wanted to "pass these jobs around."

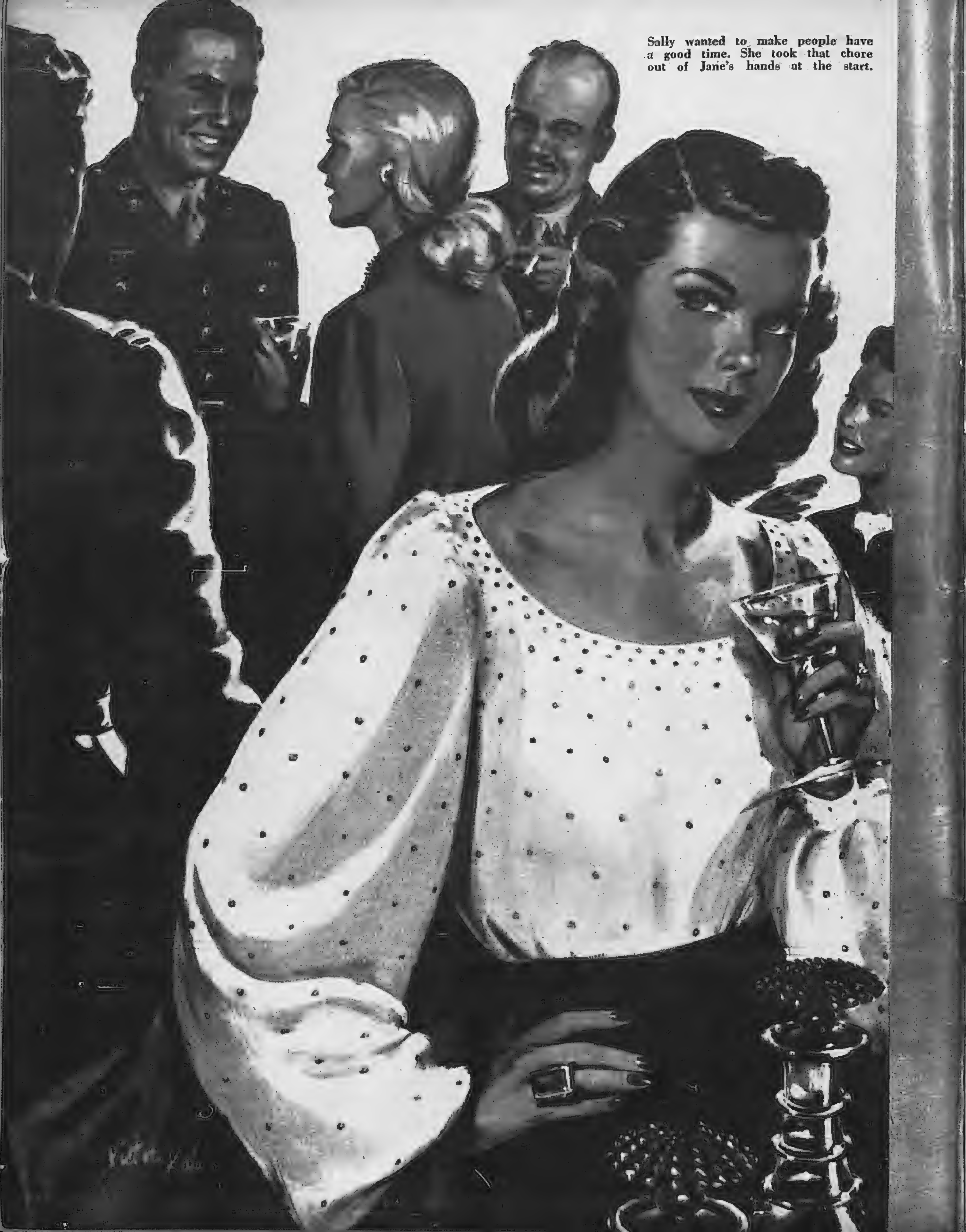
ALSO for political reasons, the President has kept on the American delegations to the United Nations General Assembly the leading Republican and Democratic members of the House Foreign Affairs Committee and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

This had proved to be wise, particularly in the case of Senators Vandenberg and Connally; but the roles assigned to these men, and particularly to Representatives Charles Eaton of New Jersey and Sol Bloom of New York, have not always been so carefully selected. For example, the idea originally was that these representatives of Congress would be *advisers* to the delegation. Instead, they were allowed to do a great deal of the actual *negotiating*, and while Mr. Vandenberg proved himself an adept negotiator, capable of dealing with the best of the foreign delegates, the others did not always represent the United States as well as it could have been represented.

Here again the reason was a hangover from old customs. We had learned to our sorrow, through the experience of Woodrow Wilson, that Congress had to be represented in the negotiation of international agreements. This mistake we corrected, but in doing so we assigned to some of the Congressional representatives tasks that were sometimes beyond their capacities. And the excuse given, perhaps a valid one under the circumstances, was that the executive branch of the government could not afford to antagonize the legislature.

Thus, in some ways, we are not only the prisoners of habit but of the Constitution. In explaining why we have difficulty in attaining a greater degree of continuity at the Department of State, we have merely to consider the number and ages of past secretaries, the salaries paid to top Civil Service officials in Washington, and the vast increase in the staff of the State Department in the last few years.

Since we submit each administration to the test of a general election every four years, this fact alone imposes many changes. For example, in the long period between Thomas Jefferson and George Marshall, only five Secretaries of State have held the office for as long as eight years. The average is just over three years. And in the last three years we have had four heads of the department. This problem might have been minimized if the Secretary of State, like the British (*Continued on page 94*)



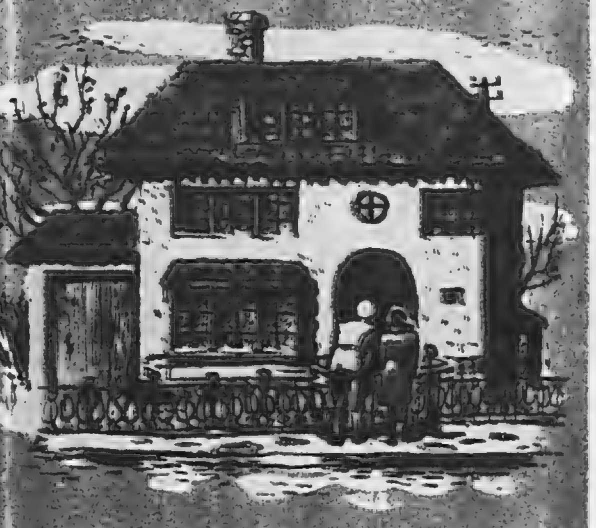
Sally wanted to make people have a good time. She took that chore out of Jane's hands at the start.

Beautiful Dependent

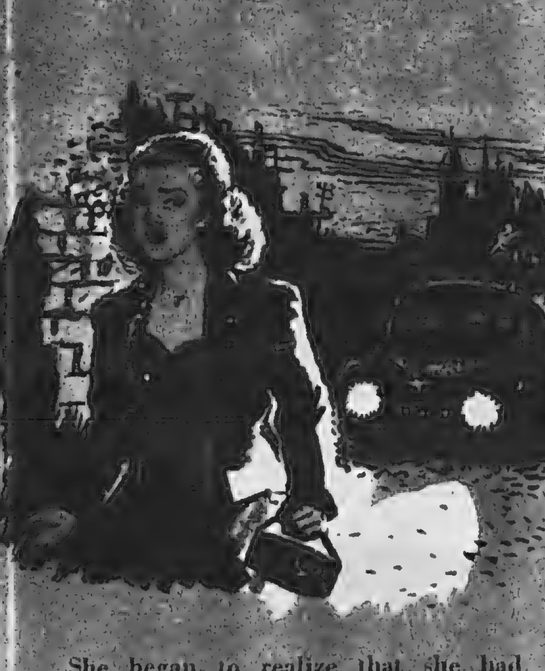
She was a conqueror's woman, the proud, beautiful wife of an American officer in Germany, in a "funny situation"

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR KALIN



She saw a large and ugly stucco house rearing from behind a stubby iron fence with a closed gate. Clem unlocked the gate himself.



She began to realize that she had done a mad thing, running off like this into a city where hatred and need were only controlled by force.

READING TIME•29 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

THE silent colonel sitting beside Jane Deland, his back bent into the curve of the army plane's side, passed her the slip of paper which was going the rounds. It recorded accurately this hour of her adventure: She was seven thousand feet up in the air, she was moving along at two hundred miles an hour, and at approximately 1700 she would reach Berlin. It was now four o'clock in civilian language, so there was only one hour left of this long journey to her husband.

The lieutenant on the other side of her shook out another cigarette and picked up their intermittent conversation:

"Going to stay in Berlin for a while?"

"Yes. As long as my husband's stationed there."

"Ever been here before?"

"Just once. Before the war, of course."

"The town's changed some, I guess," he told her, "but the dependents seem to have a pretty good time just the same."

"Dependents?" Jane repeated the word questioningly.

"That's what they call the army wives. That's your handle."

"Funny to think of myself as a dependent," said Jane and laughed. "What do they call girls who aren't army wives?"

He looked a little embarrassed.

"You mean the Fräuleins?"

Jane realized that the word now had special associations that hadn't been taught in high-school German. She said, "Everyone seems to be very definitely classified over here."

"That's right. You have to know where you belong in a spot like this. And what you rate. But the dependents have it pretty soft. If I were married, I'd have my wife come over."

"It seemed the only sensible thing to do," Jane answered.

She was glad to be reassured. Clem had seemed doubtful and hesitant when she had suggested coming over to join him. He had written back that of course he wanted her, but that life in Germany would be a big change from what she was used to and she might not like it when she got there.

But Jane did not want to wait. If Clem were going to stay in Germany, Jane wanted to go there and make some sort of home for him. And how about children? They couldn't wait forever.

So she had argued in a second persuasive letter. But suddenly, even before the letter could have reached him, Clem cabled her to come. Now at last Jane was nearing her husband at extraordinary speed and with rather jumpy nerves. She took out her mirror and lipstick again.

"Gilding the lily?" asked the lieutenant admiringly.

"The lily needs it. It feels limp and withered after the last three weeks," said Jane.

"Have a hard trip over?"

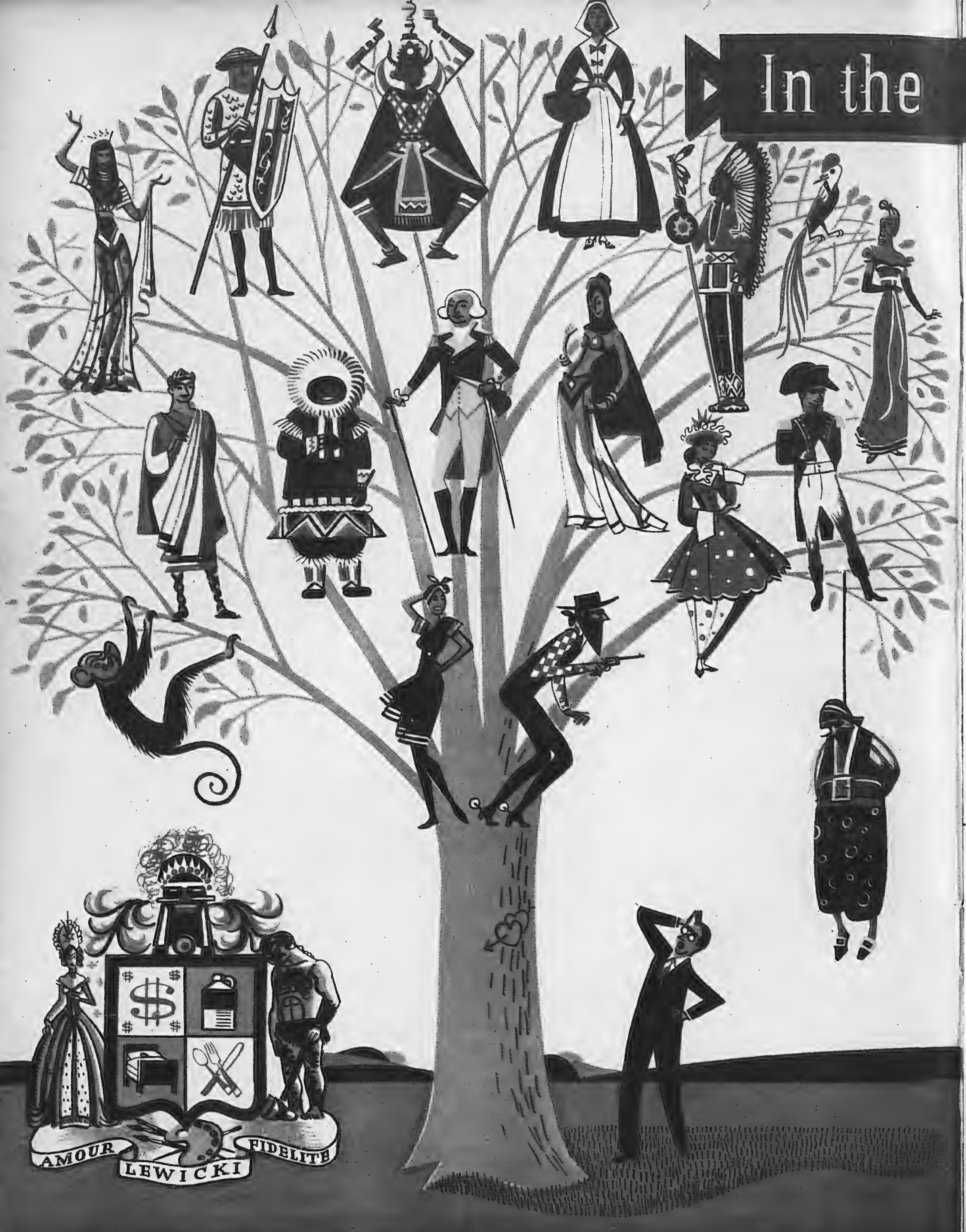
She laughed and told him the comedy features, the ones she intended to tell Clem. But it hadn't been funny when the things happened. Something had gone wrong with the plane, and the passengers had been forced to wait three days in Newfoundland. When the flight finally was resumed, the weather had been unusually stormy for early September and most of the passengers were sick and the plane was a prison of misery.

WHEN, with every muscle aching, Jane had arrived in London and found no word from Clem at the hotel, she felt lost and unwelcome. On the second day, when she was desperate at not hearing from him, Clem got through to her by telephone. His voice was hoarsened by distance, but he was cheerful and seemed to take delay for granted.

"I had your wire about the grounding in Gander and wasn't sure when you would get to London. It's awfully good to know you're there.

(Continued on page 76)

In the



AMOUR
LEWICKI
FIDELITE

Shade of the Old Family Tree

by Juliet Bridgman

It's always open season for ancestor hunting, and chances are some genealogist can prove you're descended from Washington — or Napoleon

READING TIME•4 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

A COMMODITY that has gone up appreciably in value during the past couple of decades is that somewhat elusive item, the Illustrious Ancestor. Every year thousands of people become obsessed with the notion that superior qualities of character can be demonstrated by flaunting a distinguished branch, if any, from their family tree. It is on this premise that approximately 100 most exclusive societies flourish; and on the same principle an estimated 23,000 working genealogists make a comfortable living. If your name can conceivably be regarded as "old American"—*i.e.,* anything from Adams to Zachariah—a genealogist is bound to descend upon you sooner or later.

This is particularly true of anyone who acquires prominence sufficient to get his or her name in the newspapers. A recently publicized sultry-voiced siren, after her first splurge of acclaim, had as many as twenty-six solicitations by genealogists in a single day.

It is an inescapable biological fact that having ancestors is the most common thing in the world, and that by the law of averages some are bound to have been illustrious and some to have been horse thieves and hangmen.

The genealogy research business is divided into two main groups. The first is composed of large organizations operating from stately offices, such as the American Historical Society, the Institute of American Genealogy, the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, the New England Historical Genealogical Society and a host of others. Societies such as these usually employ a string of genealogical research workers and writers.

The second and numerically major proportion of professional genealogy research is composed of free-lances, who eke out a fluctuating income by piecing together pedigrees and designing coats of arms for clients.

Although genealogists are sometimes called upon for establishing lineages for legal reasons, the greater part of their work is fostered by a client's personal desire for social prestige. There are a number of exclusive societies in the United States whose members automatically achieve incontestable social caste. Many of these were originally established to "commemorate historical events and preserve the records and sites of these events, and endeavor to foster the spirit of patriotism and love of country."

The oldest of these is the masculine Society of the Cincinnati, founded at the end of the Revolutionary War. Its membership is limited to direct descendants of commissioned officers of the Revolution.

The largest and by far the most vocal of the heraldic societies is, of course, the nationally famous Daughters of the American Revolution. Though, comparatively speaking, only recently founded—1890—it boasts the largest membership of any similar society, having over 200,000 Daughters.

The D.A.R. maintains a library in Washington, D. C., which contains more than 30,000 volumes and many thousands of pamphlets and manuscripts, available to those who wish to consult them to establish genealogical eligibility to the society.

All societies base their membership restrictions on a different premise or historic date. For example, there is the Descendants of the Pioneers of America, eligibility to which can be established only by proof of ancestry settled in any part of America prior to 1700. Then there are the Society of the Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, the Hereditary Order of Descendants of Colonial Governors Prior to 1750, the National Society of Americans of Royal Descent, the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America, the Society of Mayflower Descendants, the Aryan Order of St. George of the Empire in America, the Colonial Dames of America, the Society of Colonial Wars, the Sons of the Revolution, and so on *ad infinitum.*

One of the better-known Manhattan independent genealogists recently revealed that the genealogy business can often entail highly delicate situations. She cited the embarrassing case of a very wealthy man who ordered his pedigree. A few days later his mother walked in, and requested that the genealogist disregard the original order. She confessed that there had been a scandal of major proportions in the previous generation, of which her son had been kept in ignorance.

Many family pedigrees have already been established by forebears. However, a great number of people nowadays are establishing a family history and record for themselves and children. The first step is usually to consult a genealogist who will advise the client to assemble as much available material as possible: such as old dates written in Bibles, and recollections of aged relatives.

During the Hitlerean attempt to establish the master-race theory, the tracing of lineage became an important aspect of everyday life. A primary requisite for membership to the Nazi party or to positions in the government or civil administration was the proof that for three generations no non-"Aryan" blood had impurified the applicant's veins.

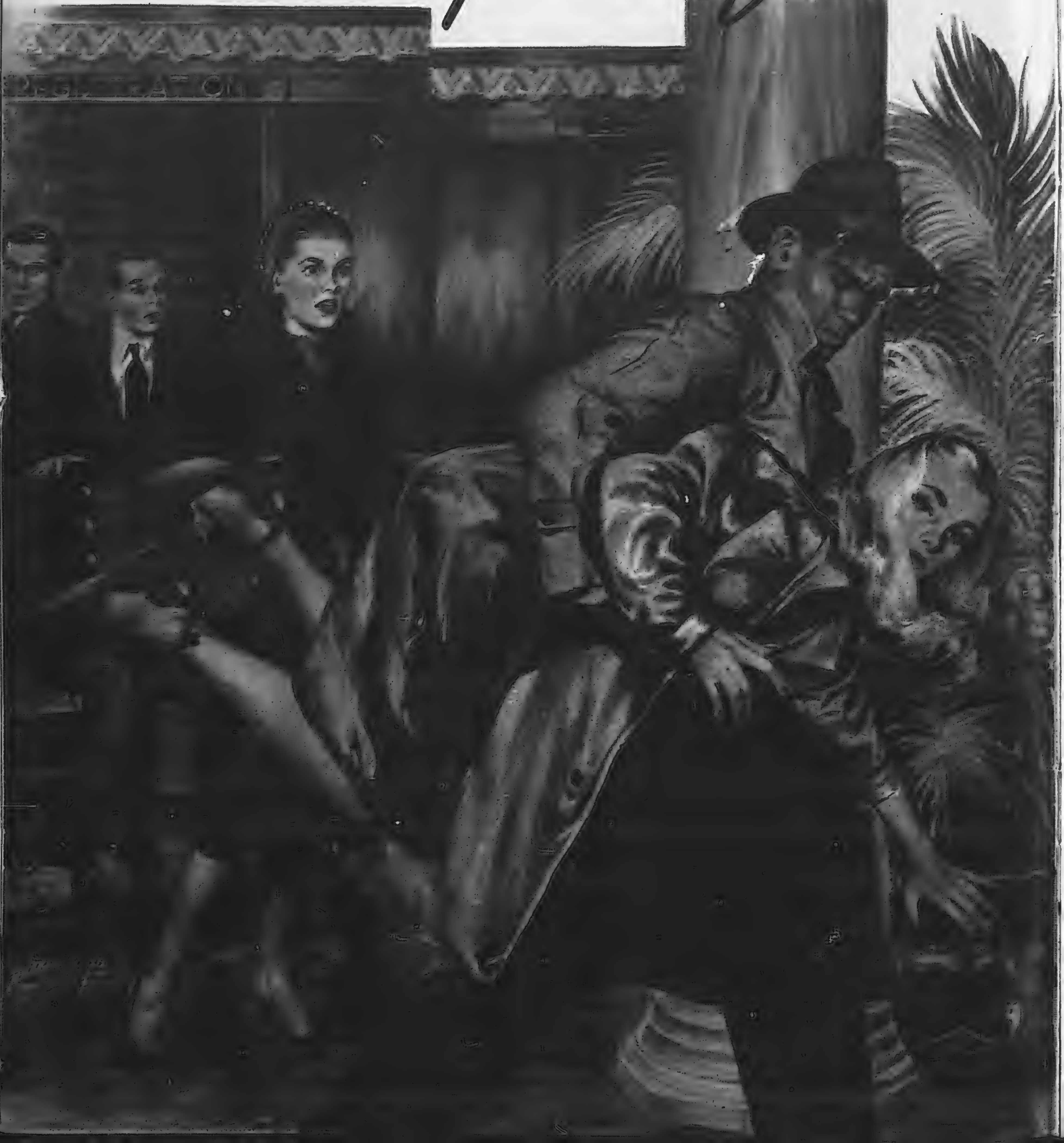
In their search for illustrious ancestors, people sometimes tend to overlook the fact that they themselves are ancestors in the making. A family tree which boasts a warrior of the American Revolution is doubtless a proud possession. But if you are among the millions not thus endowed, fret not. In two hundred years or so *your* descendants may join the exclusive Society of the Descendants of Illustrious Sons and Daughters of World War Two.

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY J. LEWICKI

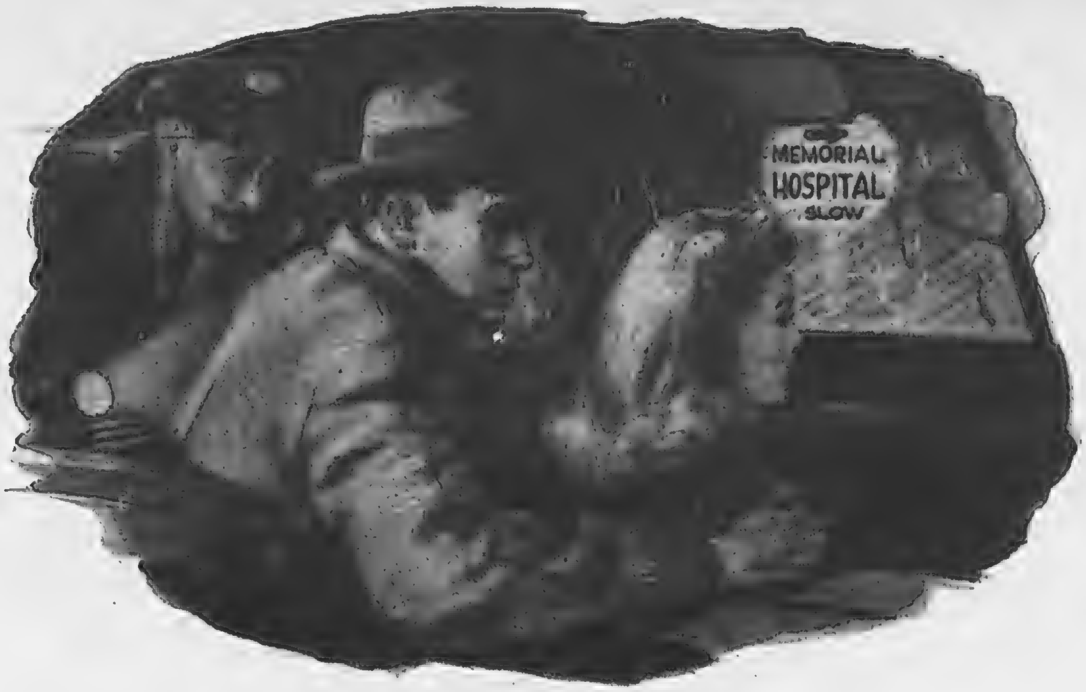
His boss called Lilly indecent—but after one night, Bill had every reason to believe she was a Perfect

He carried Lilly up the steps, past the startled doorman, and went through the lobby, while the bellboys, guests and clerks ogled him.



Lady

By Leon Ware



"You tryin' to get killed bud?" the cop demanded. Then he saw the sign. "Oh, oh! Close?" "Nip and tuck," Bill said.

READING TIME•26 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

BILL SHAW stood disconsolately in the window of his office and watched the rain slanting down through the early dusk. It was Friday afternoon and there was a good three-day look to the storm. That meant driving to Palm Springs in the rain tonight, spending Saturday and Sunday inside, and driving back in the rain Sunday night. It wasn't a pleasant prospect.

In fact, there was practically nothing about the prospect of the coming week-end that was pleasant.

First of all, there was June. Not that there was anything wrong with June herself. Definitely not. She was twenty-four, very good-looking, bright, and built to the exact specifications of a perfect size 12. Unfortunately, however, June was the daughter of Paul Wheeler, Bill's boss—a man who had made such a resounding success of selling California play clothes that he thought he had the key to the universe.

That success was really the trouble. If Wheeler had been only moderately successful, he couldn't have afforded the big house with stables and tennis court and pool at Palm Springs. He couldn't have afforded wealthy friends who did nothing but spend their time playing. The friends wouldn't have given June the idea that life started with breakfast in bed at ten thirty and went on to cocktails and lunch at two, cocktails at five, dinner at eight, and bed only when there was no place else to go.

The answer, for a man who wanted reality, was simple: give up June. But you didn't go around giving up girls like June Wheeler easily. Beneath the glitter that money had given her, there was inherent good taste and a soundness of character in June that Bill could appreciate.

The alternative to giving her up was to marry her. But he didn't want to marry her and live forever under the domination of Paul Wheeler. He wanted to tell Paul Wheeler to drape his Sun Snatcher Bra-Panties on his own bulging torso and take himself a dance around a Maypole, and *then* marry June.

The phone rang. Bill glared at it, but the thing was persistent. He picked it up.

"Hello."

It was Sammy Stubbs. They had served on the same ship together and Sam had always been good for a million laughs. Lately, however, since Sam inherited his dad's plastic works and stumbled onto a half-cracked sculptor who had designed an ingenious mannequin, Sam had become increasingly stuffy and businesslike. Bill listened, frowning, while Sam burst into abrupt enthusiasm, as he always did.

"Look," he said, "we find we can make Lilly to sell for two and a quarter. You'd still get seventy-five bucks for every one you sell. Maybe, for a dozen or two, we could even shade that a little. How's that?"

Bill sighed. He slipped a cigarette from the pack on his desk, stuck it in his mouth, and flicked his lighter. It worked.

"Sammy," he said, "I'm selling bras and panties, not mannequins."

"Cripes! A guy in your business must run into a lot of places that need window models! I'm just doing you a favor—a chance to pick up some extra dough! What's the old man think of Lilly?"

"Lewd and indecent," Bill said.

It was true. Sam had sent over, unsolicited, one of his figures. It was so well made, so adroitly put together, that those of the office force who had witnessed its unpacking had gasped involuntarily as the nude figure came into view. Paul Wheeler had registered indignation.

"Lewd and indecent," he had snorted. "Put it in the stockroom or send it back. Your friend has an evil mind, Bill. An evil mind."

There was something about Lilly, as Sam called his mannequin, that *was* startling. Her curves were perfect, their surface texture had the appearance—the feel, almost—of real skin, and in her wide blue eyes was a provocative glint—practically a leer. She gave a man ideas.

"This town's full of stiff-necked, hidebound traditionalists," Sammy admitted. "They want mannequins that look like something cut of Vogue."

"See what I mean?"

"O.K., O.K. What are we doing tonight?"

"I'm driving to Palm Springs."

Sam groaned. "In this rain? Look—take my advice: you're playing this thing too close. Don't show up. Let her worry about you a little; be hard to get. She knows she's got you hooked, boy."

"Go make love to Lilly," Bill retorted. "I'll see you at lunch, Monday."

HE hung up and went back to the window. Sam was right. June *was* sure of him. That was another of the little obstacles in his course of love. She was so sure that Bill would be there, waiting, when she decided to get married that she was not above a mild flirtation here and there. She wouldn't say yes, but she hadn't said no, either. He jabbed out his cigarette in an ash tray.

A big shadow darkened his door and it burst open. Only Paul Wheeler moved around the office with such proprietary impunity.

"Bill," June's father began, "I probably won't get down before Sunday. You'll have to show old man Merkel the Sun Snatcher line tomorrow. He's at the inn. Don't let

(*Continued on page 71*)

ILLUSTRATED BY DONNA MAYO

Big Name Hunter

The world's champion autograph collector lets the postman stalk celebrities — and has snagged almost every world figure except Stalin

By Mort Weisinger

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

A WEATHER-BEATEN mailbox on a Brooklyn house receives the most fabulous mail in the world. Through its slot fall letters from kings, queens, presidents, popes, dictators, generals, Nobel Prize winners, notables like Gandhi, Churchill, Lindbergh, Sinclair Lewis, and Professor Einstein.

The man behind the mailbox, the Rev. Cornelius Greenway of Brooklyn's All Souls Universalist Church, is the most remarkable autograph collector of our time. Not content with a mere signature, he demands—and gets—each celebrity's autograph *on his favorite photograph.* The result is a priceless picture gallery personally endorsed by more than 6,000 history makers.

The world's Big Names rarely honor autograph collectors' requests, let alone grant them specially posed portraits. Yet when Greenway stalks them, he invariably comes back with a full mailbag.

He discovered that most famous folk have one vulnerable point—their hobbies. So, armed with the knowledge that King Gustav embroiders, Clement Attlee carpenters for fun, General Zhukov collects medals, Churchill likes to play the kettledrums, Jascha Heifetz is a ping-pongist, and Hirohito spends his leisure hours puttering with a microscope, he reaped a prize crop. Learning that the brilliant author H. G. Wells collected toy soldiers, he sent him an unusual specimen—and grateful Wells promptly sent back an autographed photo of himself.

The Duchess of Windsor was cold to ten of his transatlantic appeals until he sent her a scrapbook bulging with press clippings which included only flattering references to her marriage.

Greenway wrote asking Queen Marie of Rumania if she really had endorsed the Pond's Cold Cream advertisement which he enclosed, which showed her regal in coronation robes. As he had hoped, the queen returned the ad with a scribbled notation reading: "Of course I like Pond's Cold Cream. [Signed] Marie."

Greenway wrote Henry Ford and Thomas Edison for eleven years before these autograph-shy celebrities were brought to bay. When he pointed out to Einstein's secretary that he had written the scientist more than 300 times for his autographed photo, the secretary replied that it would be forthcoming if Greenway would donate ten dollars to a children's milk fund. He contributed and Einstein came across.

THE late King Alfonso of Spain ignored more than thirty of Greenway's pleas. After Alfonso was exiled, Greenway surmised he might not be so snooty. He was right.

Another method farsighted Greenway adopts is his "dark horse" system. On the theory that today's Parliament member may be tomorrow's prime minister, today's senator tomorrow's president, he is constantly writing to history's little shots.

The significance of Greenway's amazing collection lies in the photographs, which reveal the poses and moods in which these historic personages would like to be visualized.

For example, F. D. R. sent a picture of himself and Mrs. Roosevelt chatting by their Hyde Park fireside. Amelia Earhart posed before her plane. Trotzky sent him a photo showing himself seated on a diving board, his pants rolled up, soaking his feet in water. The photo was inscribed, "Yours with comfort, Trotzky." Mussolini is posed as a rugged mountain climber. Il Duce inscribed it: "Year of our Lord 1929. Year of Mussolini, VII." And when Greenway wrote Hitler in 1933, Hitler sent him a portrait of himself twice as large as Mussolini's.

"Never write anyone for his autograph the week the headlines make him a celebrity," Greenway advises. "Far better to write several months later, after the mob has forgotten him. He will be flattered that he is still remembered, and will oblige.

"Few celebrities will deny a request for their autographs when it arrives simultaneously with birthday greetings," he observes. This tactic won him the signature of Mme. Curie, discoverer of radium. George Bernard Shaw remained sphinxlike for years until Greenway attacked one of his plays as unrealistic. Furious, Shaw attacked Greenway's attack, and the latter thereby got what he wanted.

HE started accumulating signed portraits of the famous in 1921, to decorate the walls of his Legion post. His buddies realized their value. They converted the signatures into cash, and held a marathon dice game.

Today, Greenway makes microfilm slides of each rare specimen for exhibit to his friends, congregation, and orphanages. The original autographed photos are stored in bank vaults for safekeeping. He owns an autographed photo of every statesman who signed the Versailles Treaty, every general who signed the unconditional surrender documents on V-E Day and V-J Day, the fliers who dropped the atom bombs over Japan, the surviving marines who raised the flag at Iwo Jima, every Nazi criminal hanged at Nuremberg, the last four Popes, the last five U. S. Presidents.

Only two world-famous personages have thus far managed to elude him. One is Fritz Kreisler, the eminent violinist. The other is Marshal Stalin, whose iron curtain has thwarted half a thousand of Greenway's pleas. When and if he snags these two, he feels his collection will be 100 per cent complete.

Greenway sends his requests via registered mail, encloses a check to defray the cost of sending back a reply. Nine out of ten notables return the check uncashed. Once Greenway accomplished his mission by proxy. The late J. P. Morgan refused to answer his persistent letters. But the minister discovered a parishioner in his church who was Morgan's private barber. Thereupon the clergyman asked—and he received, for the following Sunday the barber dropped the autographed picture in the collection plate.

THE END

MUMPS—MENACE TO MALES

One out of five adults who get the mumps is left sterile — but new vaccines and serums are about to wipe out the disease

BY MORRIS FREEDMAN

READING TIME•4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MOST of us think of mumps as a mild childhood disease. But when it strikes adults, one out of every five of its male victims is left sterile. It can cause deafness, aggravate heart conditions, produce mild forms of brain inflammation and meningitis. In war, it ranks as a chief cause of loss of man-hours.

And until recently there was nothing that could be done about it. Epidemics could not be controlled. The sulfa drugs and penicillin proved ineffective.

Now the first vaccine in history to provide long-term immunity against mumps will soon come out of a small laboratory at the National Institute of Health, a U. S. government agency at Bethesda, Maryland. In addition, in research laboratories scattered throughout the country, scientists are working to perfect other anti-mumps agents.

The credit for the achievement of the vaccine goes to Dr. Karl Habel of the U. S. Public Health Service. His work was subjected to a dramatic test in 1945. Early that summer he received an urgent message to rush to Florida. A mumps epidemic had started among the 3,000 men brought from Jamaica, where mumps is almost unknown, to work the sugar fields. The situation was desperate. The War Food Administration begged Dr. Habel to see if the vaccine he had been testing on monkeys would halt the spread of the epidemic.

Dr. Habel flew down and inoculated as many persons as he could. The vaccine held up magnificently. The epidemic was completely halted in two sections of the camp. In the others, the sterility-producing form of mumps was cut from the usual 20 per cent to 5 per cent.

Last summer several thousand West Indians were inoculated before they had much chance to pick up the disease. Preliminary study indicates that the vaccine was highly successful in preventing it.

Mumps, a virus infection spread only by contact, usually attacks the parotids, salivary glands below the ears. In about 20 per cent of cases in men, the virus reaches the male sex glands via the blood stream. This results in atrophy of the testes, although the ability to have sex relations is usually not affected.

Dr. Habel began his search for a mumps vaccine in 1940. A virus is a sub-microscopic particle that cannot be caught by even a porcelain filter. (Some viruses have recently been observed under the new electron microscope.) But medical researchers already knew that if they could somehow collect enough viruses of any disease, then kill them, they might be used to provoke the human system to send antibodies coursing through the blood.

AFTER many trials, Dr. Habel evolved an intricate system for cultivating mumps virus. He obtains his vaccine by inoculating a monkey, the only creature other than man subject to the disease, with saliva from a human mumps patient. When the monkey's jaws swell up, he removes the animal's parotid gland and injects it into another monkey. He repeats this thirty-seven times. With each transfer the virus becomes more potent.

Finally he gathers the mumps virus from the last monkey and begins a similar procedure, this time in fertilized eggs containing eight-day-old chick embryos, for another twenty-five passages. Then he harvests the infected fluid and transfers it to a super-centrifuge, which separates the virus matter from the fluid. The now almost pure virus concentration is made sterile either in formaldehyde or ether solution or by ultra-violet radiation.

Dr. Habel believes that the vaccine-established immunity may be lifelong. Until that fact is proven, however, he and other mumps specialists do not recommend the vaccine for children. Mumps in youngsters up to the age of fifteen is generally a mild disease. In most cases the only aftereffect is a permanent immunity.

Generally, a vaccine is preferable to a serum. In medical language, a vaccine offers "permanent active immunity"; a serum, "temporary passive immunity." However, it takes some time for a vaccine to establish immunity. Therefore, a mumps serum should be extremely useful in easing severe childhood attacks and in controlling epidemics among adults. Dr. Sidney O. Levinson of Chicago has pioneered in working on mumps serum.

During the war, a destroyer was cruising in the Pacific, in enemy waters, when an epidemic of mumps broke out. Forty men came down in one month, five with inflammation of the testes. The ship's young surgeon, Lieutenant (s.g.) Robert G. Smith, remembered that in the U. S. Navy Medical Bulletin another navy physician had suggested the use of plasma. There was plenty of blood plasma on board, collected from thousands of volunteers, about half of whom probably had had mumps when children. Their blood, therefore, should contain the antibodies which gave them permanent immunity. The plasma might still possess some of these.

Lieutenant Smith administered it to the men with inflammation of the sex glands. Results were quick and dramatic. Pain vanished in every case but one. This one case took several days longer.

The work with plasma is related to the development of the gamma globulin, a concentration of blood plasma that has already proved beneficial in the treatment of measles and jaundice, which are virus-caused infections.

So in the near future we can expect mumps to be *kaputt* as a cause of time-losing, sterility-producing epidemics among adults.

THE END

To adoring American women, actor James Mason cancels Britain's war debt. Even Mason agrees they've got something there

BROODING

By Hettie Grimstead

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE handsome dark-eyed face of James Mason, dynamic thirty-six-year-old screen sensation of the year, is currently earning more dollars for Britain than any other type of export save automobiles.

Little known outside England until he played in The Seventh Veil, his brilliant performance in that brought him over 100,000 ecstatic fan letters from the United States in one mail delivery.

Even his earliest films, such as Candlelight in Algeria, were hastily put on the first plane for New York last fall in response to frantic cables.

It proved more difficult to persuade the object of this enthusiasm to transport his person across the Atlantic. He decisively refused Forever Amber because the part wasn't good enough. Instead, he did some more British films—a period piece called The Wicked Lady with Margaret Lockwood; a domestic drama, They Were Sisters, with Phyllis Calvert; and a grim underworld story, Odd Man Out, in which he played an Irish convict. Now he has reluctantly come over to take a look at America for himself. Mason is definitely, deliberately, and most determinedly different. He is also sardonic, temperamental, and arrogant.

Born of a rich Yorkshire family, he was expensively educated at Marlborough School and Cambridge University. He played in student Shakespeare, decided to turn actor, and climbed to leading parts on the London stage. His first screen test resulted in his being given a big role in the film of A. J. Cronin's novel, Hatter's Castle.

When told about The Seventh Veil success in America, Mason remarked calmly, "But of course they like me. I'm good." When asked for his views about the opposite sex, his answer came: "My interests are movies, books, stage plays, politics, good food, good wine, cats, and women. In that order."

When he is working in a film he sits alone in his dressing room between takes, reading or sketching, while his valet stands guard outside the door. His lunch comes in, almost always his favorite lobster salad with a bottle of beer. This never seems to give him indigestion, even though he doesn't take any outdoor exercise and loathes all games and sports.

When Mason talks, he's clever and sometimes unkind, knowledgable about modern art and literature, science and philosophy. He will hold up a film scene and argue pungently with the director. That he is usually right doesn't add to his popularity around the set. Neither does his habit of carrying a little drawing block on which he rapidly sketches unflattering caricatures, which he shows round the studio with great glee. When a Mayfair fashion firm asked him to choose a scarf design, he decided to create his own. So he decorated a square of white material with his quick portraits of British screen stars and signed his name in the corner. Thousands of James Mason scarves have been sold—but not to any of the people whose faces appear on them.

Once a film is finished, Mason loses all interest in it. He never attends the première, for he doesn't like crowds or night spots or social events of any kind. He prefers to stay at home. There he relaxes in a deep chair with a couple of cats on his knee—he has seven and has brought five to America.

He didn't even attend the recent royal command performance in London. Stars like Joan Bennett and Pat O'Brien traveled from Hollywood to be there, and all the British players lined up to make their bows and curtsies. All except Mason.

He is married to Pamela Kellino, tall, elegant, and outstandingly intellectual daughter of a British movie magnate. She has played in screen and stage productions and has published several novels. Her current opus, Ignoramus, Ignoramus, is illustrated by her husband.

What is the secret of Mason's success on the screen? There is no doubt about the power and polished perfection of his acting, for even the male critics acknowledge that. But he has also a deeper, more subtle appeal to women. One well-known psychiatrist explains that the Mason personality exactly meets the current emotional needs of women all over the world. The doctor points out that women have now reacted from the rough urgency of the wartime lover with little time to woo before he left for battle. Today they want the tender warmth of an understanding courtship with a man who is sufficiently strong to give them a sense of future security. As the doctor observes, "Few men combine those qualities in real life." Mason manages to suggest them brilliantly on the screen.

Mrs. Mason defends his unconventional private behavior by declaring he is a genius and genius has always been individual and rebel. Mason is completely sincere. And he can be exceedingly generous. When redhead Kathleen Ryan, a young Dublin actress who had never been in a film before, came to play in Odd Man Out, she was shivering with nervousness. Mason rehearsed with her for hours on end, exerting all his charm until she responded with a fine performance.

Mason's closest friend is an Irish-American writer, John Monoghan. Together they've written an unusual crime film called The Upturned Glass. Mason has produced this, as well as appeared in it, under conditions of complete secrecy and it has not yet been shown to the waiting world. Now Monoghan is writing his friend's life story.

It was Monoghan who inspired Mason with the idea of crossing the Atlantic. Mr. Rank has given his star permission to free-lance, and now Mason is engaged in deciding whether he likes America sufficiently well to remain and work here permanently. He's expected to portray King David in Bathsheba on the Broadway stage. This play was written by Jacques Deval, brought from Europe by Sylvia Freidlander, and Mrs. Mason is slated to play the title role.

Whether he will remain long in America depends mainly upon the Mason fans. The star has clear-cut ideas as to how he should be treated by the public. In London he branded a howling mob of admiring bobby-soxers as "degraded and disgusting." He thinks that fans should band themselves together into formal guilds, setting a high standard of good manners in dealing with their favorites. If he's hounded, Mason swears he will go back to London.

THE END

IDOL

★ ★ ★

Mason is married to Pamela Kellino, British writer and actress. Here they are shown at their house in Hertfordshire, England.

The Wrong Guy

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

Being mistaken for a millionaire is tough—when they want a hundred thousand dollars or your life

By Samuel W. Taylor

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IT was already Monday morning when we got the note from Charles Moore, the cement man, that he'd be arriving Monday and to have his place ready. So my partner, Sid Goodrich, dashed out to unlock the place while I got on the phone to locate some help. For all his money, Charles Moore didn't keep a permanent staff.

Sid was opening the windows to air the house out, when he saw a couple of men walk in. They were rather dumb-looking characters, but what can you expect on short notice with help these days? "Get busy," Sid said. "Grab them slip covers. Let's get this place looking like somebody lived here."

One of the characters drew a gun from his coat pocket and said, "O.K., pal, you're coming with us."

"No argument," Sid agreed hurriedly. "But why?"

"Because I say so. I'm the wrong guy to ask questions of."

Sid went out to their car. They drove into the hills and put a blindfold on him. He kept saying, "There's some mistake," but they didn't seem to hear him.

They drove him around an hour or so, turning this way and that until he lost all sense of direction. They stopped, helped him out, led him into a house and took off the blindfold. It was a tumble-down place with the plaster falling off, holes in the floor, and plumbing that wouldn't work. The only kind of a house you'd find vacant these days. The blinds were drawn and he wasn't allowed near the windows.

"Now what?" Sid asked.

"You write a note telling the right party to put a hundred thousand dollars in a certain place, or you won't live long."

"I'll write the note," Sid said, "but you can't get blood out of a turnip."

"We know you're tight. But this time you'll cough up."

"Say, who do you think I am?"

"And none of that routine, Moore."

Sid began laughing.

"What's the joke, pal?"

"Hell, boys, you got the wrong party. I'm Sid Goodrich—Patterson and Goodrich; realty, rentals, estate agents. I was just out opening the place up before Moore arrived."

"Very smart, pal. But it just happened we got the low-down. You're filthy with dough, but you hate to spend it. You've been wintering in Santa Barbara and you're due back this morning. You drive an old beat-up car. You don't keep a permanent staff of servants while you're away. We walked in and you told us to get to work, like we was from the employment agency."

"Why, you've never even seen Charles Moore," Sid said. "If that ain't smart!"

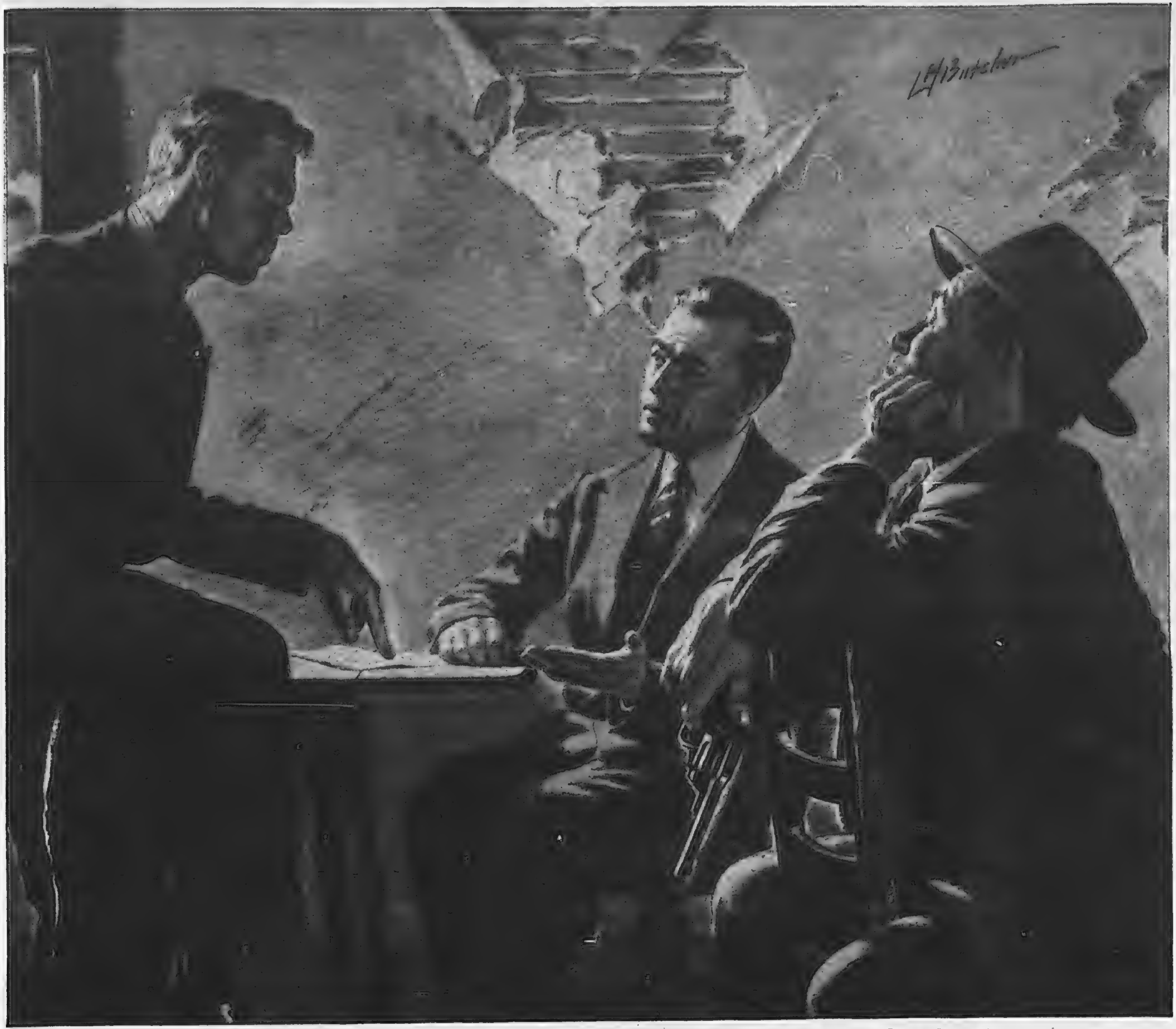
"You don't think we'd be dumb enough to do it if you knew us?"

"No wonder crooks get caught," Sid said. "You characters haven't got brains enough to hold down an honest job."

"You better button that lip, pal. You might be a big shot in the cement business, but you're just a pigeon to us."

"Depends on how you look at it, how smart we are," the other character chipped in. "Know what's the matter with most jobs like this? Too much casing. Too many plans. Too many people in on it. This is simple, see? We just happened in a certain place and overheard a party tell another party about Charles Moore. It hit us that quick. So we just got in a

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER



"You write a note," said the character, "telling the right party to put a hundred thousand dollars in a certain place, or you won't live long!"

parked car that somebody had left the keys in, we drove around and located an empty house, we went to your place and picked you up, and by tonight the deal's buttoned up. Tomorrow they find you, they find the car, and they don't find us. No clues. Who's smart?"

"Write that note," the other character said. "Now, we want the money left on that hill east of town."

"What hill?" Sid asked.

"The one where you can see for miles around. The one with the big live oak on it."

"That's Ashton hill," Sid said.

"O.K. Put it in. We want the dough in fives, tens, and twenties, with no marks and no consecutive serial numbers. We want a car to go up the road exactly at noon and toss out the dough and keep on going. And we don't want to see any planes overhead or any other cars on that road until sundown. Or else."

"O.K.," Sid said, writing. "What road? Lots of roads in the hills."

"The road which goes around the right of the hill when you drive out from town."

"That's Woodside Road," Sid said.

"O.K. Put that in."

"O.K.," Sid said. "But I tell you, I'm the wrong guy."

"Shut up. Now, who can deliver?"

"Why, I guess the estate agents, Patterson and Goodrich."

"O.K. Address it to them."

And so along about ten thirty a kid brought me a letter asking for a hundred thousand dollars. It was signed "Charles Moore" but it was Sid's handwriting. I called Moore on the phone just to check. Moore said he was in no humor for a joke. Why wasn't Sid there when he arrived? So I called the sheriff, and he arrived with two cars full of guys he'd sworn in as deputies. They had deer rifles and shotguns.

"But there ain't no Ashton Hill around here," the sheriff said.

"No," I said, "but the old Ashton place is on Woodside Road."

So we all went out and rescued Sid. The deputies were disappointed. There wasn't any excitement at all.

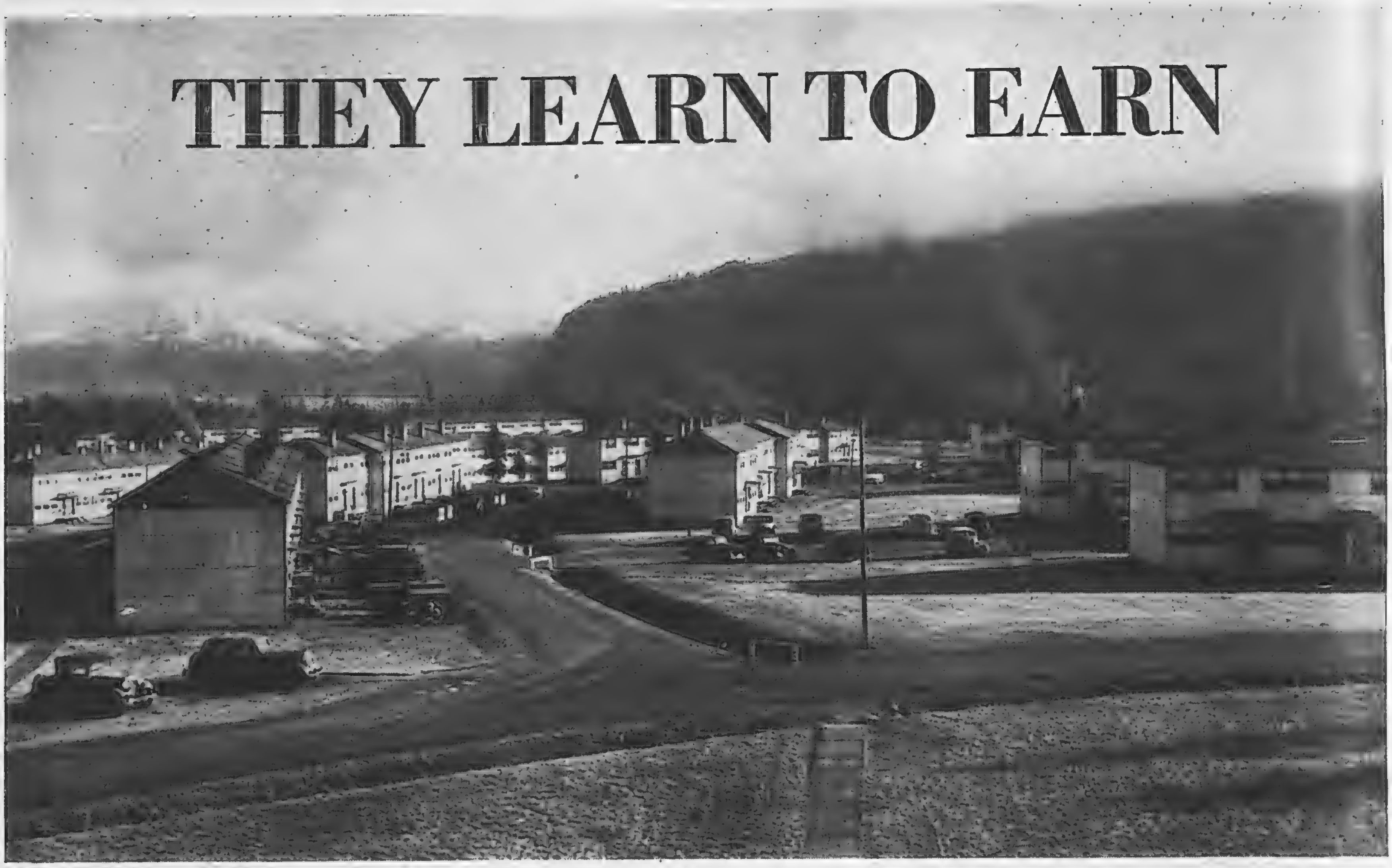
The two characters were rather crestfallen.

"As if a real-estate man didn't know the inside of every house for miles around," Sid told them scornfully. "And especially the only house in the whole county too run-down to be rented. You're so dumb I sort of feel sorry for you, in a way. But it's your own fault. I told you I was the wrong guy."

"Brother," one of them agreed feelingly, "you certainly was."

THE END

THEY LEARN TO EARN



By Alice Maxwell

At scenery-drenched Farragut — the navy center turned college — any vet can find housing, a part-time job, and courses leading to a pay envelope

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE tall bronzed ex-G.I. from Oklahoma looked almost incredulous at my question. "Like it?" he echoed. "I'll say I do! There's scarcely a trade you can't learn here, or a course you can't take. We've got everything to do with, and I mean everything! You should see the equipment the Navy left us. We fellows aren't kids any more. We want to learn a good trade, find out how to operate our own business, and set about earning our living. But that isn't all. We want to be able to write a decent letter, read a book intelligently and not be too dumb or tongue-tied to discuss it afterward. We want to know how to get up on our feet and talk at a meeting, if we have to. This is one school where you can get all that and more too, if you want it. Sure, it's new yet, but Farragut College is going places. And don't forget, there's provision here for thousands of us to live. Live, that is; not just exist!"

It was a sunlit January day in northern Idaho. The tall mountains of purple and snow-flecked green were mirrored perfectly in the blue depths of Lake Pend Oreille. For days I had talked to business men and educators throughout the Northwest about Farragut College and Technical Institute. Now I was at the school itself. With eyes popping I had gazed upon the hundreds of tame deer roaming the 4,000-acre campus; at the maze of wide boulevards and more buildings than the eye could take in. I had approached a group of students and tried to put my question casually: Did they like it here?

The positive sentiments of the Oklahoma lad were echoed by men and women students from forty-five states, in addition to Alaska and Canada. Although the school had only opened its doors to students in mid-October, the winter term began with an enrollment of over 1,200. By next fall more than 5,000 are expected, and from there on the enrollment may well go on to the full 15,000 who can be housed.

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Student-veterans hold a bull session on the steps of one of the Farragut's buildings. (Below) Anna Rogstad stops her typing to give Juno, the campus mascot, her afternoon bottle of soda pop.

Farragut, the nation's second largest, $100,000,000 naval training base, has been converted to education. Imagine, if you can, a 4,050-acre campus, its 771 buildings spread out over almost the entire area—a sylvan wilderness of breath-taking beauty. But the school is not isolated in this wilderness: it is only twenty miles north of busy Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, and fifty-four miles northeast of Spokane, Washington, on a first-class highway.

Add to the beauty, housing that can take care of 3,500 married veterans. This housing consists of de luxe apartments, completely furnished, renting in the neighborhood of from $25 to $39 a month; and hundreds of fine rooms for single veterans at $9 a month. This alone would explain why veterans are flocking to Farragut, why inquiries are pouring in by the hundreds. And fine meals, prepared in the finest of kitchens, cost a student about $1.25 a day.

Visualize too, if you can, a campus with six gymnasiums, each two blocks long and each containing a big swimming pool! Then there are seventy-eight bowling lanes, dozens of tennis courts, and facilities for countless other indoor and outdoor sports. Last, but not least, a fine nursery school, under the supervision of trained teachers assisted by registered nurses, has been opened for the children of veterans, so both parents can go to school.

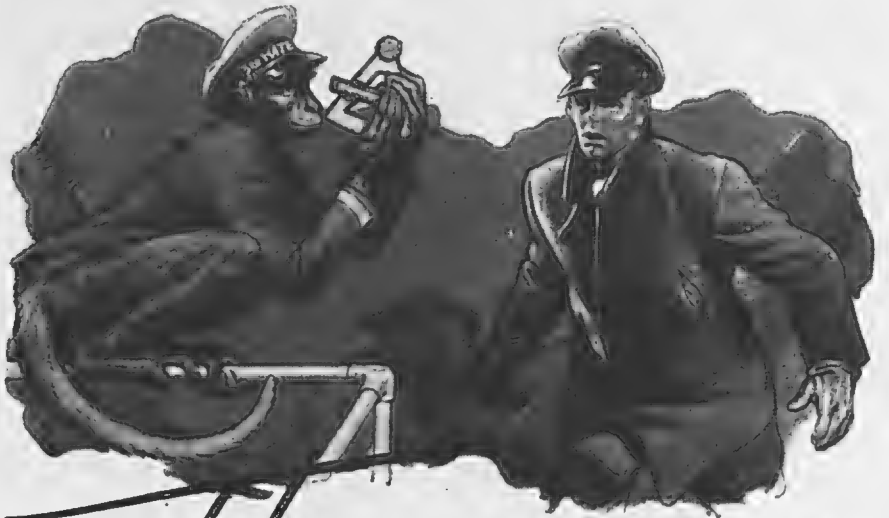
FARRAGUT'S president is Dr. Joseph H. Kusner, former mathematics professor at the University of Florida and wartime director of the Army Air Forces' navigation training program. Young, dynamic, and progressive, he believes no other institution in the United States can offer the threefold program that Farragut has set out to provide: a general college program based on the general education plan adopted by Harvard University; a semi-professional curriculum of technical training of college caliber: or a strictly trade-school program.

To put it in even simpler terms: A student may go to Farragut and take a regular college course in, say, business administration, engineering, or forestry. Or, if he looks forward to opening his own business in plumbing, diesel, refrigeration, watch repairing, or any other trade, Farragut will train him expertly in the line selected, and also give him basic business training and other college work; or if he wishes only to be a good plumber or mechanic, he will be trained for just that.

"Our American educational system has a strong tradition of emphasis on training of the intellect, with little attention given to the skills and handicrafts," Dr. Kusner told me. "Yet the bulk of the world's work is done with the hands, and really skilled artisans are in great demand. We at Farragut will not make the mistake of embarking on a program of training for the professions only.

"There is a revolution taking place in American higher education. Before, only a small percentage of people could go to college. Now anyone who is a veteran has the opportunity. But the veterans are different from prewar students—older, more experi-

(*Continued on page 92*)



When the skipper decreed no more pets, Marcella, the cat, met the situation with what seemed to be *human* intelligence

The Cat Who Knew

By RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WITH his hands locked behind his back, Bill Owen paced the bridge with quiet dignity. He was rehearsing. If the old bucket ever broke away from New York Harbor, Bill Owen would stand a bridge watch. Third mate this trip, by Peter! *Mister* Owen.

As Bill walked, his eyes kept turning uneasily toward the second assistant engineer, Tommy Blair. Draped over a winch down on the main deck, Tommy was all agrin, mouth open like a clam-shell bucket. Along the rail the chief engineer was placidly smoking his pipe, and his first assistant was as placidly inhaling a cigarette spiked on a toothpick. Waiting. What for? Some outrageous action by Tommy Blair, always the life of the ship? Of course they might be standing by only because they had sighted the Old Man approaching in a launch.

Bill Owen studied the set of Captain Sanders' tired felt hat as the motorboat crept closer. The lid was slanted well to port on the skipper's broad red head, signifying that he was carefree. It looked as if the Grace Young might be able to heave her hook out of the mud at last.

A trickle of hands gathered at the top of the boarding ladder to get the news. The launch, coming alongside, bucked violently. With reverent care Captain Pete Sanders clamped his teeth on the handle of his briefcase. He came up the side of the ship at a gallop and, safely on deck, patted his briefcase for the benefit of the crew.

"We go, boys," he said cheerily.

An informal gent, Pete Sanders. He could afford to be, in Bill Owen's reckoning. His fist was the size of a ham, and on occasion he could do spot welding with the blue flame of his eye.

Bill Owen sighed enviously. Within the past week the skipper had cracked together the heads of two massive dry-dock laborers found fighting over a bottle in the main-deck alleyway. He would lend any broke member of his crew up to a sawbuck out of his own wallet. Though the paper-juggling end of his job often got him down, he never, never encountered any problems of discipline.

"Heave up short, Gene," Captain Sanders said to Mr. Zabriskie, the mate. "Iceland's dead ahead now."

Bill Owen straightened up. The station of a third mate while leaving harbor is the bridge. He was all set. *Mister* Owen! But as he glanced across the bridge his heart went cold in his chest.

Walking toward him along the rail top was McGinty, the prized new monkey mascot of the engineers. McGinty was clad in a dressy blue uniform coat and a visored cap with "3rd Mate" crudely embroidered thereon. His long arms were hooked behind him and his little furry black face was preternaturally grave. He paced the rail with dignity.

A roar of laughter broke like a green sea on the main deck. To Bill it seemed that every man in the ship was down there, doubled over.

McGinty strode sedately back and forth, with more than a hint of Bill Owen's gait in his movements. Anyhow, the men thought so. They were grabbing one another for support; punching one another in the ribs.

Captain Pete Sanders, who should have been raging at this flagrant disrespect for one of his officers, was flogging his briefcase against his leg and making more noise than anybody else.

Standing apart was that blasted Tommy Blair. There was no telling how many tedious hours he had put in on the training of McGinty. He wasn't regretting a second of it. His proud, silly grin showed that.

CAPTAIN SANDERS came up the bridge ladder, still red in the face and gasping for breath.

"That monk's really got you taped, Bill!" he called above the horrid continuing laughter. He plunged into the chartroom.

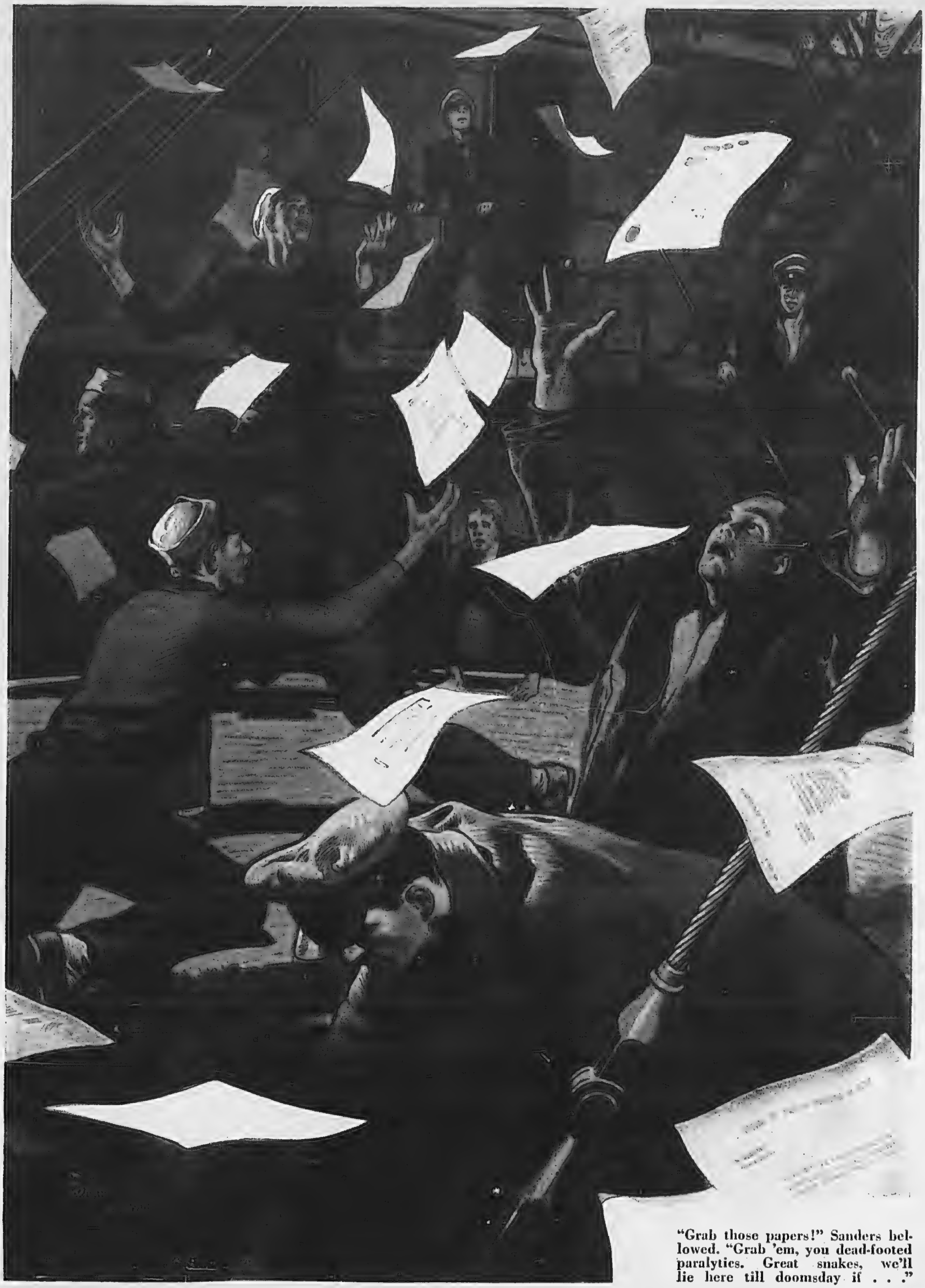
McGinty suddenly broke his stride and went loping over to the port cab of the bridge. He was back in an instant, grasping a queer wooden contraption in his paw. He stopped on the rail, balanced on his legs, and gravely raised the object to his eye. Bill Owen made out suddenly that the thing was a wooden sextant, crudely carved. McGinty fiddled with it, awkward yet intent, occasionally taking it away from his eye to stare at it and scratch his head.

The assorted fools down on the deck really began killing themselves off then. You'd think it was really funny. Bill realized uncomfortably, he *had* laid it on a bit heavy at times when he was shooting the sun.

Captain Sanders came out on the bridge again and rocked on his heels, as big a cackling simpleton as any of them.

(*Continued on page 83*)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN



"Grab those papers!" Sanders bellowed. "Grab 'em, you dead-footed paralytics. Great snakes, we'll lie here till doomsday if . . ."

MAN OF ENTERPRISE

Movie makers cast critical eyes on their own work. Charlie Einfeld, flanked by Wolfgang-Reinhardt and David Hopkins, looks over the rushes of Arch of Triumph.

Stars make pictures they like and prop boys can barge in on the boss at Hollywood's newest—and most revolutionary—movie factory

By Elizabeth Wilson

READING TIME•6 MINUTES 24 SECONDS

EARLY on a spring morning in 1946 a Los Angeles-bound air liner hit an air pocket and took a sudden drop of 1,000 feet. Charles Einfeld, former vice-president genius at Warner Brothers and now president of newly organized Enterprise Productions, turned to seatmate Joseph Rosenberg and announced, "Joe, I've got it! The way to launch Arch of Triumph!"

Rosenberg, in charge of Lehman Brothers on the Coast, looked at his companion in amazement. "Charlie," he asked, "how can you calmly sit there and think of those things when you're being bumped into eternity?"

Charlie Einfeld has never failed to get an idea. As vice-president in charge of advertising and publicity for Warner Brothers he earned $156,000 a year. Earned it and more—many a film that would have died at the box office paid off big because Einfeld had an idea.

When it became rumored that he was leaving Warner Brothers, the big majors dangled enticing executive contracts in front of him. The Warner boys whipped out a new ten-year deal at a fabulous jump in salary.

But, "I am now forty-three," he announced. "I know pictures well, and have long felt that artists are entitled to a greater profit the greater the artistic participation. I believe that we can combine a new scheme of profit sharing in the motion-picture industry with an opportunity for the artists to express themselves more freely in their natural medium. Creative people are entitled to a greater share of the profits than they are getting under existing conditions."

So, in October, 1945, Einfeld left the Warner lot. Several weeks later he met David Loew, son of the late, famous Marcus Loew. Loew suggested that they merge their talents and bank accounts and form a new producing company. Loew was dealing with producer David Lewis, who had sunk his last nickel ($200,000) into Erich Maria Remarque's Arch of Triumph. Einfeld was interested.

He claims that his wife, May, suggested the name Enterprise for the new company. Their first "office" was Einfeld's back yard. Later they bought up Harry Sherman's lease on the old California studios. Just out of the navy, David Hopkins, son of the late Presidential adviser Harry Hopkins, was given a contract as Einfeld's assistant. Marian Avery Doran was signed as story editor.

March 4, 1946, was the big day. Enterprise Productions, with David Loew as chairman of the board and Einfeld as president, was officially announced. In less than six months after they moved into their studio, Enterprise had Ramrod, produced by old-timer Harry "Pop" Sherman, directed by André de Toth, and with Veronica Lake and Joel McCrea as stars, ready for national release. Their *pièce de résistance*, Arch of Triumph—with David Lewis producing, Lewis Milestone directing, and Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer as stars—was finishing up production. In production also was Erich Maria Remarque's unpublished novel, The Other Love, starring Barbara Stanwyck and David Niven. In the works were Maggi July, starring Ginger Rogers; The Burning Journey, starring John Garfield; and The Unguarded Heart, starring Norma Shearer. All of them were $2,000,000 productions.

EVEN while Enterprise was in its back-yard period Einfeld kept saying, "I want it to be a happy studio." He knows there are two ways for an employer to make his employees happy: (1) money, (2) pleasant working conditions.

Einfeld's share-the-profits keynote attracted top stars. And stars are not the only ones who get a crack at the profits. Besides receiving top salaries, many employees are guaranteed a bonus at the end of the year.

Coffee and doughnuts are served every morning to office workers and to those in production. In the afternoon cold drinks and cookies are brought around. Other features are free steam baths, barbershops, shoeshines, and movies. Group insurance—including life, dismemberment, and illness—was instituted, with the company defraying the first year's cost.

With Einfeld, democracy is a fetish. On Friday nights, when the latest movies are shown in the projection room on the lot to employees and their families, the most desirable seats are not roped off. Most likely to be found sitting "on top of the screen" are Mr. and Mrs. Einfeld.

Ingrid Bergman's account of her first day on the Enterprise lot particularly pleased Einfeld. "When I reached my dressing room," she told a friend, "a boy took my car, dusted it, and parked it for me. My dressing room was attractive, comfortable, and spacious, with fresh flowers and fruits. When I went on the set, a boy came around offering me orange juice, coffee, and doughnuts. At noon, when I went back to my dressing room, someone called and asked if I would like a private steam bath installed. At that I threw up my hands and said, 'I'm only an actress! I can't stand all this luxury!' "

Einfeld was born on the East Side of New York, October 25, 1901. When his father died, he was the sole support of his mother, grandmother, younger sister and brother. He went to school in the mornings and worked afternoons and nights. He sold candy. He played bits in Pearl White pictures. He got a job as usher at the Plaza Theater on Fifty-ninth Street, studied his lessons during intermissions, and attended classes at Columbia University.

In 1920 he joined Vitagraph in New York as office boy, and as Vitagraph merged into Warner Brothers, Einfeld progressed from office boy and gag man to vice-president. There he was considered an idea-a-minute man. He launched Ann Sheridan as The Oomph Girl. Perhaps his best publicity idea was the world première. He and Grad Sears were on a train which stopped for two hours at Dodge City. They headed for the local theater. The theater manager took them around, telling them the local legends. Einfeld sold Warners on making a picture called Dodge City, and when it was finished he hired a twenty-car special train, had it rigged up Western fashion, and took stars, photographers, and newspaper and magazine writers to Dodge City for the world première. The stunt was so successful that he repeated it with Virginia City and Santa Fe Trail.

Only once did one of his "junkets" backfire. For the première of The Sea Wolf he took all the Hollywood press and the stars of the picture aboard the S.S. America from Los Angeles Harbor to San Francisco. The sea was rough, the boat tossed as The Sea Wolf went on in the main lounge. By the end of the first few reels more than half of the audience had lurched to the nearest rail.

THE most important thing in Einfeld's life is his marriage. On June 15, 1927, he married May Band in New York City, and their marriage has been one of the happiest in the annals of Hollywood. They have three children: Richard, who is eighteen and goes to U.C.L.A.; Lise, fifteen; and Linda, ten.

At the studio, Einfeld's office is comparatively small. He has a motto in the outer room which reads: "A man can fail many times, but he isn't a failure until he begins to blame someone else."

Einfeld at one time played championship tennis. Some ten years ago he took up golf. He shoots in the low seventies.

His favorite subject of conversation these days is, of course, Enterprise Productions. Arch of Triumph, he believes, could easily make $15,000,000. He expects to release the picture in a few key cities. The world première will be under the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, with Charles Boyer making a personal appearance.

"I guess I'm a sucker for salesmanship," says Einfeld.

THE END

Einfeld's office has none of the conventional trappings. Even a prop boy can get in to see him. He confers with Martin Jurow, an aide, and Marian Doran, his story editor.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

OUR OWN KIND

The story of an old man's dream for his grandson—a novel as rich in humor, pathos, and understanding as any you will come upon

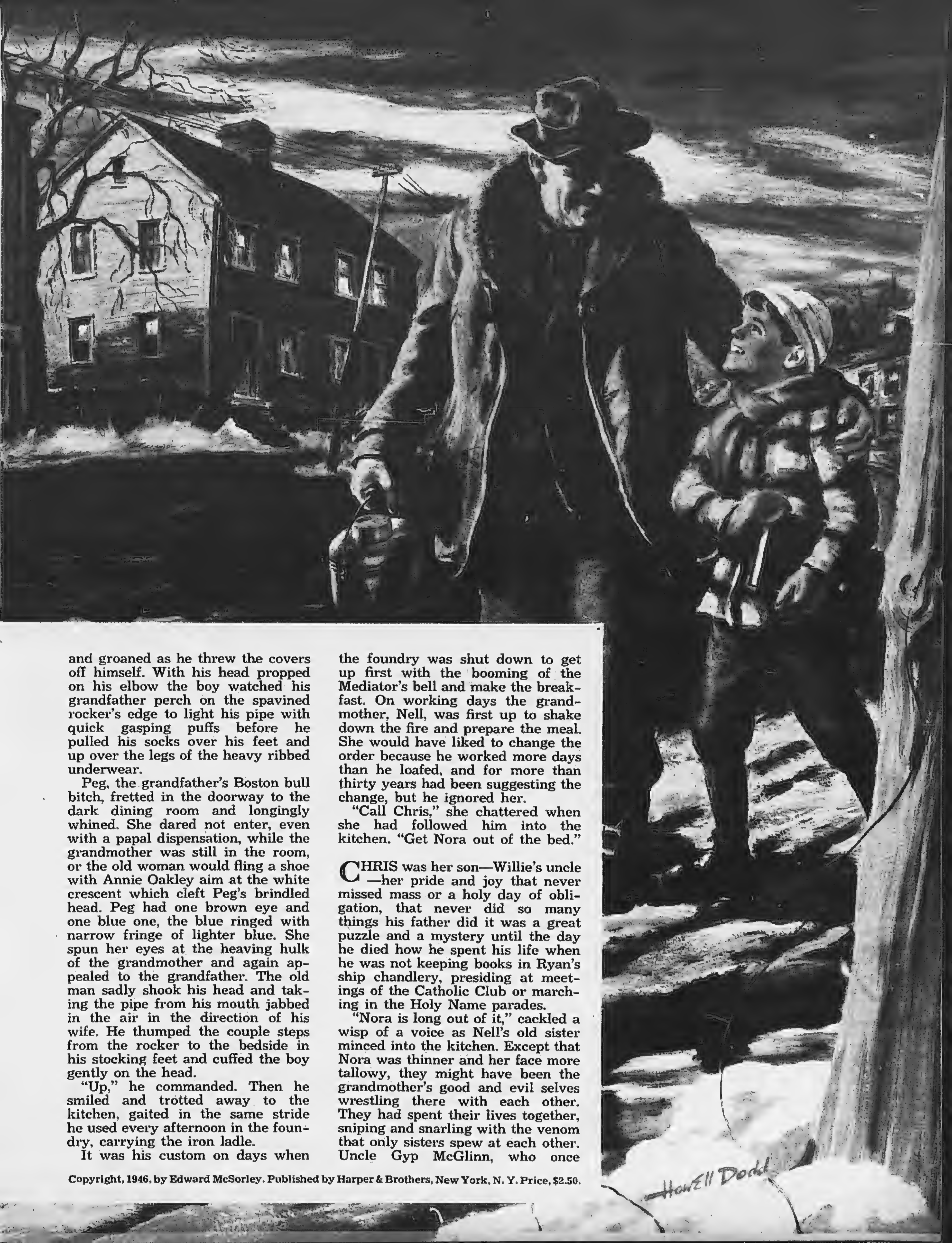
BY EDWARD McSORLEY

WILLIE McDERMOTT nestled warm and deep in the dark trough of the vast feather bed. His grandfather's croppy head, white as a gull's back, rode easily on the crest of the brackish pillow slip. On the other side of him floated his grandmother's long braids, black and heavy but spun through with strands of silver. Above their heads, yellowing and crisp, withered fronds of last year's palm sagged from the varnished *fleur-de-lis* of the filigreed bedtop.

Tethered in the dry wastes of the wallpaper was the Agnus Dei Qui Tollit Peccata Mundi and a more robust angel, snow sparkling on the sweep of her wings of eagle feathers, who brought the season's greetings from F. X. QUINN, CHOICE MEATS AND GROCERIES, 132 Pine Street.

The commode was on his grandfather's side, holding inside the delft blue scrolled porcelain washbasin and a cracked pitcher that looked forever like a little-necked duck. In the shelter of the bowl was his grandfather's black clap pipe, a plug of dark Mayo and a width of sulphur matches. Begrimed and scanty scrim curtains drooped from the window frame.

The Church of the Mediator bell thundered six times in the mist, shattering the quiet, and Willie's grandfather stretched out his legs



and groaned as he threw the covers off himself. With his head propped on his elbow the boy watched his grandfather perch on the spavined rocker's edge to light his pipe with quick gasping puffs before he pulled his socks over his feet and up over the legs of the heavy ribbed underwear.

Peg, the grandfather's Boston bull bitch, fretted in the doorway to the dark dining room and longingly whined. She dared not enter, even with a papal dispensation, while the grandmother was still in the room, or the old woman would fling a shoe with Annie Oakley aim at the white crescent which cleft Peg's brindled head. Peg had one brown eye and one blue one, the blue ringed with narrow fringe of lighter blue. She spun her eyes at the heaving hulk of the grandmother and again appealed to the grandfather. The old man sadly shook his head and taking the pipe from his mouth jabbed in the air in the direction of his wife. He thumped the couple steps from the rocker to the bedside in his stocking feet and cuffed the boy gently on the head.

"Up," he commanded. Then he smiled and trotted away to the kitchen, gaited in the same stride he used every afternoon in the foundry, carrying the iron ladle.

It was his custom on days when the foundry was shut down to get up first with the booming of the Mediator's bell and make the breakfast. On working days the grandmother, Nell, was first up to shake down the fire and prepare the meal. She would have liked to change the order because he worked more days than he loafed, and for more than thirty years had been suggesting the change, but he ignored her.

"Call Chris," she chattered when she had followed him into the kitchen. "Get Nora out of the bed."

CHRIS was her son—Willie's uncle —her pride and joy that never missed mass or a holy day of obligation, that never did so many things his father did it was a great puzzle and a mystery until the day he died how he spent his life when he was not keeping books in Ryan's ship chandlery, presiding at meetings of the Catholic Club or marching in the Holy Name parades.

"Nora is long out of it," cackled a wisp of a voice as Nell's old sister minced into the kitchen. Except that Nora was thinner and her face more tallowy, they might have been the grandmother's good and evil selves wrestling there with each other. They had spent their lives together, sniping and snarling with the venom that only sisters spew at each other. Uncle Gyp McGlinn, who once

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owned the blacksmith shop across the street but later drank himself out of it, said Nora had been forever pushing Nell into trouble and that give her time she'd push Nell the hell out of Ned McDermott's bed, too. Nora was a spinner in the Glendale Mill, and it never happened that when the Ship Windlass Company foundry where Ned worked was shut down Nora wouldn't have some reason to be at home, too.

THE gilt face of the Church of the Mediator clock showed seven and the bell beat out the strokes. Nora ladled the oatmeal while Nell poured the tea. The grandfather, setting the pipe down on the table beside his bowl, took one more look out the window and said it was the hell of a cold rain for April, surely.

They blessed themselves and started eating without talking. Chris appeared at last in his blue bathrobe. For him there was hot water and toast with his oatmeal. He ate as he lathered his face and shaved. The storm gusts, singing mournfully, beat against the clapboards of the house, the one or two on that side which were loose slapping like the ratlines of a schooner in the wind.

"Rain before seven will clear before eleven," said Nora, sipping her tea with the spoon slanting saucily out of the cup. She spoke of the weather, religion and sins of the world with such unrestrained authority no one ever thought of disputing her except Nell.

"Wear your rubbers, pet," said Nell to her son. "And don't forget to bring your umbrella home with you when you come to your dinner."

He gave her no answer.

"He's off," said Ned, as Chris gathered the folds of his bathrobe around himself and cut away from the table.

After breakfast Willie brought the funny papers from last Sunday's Boston Globe to his grandfather to read for him. The old man always read him the most wondrous accounts from them about great and gay and witty Irishmen who were always getting the best of it.

"That's the great scholar for you," sneered Nora from the pantry as the old man began a story about a tinker, a great fighting tinker, right from the funny paper. "Why do you fill the boy's head with them lies when they ain't in the paper there at all? Should think you'd be ashamed to be telling him them things and you not able to read a word of truth if it slapped you in the face."

"You be damned," said the old man, reading on about the tinker.

Nora was forever cruelly torturing them both with her hateful accusations that his grandfather couldn't read or write. The boy grew restless under her jibes. He can read and write, he can read and write, he repeated to himself. Why, again and again they would stand beneath the picture of Robert Emmet on the kitchen wall and his grandfather would say, "Here, Will, now, I'll read what Emmet said." Their arms would be around each other or the boy would stand in front of his grandfather while he read.

Sometimes they would read it together, the old man going slower so that the boy could keep pace with him. The old brown eyes would never waver for an instant from the picture.

That morning they read it again. The boy watched every word of the printing, now that he was learning to read in school, and every word they read was printed there on the picture. They marched in joy around the kitchen when they finished.

"Send that boy down cellar for a hod of coal," said his grandmother from the dining room.

"Fetch us the coal," said his grandfather, and went into the dining room to lie down on the couch for a nap, as he always did when he was home from the foundry. Peeking in when he had done the chore, Willie could see that the old man had fallen asleep. His pipe was hanging upside down from his mouth and Peg was curled up at his feet.

The boy went into the parlor where there were two huge volumes of Civil War drawings which Mick McDermott, Ned's oldest brother who had been sixth corporal in a troop of the First New England Cavalry, had bought from a salesman one day when he was sobering up from a drunk. The boy lugged the heavy volumes to one of the windows, which in this room were shrouded with lace curtains, and opened one to look at the drawings.

Near the middle of the first volume he found a large yellowing envelope and in it a folded and official looking document, stiff and printed, but with spaces where there was handwriting which he made out to be his grandfather's name, and in other places the word William, his own father's name. He could read the words Finley Stove Company from having seen them so many, many times. It was where his grandfather had worked once and where his own father was working when he got the iron burns he died from.

WILLIE flew to the kitchen, crying, "Nora, Nora." He pushed the papers into her hands as his grandfather came bounding in, his grandmother following.

"There's the writing," the boy screamed. "There's my grandfather's writing. You always say he can't write but there it is."

His grandfather dropped into the rocker at the window, staring at the boy in bewilderment. "What in the hell is it?"

"It's your son's papers," Nora said. "Willie's 'prentice papers, Lord have mercy on him."

"Read it to the boy, Nora," the old man said.

"Why don't you, then?" Nora said. "You're the great scholar."

"Poor Will, Lord have mercy on him," moaned his grandmother.

This indenture [Nora read], made this first day of October, 1887, by and between Edw. McDermott of Providence, R. I., of the one part and the Finley Stove Co. . . . that the said Edw. McDermott hereby binds out his son William J. McDermott of the age of sixteen years as a servant and apprentice of said Finley Stove Co. . . .

She read on to the signatures:

Finley Stove Co.
R. T. Finley, Treas.
his
Edward (X) McDermott
Mark

"See, see," the boy cried happily, "you always say he can't write but there it is. Lots of his writing."

"There it is for all the world to see," said his grandfather.

He took the boy into his arms, rocking jubilantly so that the old chair creaked. His face was radiant.

"Poor Will," said the grandmother, leaving them.

"Yes," sneered Nora, "for all the world to see. And what is this here, then, where it says 'his mark'? A scraggy damn cross it is. Did your lordship write that by yourself, too?"

(Continued on page 96)

THE PIANO INDUSTRY TUNES UP

The reports of their death greatly exaggerated, piano makers are armed with new wrinkles to give them their biggest boom

By

John B. Danby

READING TIME•4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

IT was a cloudy day, with showers whipping the Illinois countryside. A big truck lurched to a stop before a comfortable-looking farmhouse. A man's knock at the door was answered by an aproned woman.

"We'd like to ask a favor," he began. "We have a piano in the truck and we're afraid the playing action will get damp and be ruined. If you'll just store the piano for us, we'll pick it up next week."

The woman hesitated. "Of course," he quickly added, "you and your family are welcome to play on it."

At her dubious nod, the upright was whisked into the living room. The grateful strangers even left a book of simple songs on the rack.

The man chuckled to his helpers as they drove off. "Good as sold!" he exulted. "Did you see her eying that fancy scrollwork?" He had reason to be happy: anybody who could sell pianos in 1932 could sell sterling-silver egg beaters to the Eskimos.

That depression year saw sales drop to a low of 32,000. As Chauncey D. Bond, president of the National Association of Piano Manufacturers, says, it looked as though the industry were headed for extinction or doomed to become a minor "specialty producer" for professional pianists.

But today the piano industry's top officials expect the biggest volume of business in its history. To begin with, the demand for new instruments has been dammed up since 1941: during the war, piano factories made precision instruments for aircraft. Another important spur to sales is the steadily growing music consciousness in America. The public hears more piano music today through radio, phonograph, and screen than ever before. Also, simplified teaching methods not only have helped the young toward quick mastery of the keyboard, but have made pianists out of many a grown-up. What is more, under our elementary-school training three million youngsters a year are given music courses. All this adds up to promise of a whacking big demand for musical instruments, and particularly for the piano.

The manufacturers are ready with new designs to meet every modern living condition. During the mid-'30s they about resigned themselves to the fact that pure "furniture appeal" was no longer a factor. After considerable prodding by Roy E. Waite of Piano Trade Magazine, they started gradually to break with traditional styles. Off went the rococo and Victorian trimmings. The instruments took on smooth, flowing lines. Their size shrank visibly.

And as they were pared down, sales began to rise. Before the war shut off production, output had climbed to 160,000 units in 1941.

It is the choice of sizes offered that the trade now counts upon. Many old uprights stood 54 inches high; the new studio uprights are usually 44 to 45 inches. The modern spinet ranges in height from 36 to 40 inches. All have the standard 88-note keyboard.

The concert grand, running up to nine feet in length, continues to be the instrument of artists. Its size and the way it is constructed give it the breadth and quality of tone necessary for the concert hall.

Prices for new pianos run from $500 to $5,500. If you want something custom made, however, it could cost you whatever you want to pay—$25,000, $40,000—depending on the sort of special case you demanded. Steinway made a grand piano for the White House in 1901 that cost $25,000. It was beautifully carved with American eagles, etc. And in a New York theater lounge there's an old instrument that cost around $40,000.

In 1946 the manufacturers made around 100,000 pianos, and did so in the face of critical material shortages. Even the scarcity of meat had its effect: a serious scarcity of hide glue. Most of the chemicals from which synthetic glues are made are produced by one manufacturer in the United States, and he, of course, cannot meet the demand.

The scarcity of gray iron castings for plates (the frame which supports the strings whose total tension may equal 18 tons) caused a major bottleneck until just recently. The Aluminum Company of America has developed an aluminum plate about one third the weight of the cast iron, and this has been adopted by several piano manufacturers.

The factories of the thirty-odd manufacturers range geographically from Boston to Rockford, Illinois, with New York and Chicago the headquarters for most piano makers. Oddly enough, there are no piano factories west of the Mississippi.

THE better-built instruments have been known to give good service for half a century or more. Recently Ameil N. Drexel, a Miami music dealer who has made a hobby of collecting old tools of the craft, reconditioned a square piano made over a hundred years ago by Baumgarten and Heinz in Hamburg, Germany. This piano was once Chopin's. It is now owned by Mrs. Georgette Cunningham of Miami, who bought it at auction for $6,000.

Among other new techniques and materials with which the industry is experimenting is the use of plastic for covering the white keys. It has been found to wear better than ivory. Black keys are mostly ebonized, and here also plastic coverings are being increasingly used. True black ebony has been difficult to get.

During the war the piano was used wherever servicemen gathered. One instrument in the canteen of the U. S. Naval Base on Manus Island in the Admiralties literally awed the natives. One of them reported excitedly to his chief:

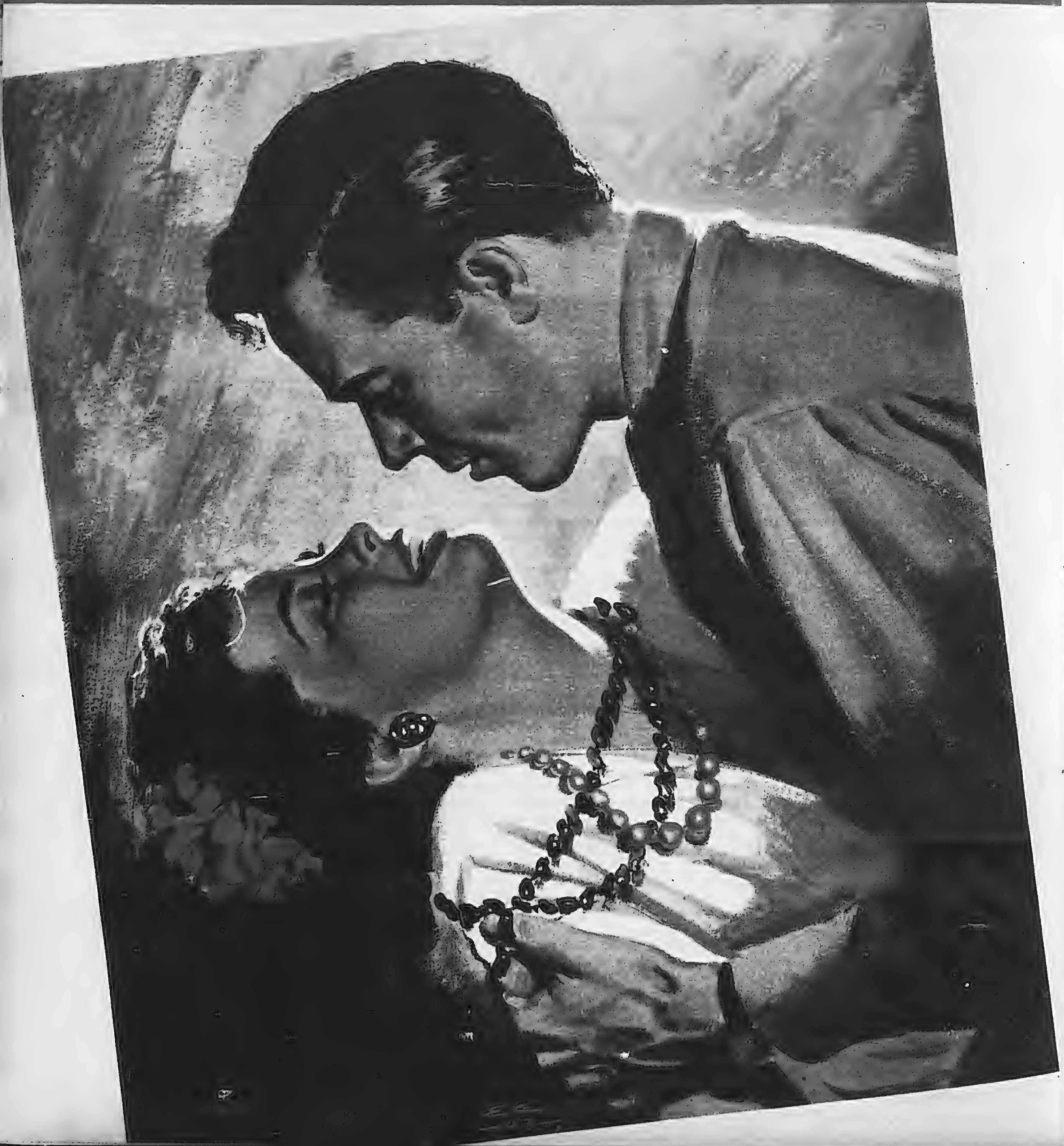
"Big fella 'e got teeth belong to 'im. Master 'e fight 'em teeth. Teeth no fight back; 'e cry out."

Today the piano industry is flashing its ivory and plastic teeth in a bigger grin than ever before.

THE END

Rozouila looked up into his eyes, laughing, and Bill remembered what Angela had said: "Monks aren't a bit like army officers, darling!"

Paradise



with Serpent

The blonde menace departs, but Bill hasn't heard the last of her. And that lovely native "concubine" is no longer the secret he thinks she is

By Edward Hope

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

ON Midi Island, in the South Pacific, Captain Bill Willoby, commanding officer in charge of occupation forces, finds his problems have increased with the arrival of red-haired Angela Toland and her escort, Major Philip Curwin. Angela, writer of sensational stories, makes a play for Bill, although he insists that he means to be faithful to Leila Stacy, his girl in the States. Major Curwin, strolling at night near Bill's bungalow, finds a pretty native girl living alone in a hut. This is Rozouila, a gift to Bill from the native king. Bill, embarrassed, had installed her there, on advice of the Rev. Paul Edgett, missionary, instead of sending her back as he wanted to. Rozouila, repulsing the major's advances, repeats the English words she had been taught by Woolawei, the interpreter: "I belong to Captain Willoby. I am his woman." The startled major senses scandal.

Meanwhile, Bill's efforts to be a good host to Angela are giving everyone, including Diana Forrester, the missionary's attractive sister-in-law, the impression that he is falling for the redhead. On her last night, Angela insists that Bill drive her to see Lake Goaro by moonlight. She accidentally falls from the rock into the lake. Furious with Bill because of his coolness, she accuses him of pushing her in.

PART V

DIANA FORRESTER sat in the chair at the corner of the desk, her pencil poised over her notebook. Captain Willoby finished reading the memorandum and laid down the four closely typed sheets. He frowned at them, then raised his eyes and gave Diana his one-sided smile.

"This memorandum on the store," he said. "It's addressed to the Commanding Officer, Occupation Force. I think we'll put two endorsements on it. First, the Occupation Force sends it to the Military Governor. Silly, but if I'm two people, I have to write notes to myself. O.K. First Indorsement:

"'To Allied Military Governor. Paragraph One: Forwarded for comment and/or concurrence. Two: Provided that the time devoted to the project by military personnel is taken exclusively from normal off-duty hours comma that the project does not interfere in any way with the performance of military duties comma and that military personnel do not engage in private business in violation of Army Regulations comma this command had no objection to the establishment and operation of the proposed store by and for the native population end.' . . . Tell you what. Under that, type: 'For the Commanding Officer, Carl O. Schmidt, 1st Lt., Inf., Executive Officer.' That'll look better. Got it?"

She nodded.

"O.K. Now AMG sends it back to the CO, OF. 'Second Endorsement. Paragraph One: Concur in Paragraph Two, First Endorsement. Two: It is believed that the incentive to acquire U. S. currency which will result from the establishment of the store will greatly facilitate negotiations with the native population in purchasing goods and hiring needed labor. Three: It is recommended that the King be provided with adequate funds to make purchases at the store on the opening day and thus give the enterprise his sanction.' . . . That ought to do it. That's signed 'William W. Willoby, Captain, Inf., Allied Military Governor.'

"There's one more thing," he added. "On the bottom somewhere, type: 'Information copy to Commanding General, South Pacific Island Command'—but don't send one. What they don't know at SPIC won't hurt 'em. If they ever get around to asking questions about the store, we'll have this in our files, and they'll never know we didn't send a copy or if they got it and lost it."

THE sound of an airplane which Diana had noticed a minute or two before, increased in volume. She wondered again why he had not gone to see Angela Toland off. Would the parting have been too painful?

She asked, "Don't we need one more endorsement, from the CO to Lt. Schlank?"

"Oh, yes. Of course! 'Third Endorsement. Paragraph One: Approved subject to conditions outlined in Paragraph Two, First Endorsement. Two: Attention is invited to Paragraph Three, Second Endorsement.' Let's make that up for Lieutenant Schmidt's signature, too, for variety."

The airplane noise grew to a roar. He got up and went to a window.

"Miss Toland's plane?" Diana asked.

"I hope so," he said from the window. He came back and resumed his seat. "About one more day of that sizzling platter and my uniform would have been a strait jacket and leg irons. I hope they don't send us any more of those for a while."

Diana said, 'You're not very loyal, are you?"

HE blinked at her. "How do you mean—loyal? Do you mean I should never bite a departing guest in the back?"

"It's no business of mine," Diana said. "I'm sorry I spoke. Is there more dictation?"

"Not yet. I want to get this straight. Let me have it on the chin in words of one syllable."

She said, "It just doesn't seem sporting. As long as she was here, you followed her around like a lovesick schoolboy. As soon as she turns her back, you— Oh, never mind. I happen to dislike insincerity."

The dismay on his face was genuine enough. He said, "Wait. You mean you thought Angela Toland and I—"

"Everybody on the island knew perfectly well."

"Everybody on the island!" he echoed, staring at her. "By golly!" he said, moving his head slowly up and down. After a while he took a stack of papers from the basket marked "Suspend," and shuffled through them.

He said, 'I'm going to have to dic-

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

tate a long thing—sort of a plan—on the free election we're ordered to hold. I'm not very clear on it myself, so I think you'd better give me a rough draft, double-spaced. Ready?"

She put the broken pencil down and took another.

IN the C-47 Angela Toland settled back in her seat. Major Curwin leaned closer and said, "Seems a little offhand of Willoby not to come and see you off."

"Oh, no. I told him not to."

Major Curwin said, "I must admit Willoby handed me a surprise at the last minute."

Angela accepted a proffered cigarette. She rested her fingers on his wrist as he held the light for her. "What sort of surprise?"

"Suppose I told you that most of those kids have got pretty little native girls—concubines—conveniently stashed in huts out in the woods. Would you believe that?"

"Concubines? Oh, *now*!"

"It's true. I've seen one of them myself. Talked to her. Willoby's. Beautiful native girl. About eighteen, I should think."

"And then you woke up," she laughed, "and found you were late for breakfast."

"No. I swear it's true." He leaned closer. "I went for a walk last night. I tried to find you first, by the way."

She laid her hand on his. "I'm sorry, darling."

"I took a path up the hill behind the bungalows," he said. "I hadn't gone more than a couple of hundred yards, when I found this girl."

"What was she doing? Living in a tree?"

"She has a hut all to herself. I tried to question her, but I don't speak the island language and she didn't understand English, so I didn't get very far. I was just giving it up as a bad job, when all of a sudden she looked me straight in the eye and said, 'I belong to Captain Willoby. I am his woman.'"

"I thought she didn't speak English."

"That's just it. She didn't. She had this one thing she could say. She knew it by heart. I suppose Willoby taught it to her, in case any of the others came fooling around."

Wait a minute, Angela thought. If he had a native houri waiting for him . . .

"I didn't believe it myself at first," the major said. "I made her repeat it. 'I belong to Captain Willoby. I am his woman.'"

"But he wouldn't teach her a thing like that. He'd know that sooner or later she'd say it to the wrong person."

"Well, she knew how to say that and nothing else." Major Curwin closed his hand on Angela's fingers. He said, "This morning, early, I got hold of that interpreter, the one with the cockney accent. I asked him about it. He said, Oh, yes, that was Captain Willoby's girl. A princess, he said. I asked about the other officers, and he said he thought that most of them had concubines. He said the Midi girls are very obliging."

Angela said, "That's the weirdest story I ever heard. What'll you do? Report it to General Hussey?"

Major Curwin stuck out his underlip and shrugged. "Oh, I don't think so. Old Vic'd throw the book at 'em. I don't know just what'd happen, but they'd all wish they'd never been born. They're a pretty decent lot. They were certainly nice to us. And I must say they're handling it discreetly."

"I suppose you're right," Angela said.

She thought: Being true to his girl in New York, is he? So sweet and innocent he throws me in the lake to save his precious integrity, and all the time he's got an unprintable native princess. . . . If I should write a syndicate piece . . .

"If the I.G. ever gets hold of it," the major said, "they'll all land in Leavenworth."

"What's I.G.? Same as G.I.?"

"Oh, no. The I.G. is the Inspector General. Sort of military F.B.I."

"He wouldn't really send them to prison?"

"I honestly don't know what the penalty might be."

Of course, the public-relations people would kill any story on concubinage, if you tried to send it through the headquarters. Have to slip it through somehow. Even wait till I go back myself. . . .

"Do you realize," Major Curwin asked, "that you've been pretty unkind to me for the last week?"

"Darling!" she said, and squeezed his hand. "I had to be polite to those kids. They were amusing enough, but I like a man who's mature, a man of the world."

Angela toyed with an opening paragraph:

As the army transport gained altitude, I gazed down through my window at little Midi Island, lying like an emerald on the blue moiré of the limitless Pacific, and the words of the old hymn ran through my head to the throb of the powerful motors: 'Though every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.' For there below me, was such a South Sea isle as I had thought to find only in the pages of escapist romances, an earthly paradise. And yet on that lovely island, young American officers were living like Oriental potentates with their delectable native concubines....

"I'm really rather hurt," the major said. "Will you have dinner with me tonight?"

She looked into his eyes from under drooping lids. She leaned over and rubbed her shoulder against him. This was more like it.

BILL moved his belongings back to 27 Elm Street late in the afternoon. He lay soaking in the tub in unhurried luxury and looked forward happily to life on an island free of lady novelists.

True, there were plenty of things still to worry about. Too bad Diana Forrester had got a wrong impression of his dealings with Angela.

Buttoning his shirt, he walked into the kitchen and found Angela's clothes of last night, which she had hung there to dry and presumably forgotten. He'd send 'em all back, care of Major Curwin, the first thing tomorrow, and avoid getting into a correspondence, or having her come back for 'em.

He was still full of reaction and relief when later he met Lieutenants Biggs and Everly outside and drove them over to the post for supper. He was even able to take the ribbing the others gave him as the meal progressed, and to turn some of it back.

Bill looked forward to a long, peaceful evening alone at 27 Elm Street. He was behind schedule with his letter writing, and he had a mystery story.

He went up the sandy path alone. The house was pitchy dark after the last twilight outdoors. He snapped the switch by the door. He started across the room and became aware of something out of place to his left. He turned.

IT took a countable number of seconds to identify the girl on the sofa. She wore Angela Toland's crushed green dress with the yellow flower design. She sat still and uncomfortably, hands in her lap, feet crossed—in Angela's green shoes.

It was Rozouila, of course, but the transfiguration was amazing. Her black hair was piled on top of her head in slavish imitation of Angela's upswept coppery curls. Her mouth had traded some of its little-girl sweetness for a glistening coat of orangey-red paste, and there were smears of the same color on her cheeks. (Angela must have left a lipstick.)

At his blank astonishment, her painted lips curved into a delighted smile. He got his mouth closed, and swallowed.

"Rozouila! *What* have you been up to?"

What she answered (though he did not understand) was that she had watched him with Flame-Hair Woman; that if he liked the dress and the hair style and the paint, she was willing to oblige him.

"I'm afraid you're a naughty girl."

Cautiously, like a beginner getting up on ice skates, she pushed herself clear of the sofa, balancing on the high heels. A victorious smile spread over her face and her big eyes sparkled. She held her arms away from her body in a gesture that said, Look. No hands.

She held up a finger for his attention. She took one precarious step, and another, but twisted her ankle on the third. She went down hard on both knees. Her underlip trembled.

"Hurt?" he asked, and gave her his hands. "Don't let it get you down.

(*Continued on page 88*)

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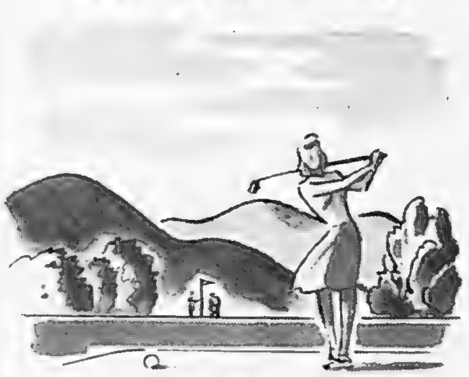


SUN VALLEY
Year 'round sports center

DUDE RANCHES
Where the West Begins

EYEWITNESS

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's eye

Frontier Teachers

Navy flyer and his wife find inspiring careers and full, happy lives instructing a Maine town's youngsters

RALPH and Nancy Atkinson, aged 25 and 24 respectively, are happy as high school teachers. Graduates of Cornell in 1945, and married the same year, they were vacationing in Nancy's native Maine after Ralph's discharge from the navy, and heard talk of the teacher shortage.

Their interest aroused, they learned that there were two principal reasons for the shortage: (1) Poor pay (teachers complained they couldn't save any money); (2) no social life.

With Ralph's future at that time indefinite, the Atkinsons decided to apply as a couple for positions as teachers. Two days later they were accepted, and assigned to the high school at Fort Kent, Maine.

Four months later the Atkinsons proved themselves able to make a success of their careers. They put more than $600 into their savings account; they had a full social life. They were the favorite after-school companions of their 314 students, and were accepted wholeheartedly by the skeptical townsfolk.

Ralph Atkinson, ex-Seabee, teaches chemistry, biology, commercial law. As basketball coach, he's kids' best pal.

Nancy, his wife, teaches science, orientation, also coaches basketball. Young, she's the students' favorite.

Skiing, no luxury hobby here, is enjoyed by Ralph on his $2,000-a-year salary, Nancy on her $1,600.

Father Corbeil, (above) the Atkinsons' close friend, and curate of the 99-per-cent Catholic population of Fort Kent, brushes up on chemistry work in Ralph's class.

Social life of the Atkinsons, spent mainly in the company of their students, enables Ralph and Nancy to bring more than mere professional guidance to their brood.

MAINE P
SERVI E CO

Saving Nancy's salary, spending Ralph's, they've banked $618.24 in four months. They came to Fort Kent with only $100.

Night Life nonexistent, people visit. George Page, following native custom, receives the Atkinsons in kitchen.

Budgeting means money in the bank. Breakfasts, consisting of fruit, eggs, coffee, toast, doughnuts, cost $14 a month.

Mail is carried by sled across the bridge into Canada during winter. In good weather the Atkinsons drive a 1939 car.

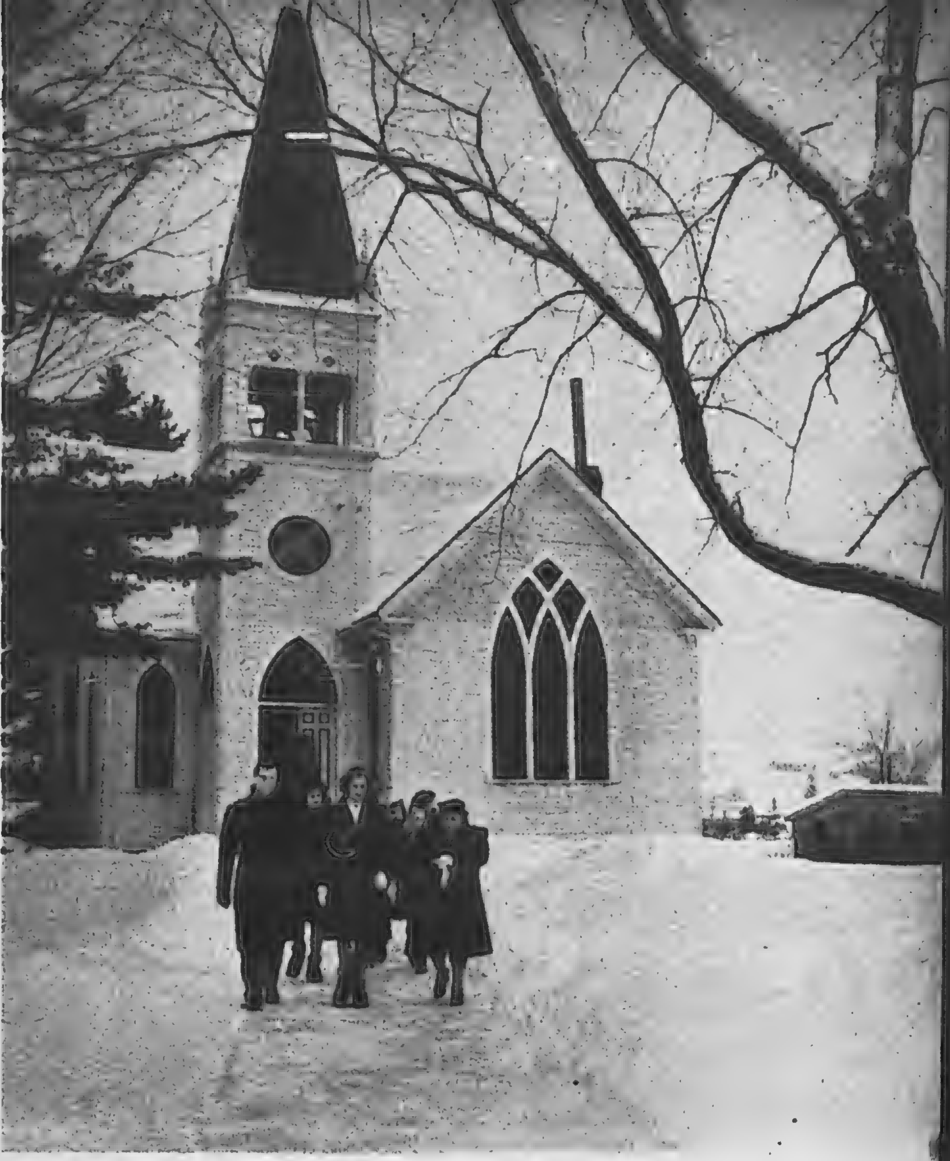
Recreational diversions consist of bowling, skiing, skating, basketball, school dances, movies. Nancy's an average bowler.

Church attendance is regular procedure for the Atkinsons, who receive spiritual guidance from the Congregational minister.

After-School coke is also procedure, with Father Corbeil and student Reina, before the Atkinsons start correcting papers.

Laundry is budgeted at $10 a month, so Nancy washes stockings, socks, underwear at home after nightly basketball practice.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR LIBERTY BY ROGER COSTER



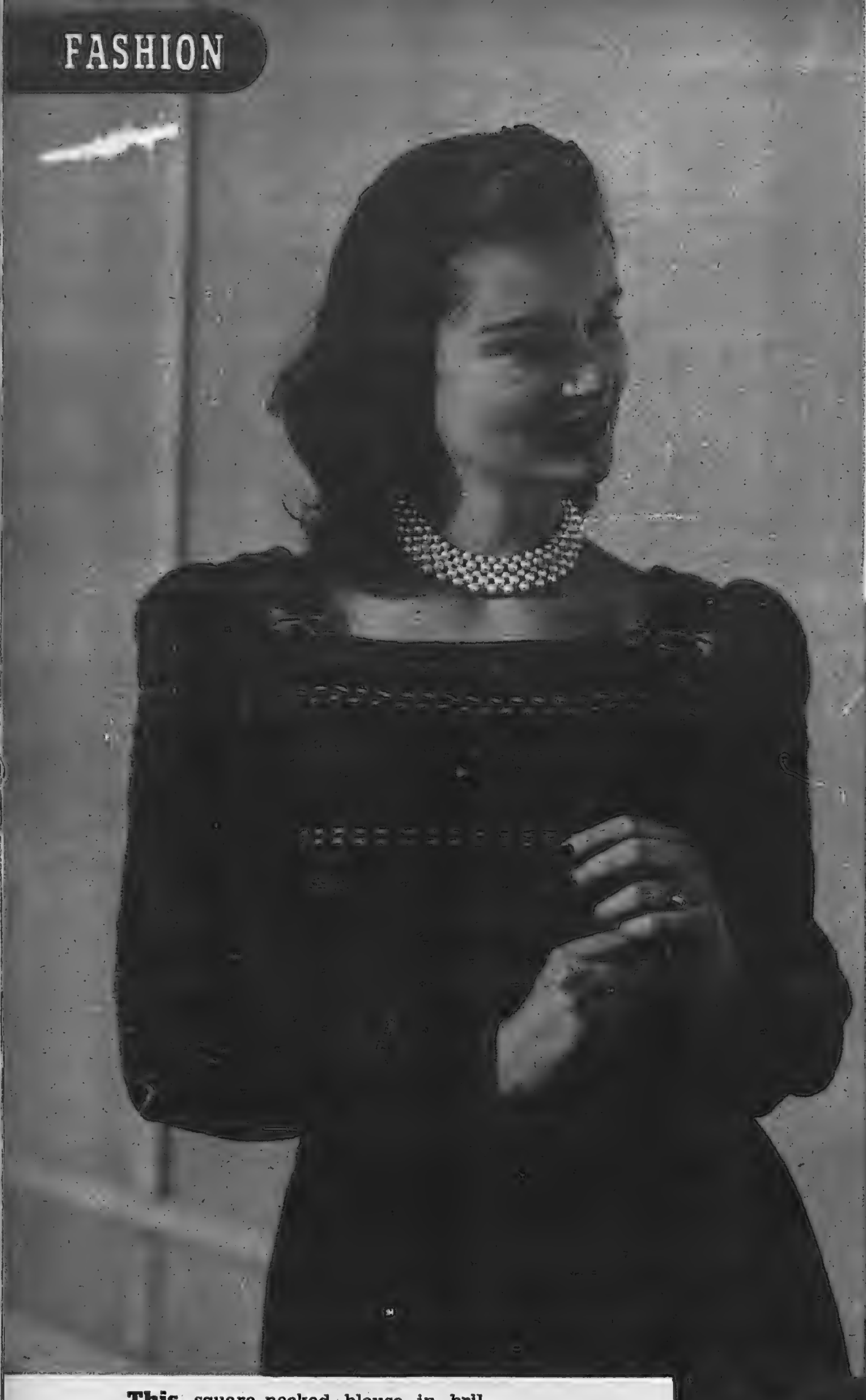
Acceptance by villagers was proof of the couple's success. Elders approved Atkinsons' no-smoking, no-drinking.

Full Day, starting at 7.15 A.M., ends at 11 P.M. in Atkinsons' $40-a-month room. Temperature outside, 40 below.

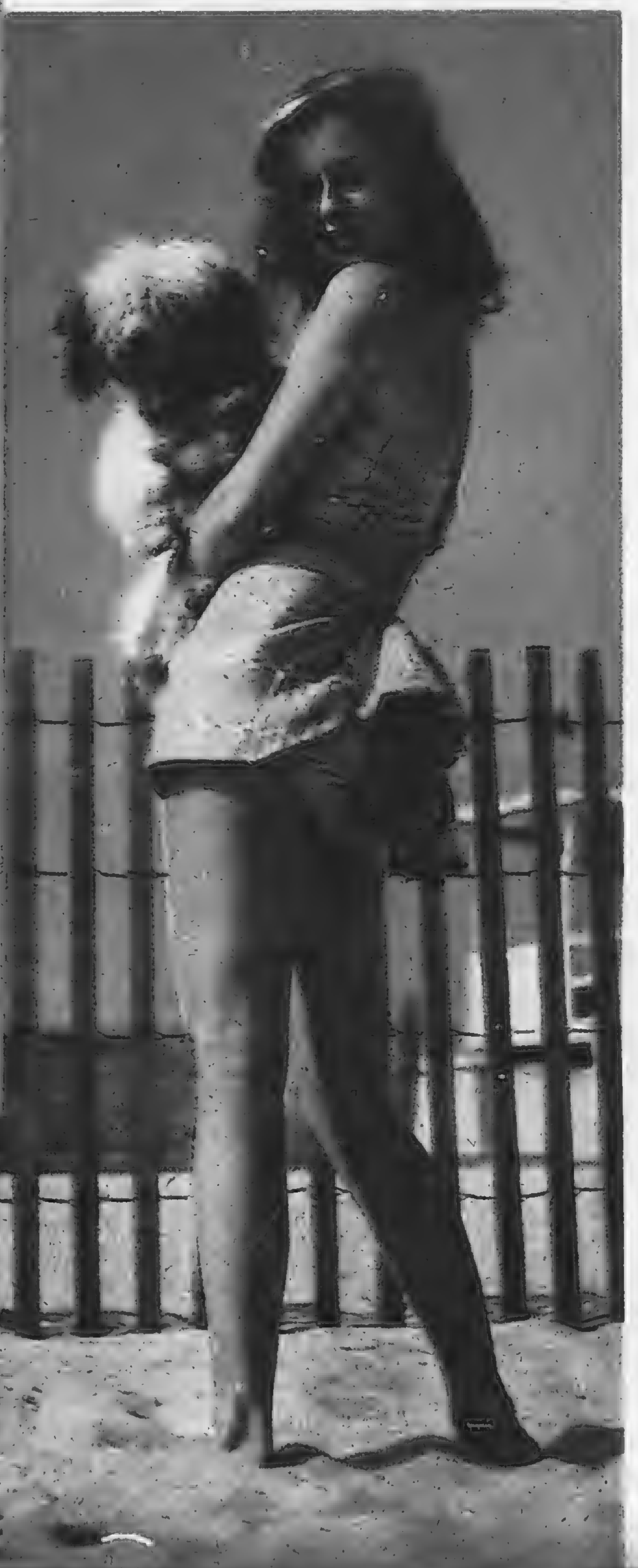
They Cotton to Guatemala

Two enterprising gals gadding-about Guatemala discover brilliant fabrics

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR REEF



This square-necked blouse in brilliant purple and blue was designed, made, and modeled by Frances Holly.



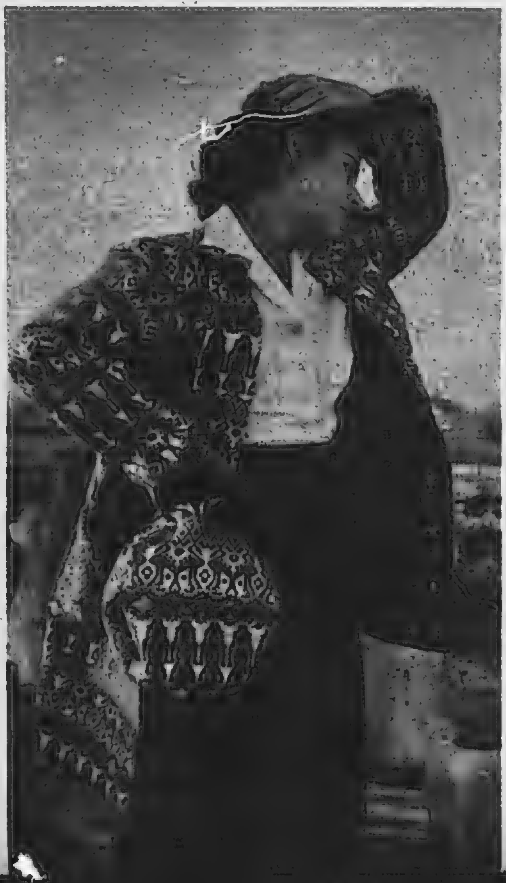
Shades of Grandma's Day—the bustle is back. The native women's apron inspired this swim-play suit.

Bulletin Bored? Try adding a colorful note with Guatemalan cotton blouses as Frances and Holly have done.

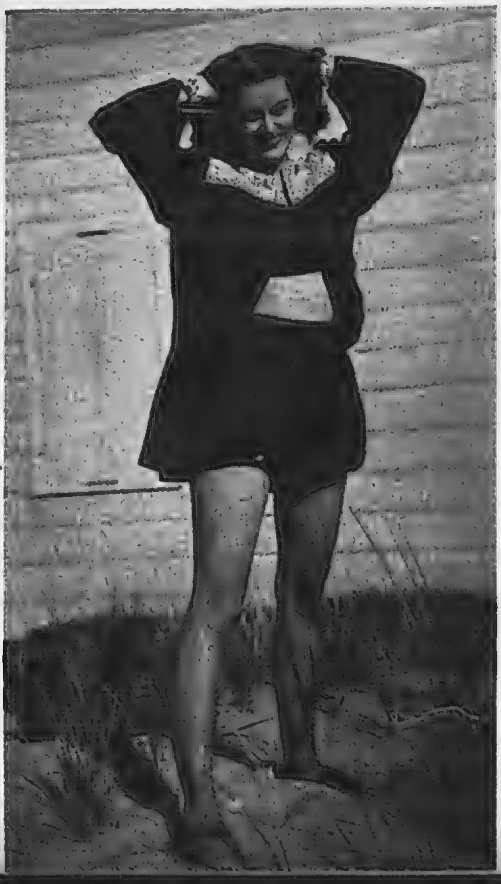
WHEN two girls leave their jobs and head for the sunny shores of Guatemala for a long-planned vacation, they are not likely to be interested in export statistics. Holly and Frances Bower not only were interested in them, but in due course added to those statistics. When they landed in Central America, they were immediately struck by the commercial possibilities of Guatemalan native clothes. Instead of lolling on the beach, they worked the heavy cottons into slick sun clothes for themselves and their North American sisters. Chances are you'll be seeing and buying them next summer.

Marketplace meeting with these Indian women gave girls ideas.

From native's shirt to beach wear went this swanky loose coat.



Bloomers for beach, adapted by Frances from old native pattern.



Native Women make their own clothes. Colors are usually deep blue or purple, accented with cool white.

Small Fry learn young in Guatemala; help out at the dye vats. Colors are sharp, but cottons are not washable.

New England's antique shops have nothing on Central America. Virtually every home has its own spinning wheel.

Up and Over one shoulder in the manner of the Indian serape is this blue sun dress, which was made and modeled by Fran.

Sunday Best for the men of Solala since the days of the Incas is the hat Holly sports here.

Printed Figures like those Fran wears have been found on centuries-old drawings; are still in use.

Pre-shrinking á la Chichicastenango. Cottons are very heavy with the idea of keeping out the heat.

Gaucho Pants make fine slacks, says Holly; contrast with full skirts of one of our Good Neighbors.

"Gotta Dime?"

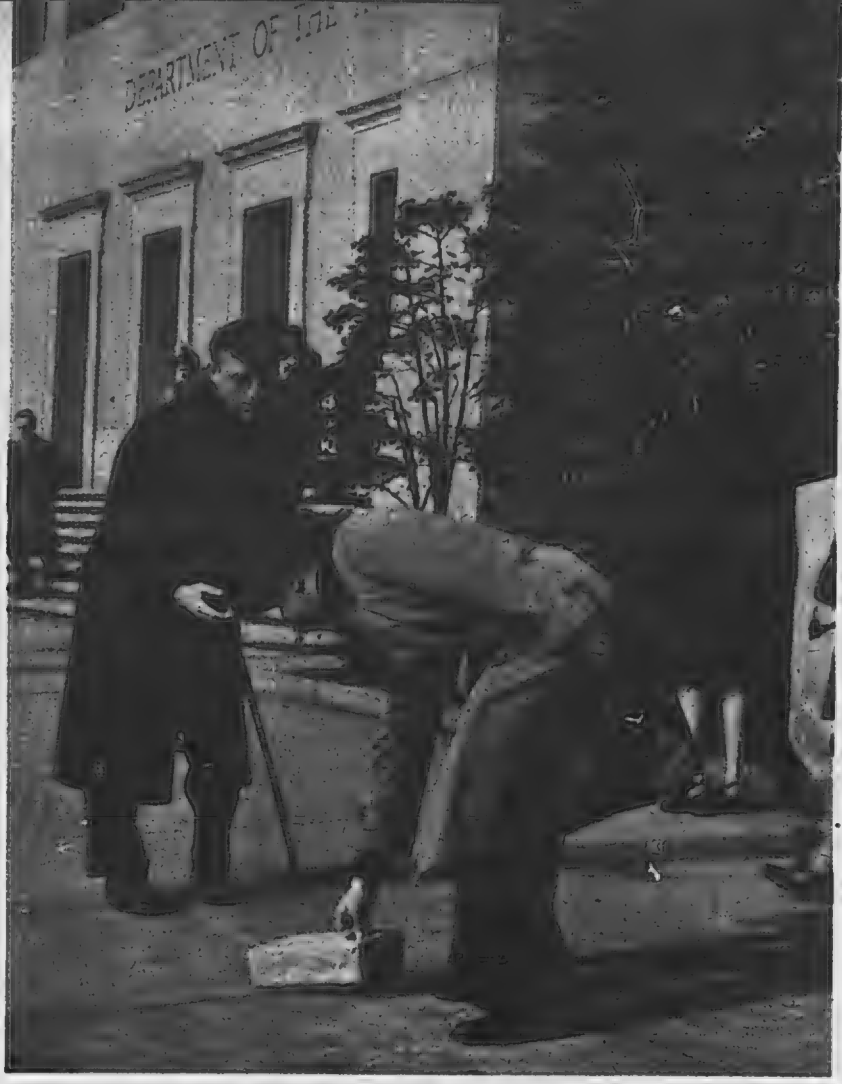
If his eloquent appeal wrings your heart, chances are he's a professional panhandler

PANHANDLERS are enjoying a boom: they get quarters instead of dimes. Most panhandlers are phonies, of course—professional bums who pick up as much as $100 a day by playing on the sympathies of a gullible public. To demonstrate some of their tricks, Liberty's editors persuaded Frank Oreto, merchant marine petty officer on leave, to "work" the streets of Washington, D. C., a fairly typical city for grifters. He was shunted out of the best sucker districts by strong-arm mobsters who are on the payroll of regular panhandlers to watch for cops and scare away anyone who tries to muscle in on the racket. A photographer followed Oreto around in a taxicab, taking pictures of his activities. None of Oreto's victims was aware of the hidden high-speed camera. Oreto's "take" was $8.45, which was turned over to the Red Cross.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIBERTY BY SID LATHAM

Frank Oreto, merchant seaman (above), affects that "gimme" look. (Below) He is driven out of another panhandler's lush theater district by a hired muscle man.

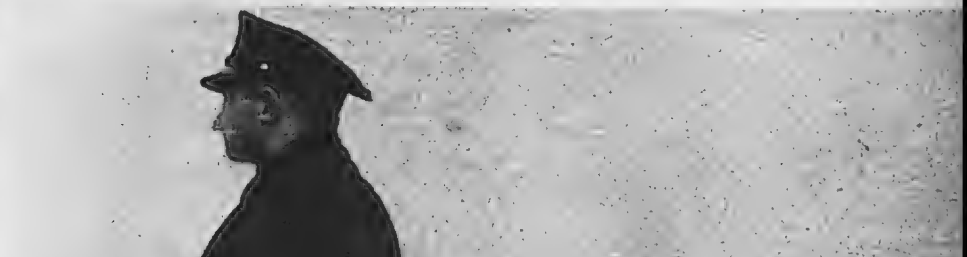
The Razzberry technique is used when the sucker won't tumble. Sometimes insults humiliate a pedestrian into digging deep, but this passer-by continued to ignore Oreto.



Who Wouldn't pick up this package for the lame man? Once you do, you're a soft touch for his plea. Tip-off to a fake beggar is sturdy, well-shined pair of shoes.

Silent Treatment often gets results. After staring at the food in this restaurant window for fifteen minutes, Oreto was handed half a dollar by a diner as she left.

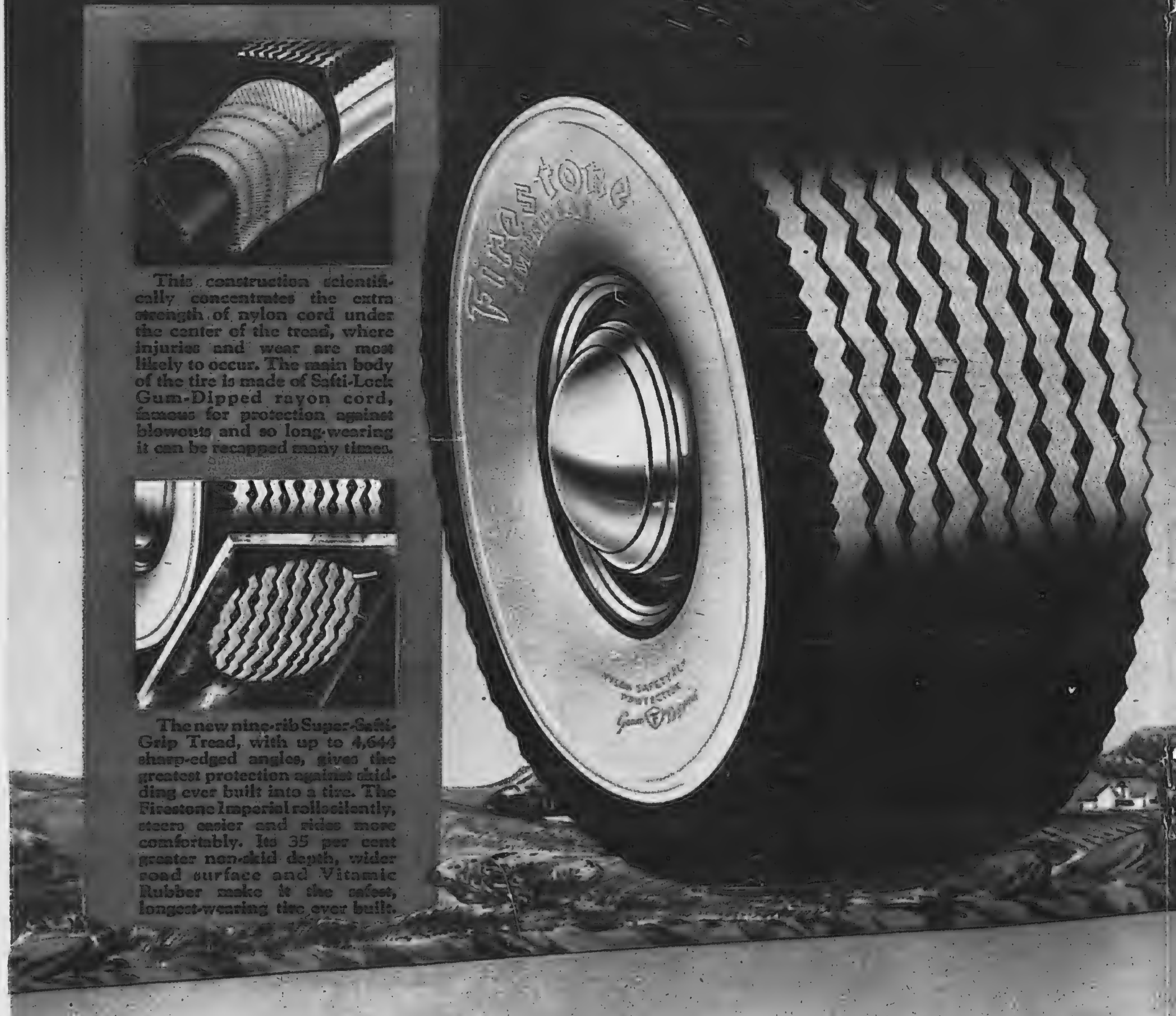
These Women are asked for three cents to mail a letter to mother. Letter is a plea for train fare back home. The ladies were deeply touched—for 25 cents.



Honest Deadbeats don't resent being steered to a patrolman, who is instructed to direct down-and-outers to a local agency for a meal and possible rehabilitation.

Announcing

Firestone



This construction scientifically concentrates the extra strength of nylon cord under the center of the tread, where injuries and wear are most likely to occur. The main body of the tire is made of Safti-Lock Gum-Dipped rayon cord, famous for protection against blowouts and so long-wearing it can be recapped many times.

The new nine-rib Super-Safti-Grip Tread, with up to 4,644 sharp-edged angles, gives the greatest protection against skidding ever built into a tire. The Firestone Imperial rolls silently, steers easier and rides more comfortably. Its 35 per cent greater non-skid depth, wider road surface and Vitamic Rubber make it the safest, longest-wearing tire ever built.

THE TIRE THAT MATCHES THE PERFORMANCE, SAFETY AND STYLE

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built with *Nylon* SAFETY CORD PROTECTION

BEST TODAY... STILL BETTER TOMORROW

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MORE MILES, MORE SAFETY, MORE STYLE PER DOLLAR

Now, for the first time, one of America's greatest wartime research achievements has been applied to civilian passenger car tires! During World War II, the armed forces found that aviation tires built with *nylon* cord and used on bombers and fighters were best able to withstand the sudden shock and impact of high-speed take-offs and landings. They also found that tire bodies made with *rayon* cord ran cooler, were highly resistant to blowouts and gave long mileage.

Firestone has combined the advantages of *both nylon and rayon* in a tire so ultra-smart, so distinguished, so advanced in styling that it is as much at home on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue as it is on Arizona's cactus-bordered highways.

In the new Firestone Imperial Tire, the extra strength of *nylon* is scientifically concentrated under the center of the new Super-Safti-Grip Tread. This is where impacts, punctures, bruises and wear are most likely to occur. Heat-resisting rayon cord is used in the main body of the tire for extra protection and extra mileage. This combination is unprecedented for safety and long wear.

See this revolutionary new tire at your nearby Firestone Dealer Store or Firestone Store. Put a set on your present car . . . or, if you are buying a new model, ask your dealer to deliver it on Firestone Imperials.

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OF TOMORROW'S CARS AND THE SPEEDS OF TOMORROW'S HIGHWAYS

Liberty picks a Movie eligible for top honors

— a slick, suspense-filled whodunit starring Dick Powell and Evelyn Keyes

Johnny O'Clock

DICK POWELL, who gave up high-note singing for low-brow slugging, takes another tough tour of the underworld in this brass-knuckles thriller.

As Johnny O'Clock, a big-time gambler, Powell scowls and scraps his way through two murders, any number of double-crosses and passing fancies with assorted fancy ladies.

Blonde Evelyn Keyes plays a showgirl who comes on the scene to find her sister's killer and shares the bumps and clinches with Powell. A high point in the movie is the excellent acting of Broadway's Lee J. Cobb as an untrue-to-type police inspector.

High-lighted by some fine, stark black-and-white photography, the picture moves with great gusto from one climax to another. Fistic fans will especially like the knock-down, drag-out fight scenes, and whodunit fans everywhere will welcome Johnny O'Clock—a slick offering of hot spots and cold corpses.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE (Paramount). Bob Hope's up to his oh-so-funny tricks and Dorothy Lamour's the dark-haired beauty in this one. With Hope, you can't go wrong.

SMASH-UP (Universal). Pretty Susan Hayward goes to town with her first dramatic part. As a dipsomaniac, her performance lifts you right out of your seat.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER (RKO). Loretta Young and Joseph Cotten scamper through this light comedy. It kids the politicians without ever getting too flighty.

PURSUED (Warners). Psychological drama takes to the hills in this absorbing film, with fine acting jobs by Teresa Wright, Robert Mitchum, and Judith Anderson.

Big-time gambler Dick Powell is waylaid by a lady in distress (Nina Foch) and a suspicious police inspector (Lee J. Cobb). Both seek information about a certain crooked cop.

The cop, who's worked with Powell and his paunchy partner, disappears. Meanwhile the partner's sultry wife (above) makes a shameless play for Dick, but he says no.

Nina Foch's body is found—apparently a suicide—and her pretty blonde sister (Evelyn Keyes) rushes into town from a theatrical tour. She falls for tough guy Powell's charms.

Cobb quizzes Powell and partner about Nina's "suicide" and about the missing cop who's been murdered. Because of Evelyn, Powell is doubly anxious to clear himself.

Powell learns that an ex-jailbird whom he befriended has turned on him. He's now in cahoots with the partner, who ordered the two previous murders and is eager to get Dick.

The partner, his unhappy wife, and trigger-happy gunmen finally get what's coming to them, while Powell emerges from it all with revenge—plus Evelyn Keyes.

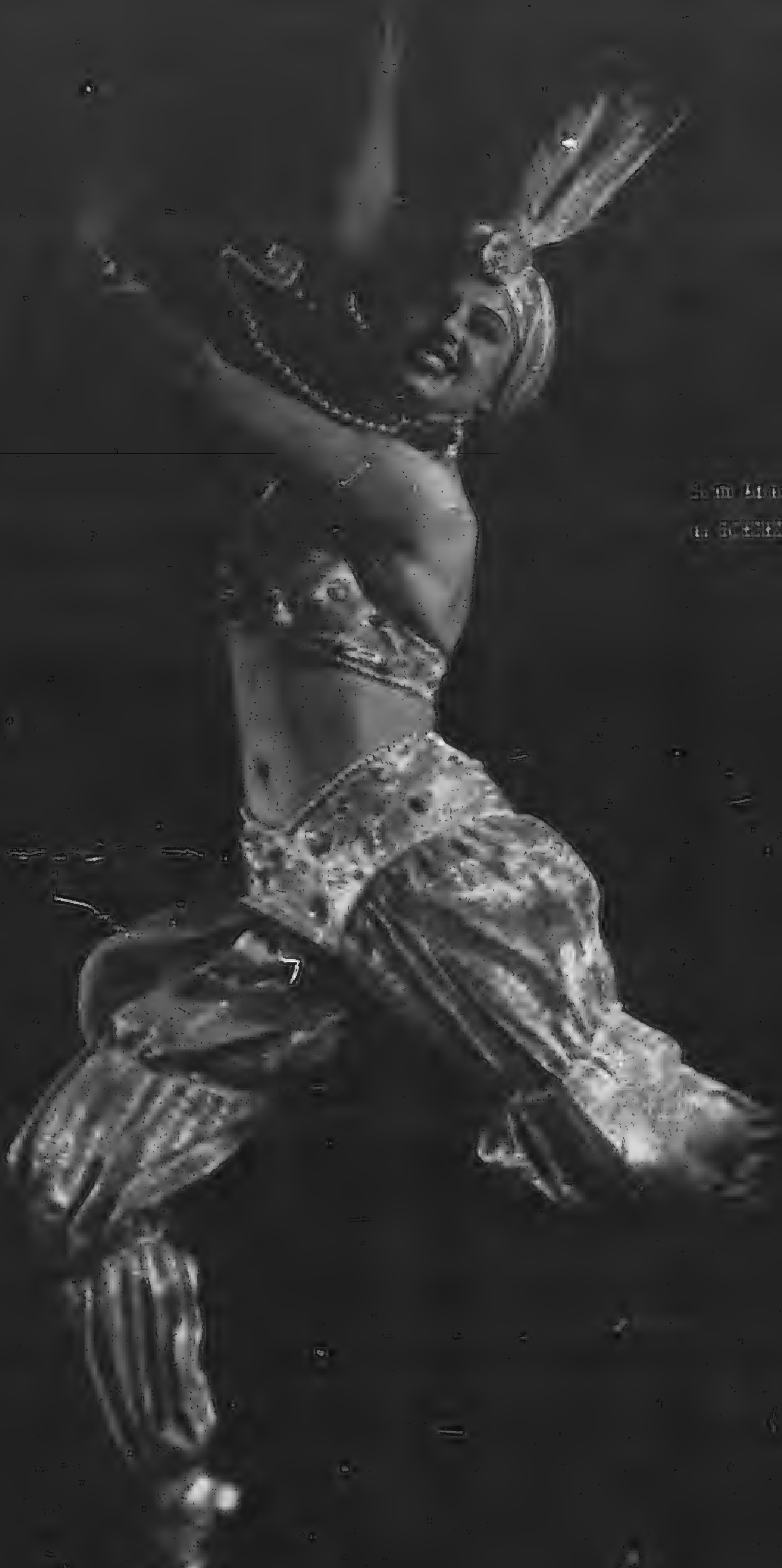
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFREDO VALENTE

Poetry in Motion

ALL life is based on motion—giving particular significance to the art of dancing. No matter what form it's taken throughout the years, basically dancing is movement of the body communicating ideas and moods that cannot be conveyed otherwise. On these pages are shown some artists who have perfected this basic art of communication—graceful exponents of the language of motion.

Abandon is the mood of Eva Reyes' wild fling at Latin-American rhythms.

Passion flames in Carmen Amaya's stamping through a gypsy folk dance.



[illegible],
in SCHEHERAZADE

Gaiety sparkles in Barbara Gay's defiance of the laws of gravity. Her bounding vitality communicates *joie de vivre* to the beholders.

PHOTO BY ALFREDO VALENTE

Enticing the female is the male animal's basic Dance of Life performed by Tahitian men strutting with measured cadence along the beach.

PHOTO BY REEF

PERSONALITY

"IKE"

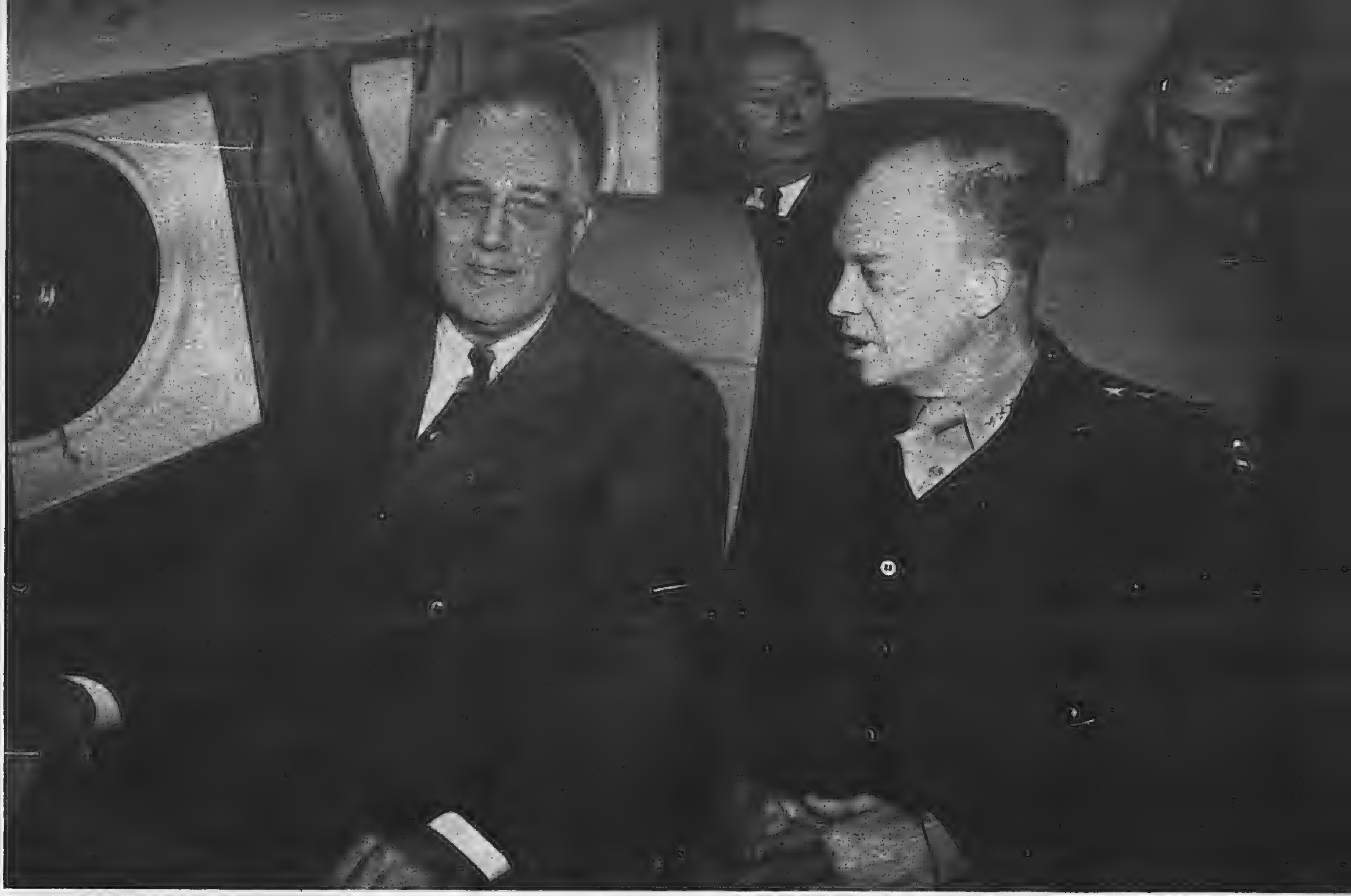
What lies ahead for America's beloved Five-Star General?

Lt. Dwight D. Eisenhower married Mamie Geneva Doud the day he was promoted to first lieutenant.

The Eisenhower Family. The future general, here about eight years old, is on the extreme left of the second row.

Ike's birthplace at Denison, Texas. Not a log cabin but the nearest thing to it. It's now a permanent memorial to him.

Col. Eisenhower's brilliant staff work at Louisiana maneuvers in '41 attracted the attention of Roosevelt.



Two Years Later and now a four-star general, Ike accompanies Roosevelt to the crucial Teheran conference.

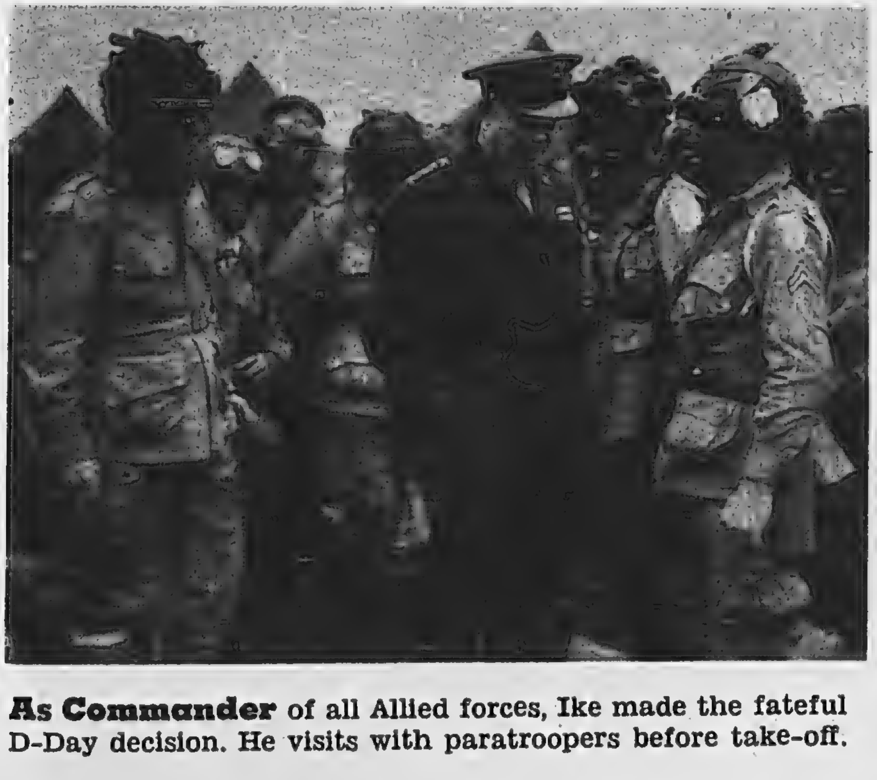
No American in recent history has so captured the respect, confidence, and affection of his countrymen as has General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower. Roosevelt, a great President, inspired extremes of feeling. But nearly everyone, regardless of politics, accords to Ike an esteem almost without parallel.

From a virtually unknown officer, he has risen in seven years to a place of world-wide prominence. His spectacular progress can be attributed solely to his own abilities. This plain son of plain people is the brightest individual star to appear on world horizons in many decades.

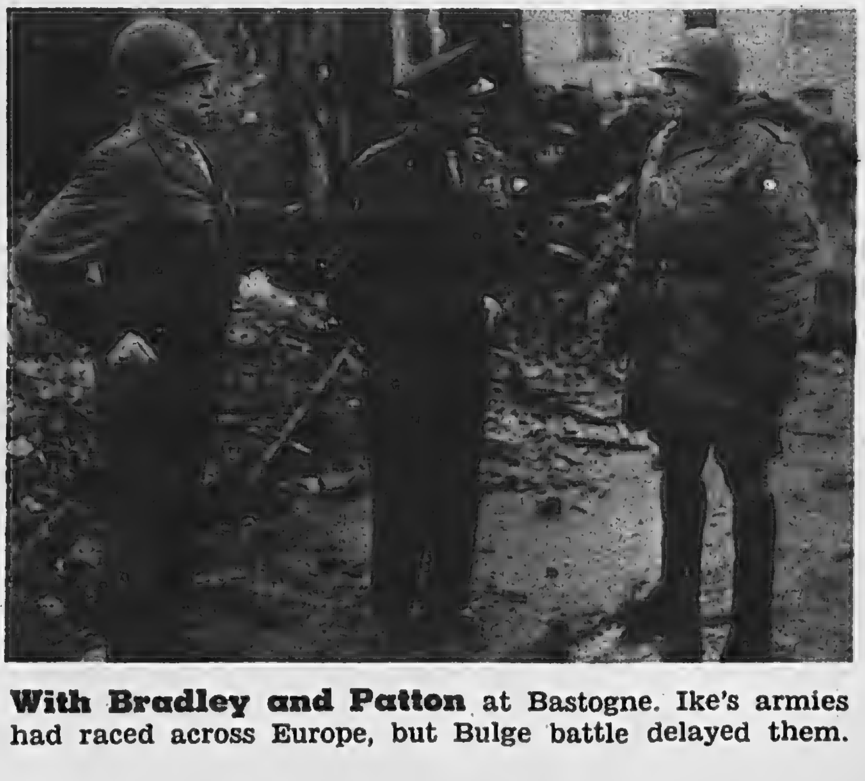
As Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, Ike's present task is to create a defense program to assure the nation's safety. But few observers believe this is the end of the road for the fifty-six-year-old five-star general.

Vigorous in body, alert in mind, and versed in world as well as domestic affairs, his talents are needed for the ever bigger jobs which remain to be done. Will his fellow citizens call upon him to do them?

ALL PHOTOS BY INP, ACME, AND U.S. SIGNAL CORPS



As Commander of all Allied forces, Ike made the fateful D-Day decision. He visits with paratroopers before take-off.



With Bradley and Patton at Bastogne. Ike's armies had raced across Europe, but Bulge battle delayed them.

With Montgomery and Zhukov, Eisenhower toasts the victory of the United Nations as Allies meet in Berlin.

London welcomes General Eisenhower and acclaims him and his magnificent armies for their overwhelming victory.

KIMBALL
PIANOS

Citizens of Ike's own Midwest go wild over the general as they jam the streets for Kansas City's big victory parade.

Best Part of the general's home-coming is his reunion with his wife and their son, Lieutenant John Eisenhower.

On the Front porch of the home in Abilene, where Ike was raised, he sits again at the knee of his proud mother.

On His First Vacation in ten years, Ike in Florida disclaims political ambitions to skeptical newspapermen.

An Enthusiastic Congress hears from Ike's own lips sage words regarding the future of the U. S. and the world.

At Pratt General Hospital, formerly the Miami-Biltmore, Ike chats again with the boys for whom the war still goes on. Enlisted men always liked the way he cut red tape and got things done.

First American ever to command combined forces of U. S. and other nations in Europe, Ike has presented awards to many a man. Here he receives one himself.

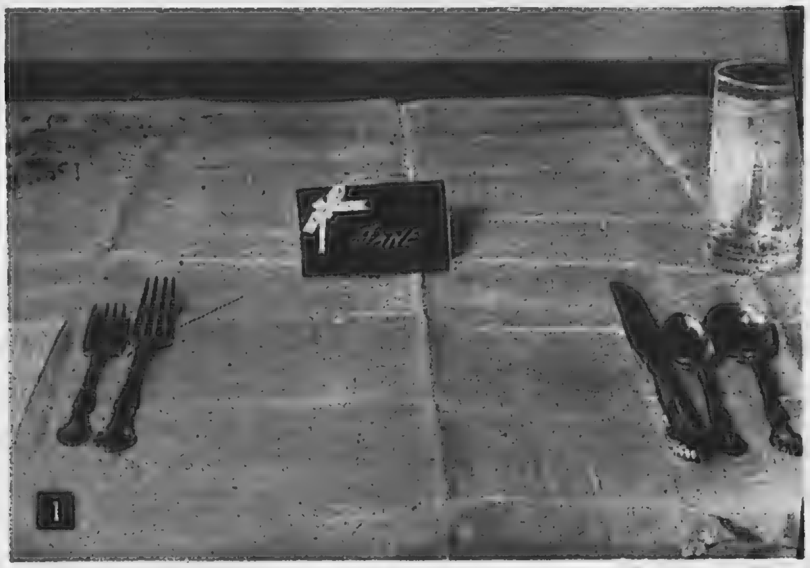
It's All Done with MIRRORS

By Roland Cueva

The basic materials: cement, felt, mirrors, and a razor blade. The easiest gadget to make is a coaster. Just apply a felt base to a square mirror.

WITH a little imagination, some glass cement, and a piece of felt, an ingenious woman can put old handbag mirrors to clever, decorative use. Below are shown five suggestions for charming household accessories.

1. Informal place card. Name is written in nail polish. Attach bow with Scotch tape. Mirror is supported by bent hairpin. 2. Cocktail tray can be made by cementing mirrors to an old picture frame with glass intact. Cardboard edges covered with gay paper even it off. 3. Kitchen memo pad is really just four mirrors on a piece of cardboard. 4. Cupboard-door protectors keep surface clean, give the little woman a quick glance at herself while doing chores. 5. Picture frame is made by scraping back of mirror. One mirror is held on other by stiff cardboard.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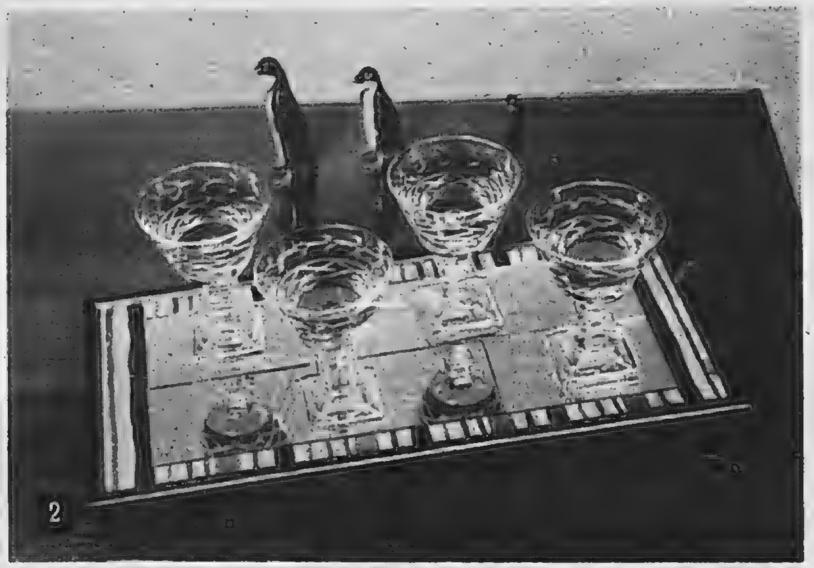
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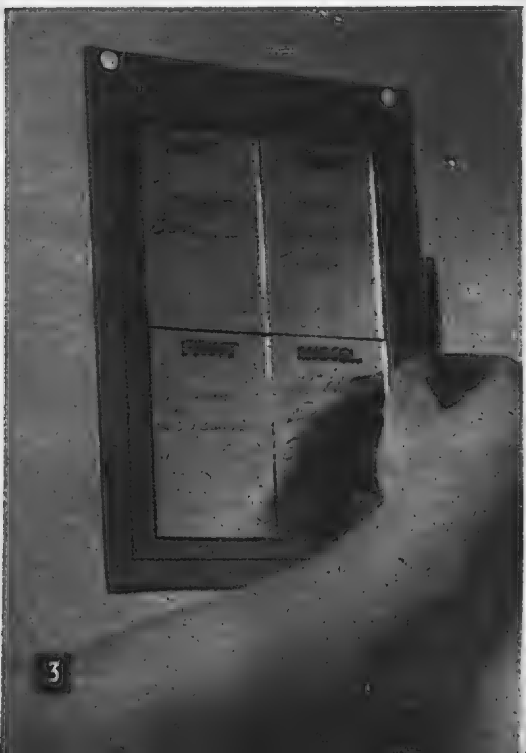
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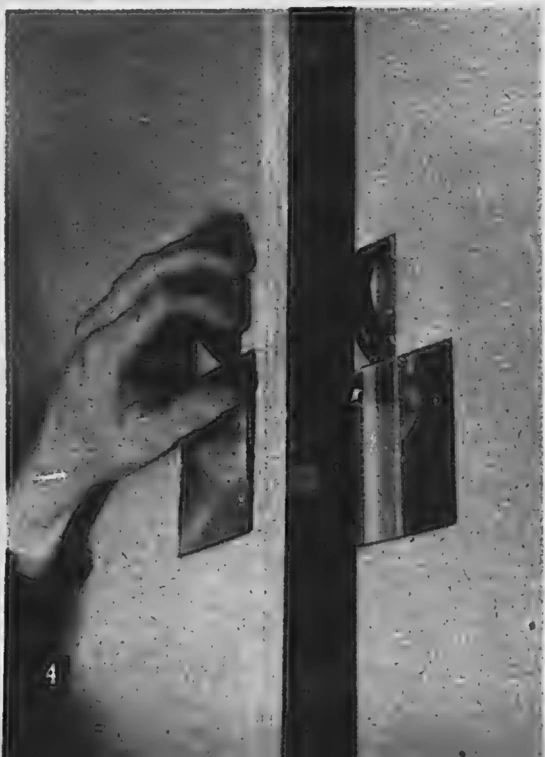
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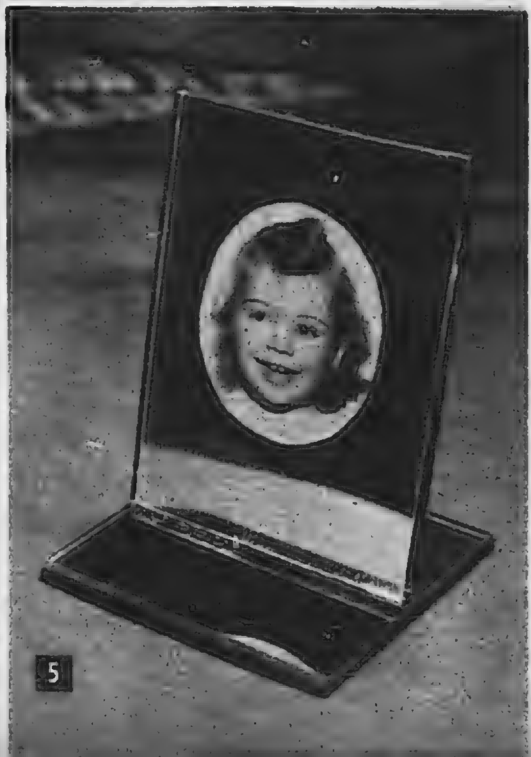
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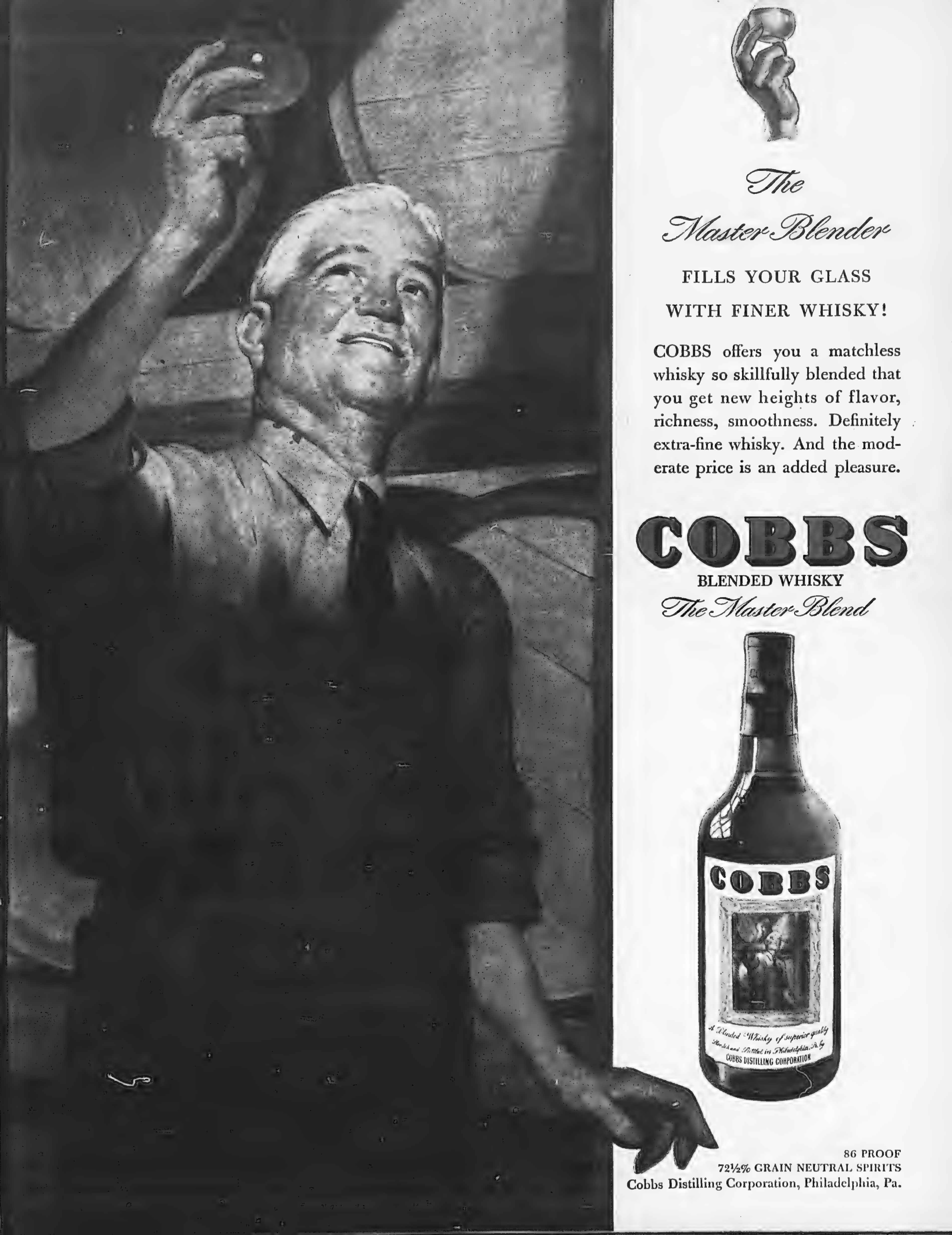
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Look behind that "IRON CURTAIN"!

Leland Stowe reports from *inside* Rumania and Bulgaria

Is it true that Russia has an iron grip on Rumania and Bulgaria, behind an iron blackout? Boring deep into middle Europe as correspondent for Liberty, Stowe reports the straight facts of Russia's plans, hopes and prospects there. Today, he reports, Russia's two big objectives battle each other, but given time she may get both! Every American should read "WHAT IRON...WHOSE CURTAIN?"

...in the next issue of **Liberty**

What happened to Mr. ADAM?

An exciting condensation of the most intriguing book of the year

Critics call this best-seller "the year's funniest book." It is. But its irony bites deep. The tale of what happened when an atom explosion sterilized every man on earth except one is a neat satire that nips people and politics, bureaucrats and blusterers. Every woman wants Mr. Adam. Every nation pleads for a share of him. Read this lively "conversation piece" in a one-evening condensation...

...in the next issue of **Liberty** **April 12th issue...on sale March 28th**

PERFECT LADY

Continued from Page 23

him put you off, now. Pin him down until he's seen everything."

Bill watched his boss. Wheeler had a dominance, an air of self-satisfaction that was annoying. Today, to Bill Shaw, it was infuriating.

"Merkel's got five hundred stores—sell him to the hilt and we'll make a small fortune." He looked up and his hard gray eyes glinted a little. "Your bonus would make a nice wedding present, eh?"

Bill sighed. "I'll need a model," he said. "Do you think June would mind?"

The gray eyes frosted. "Are you out of your head? No daughter of mine is going to parade around for that little skunk! I've had the boys put the clothes and that mannequin of your friend's in your car. You can use that thing if you have to."

"You mean to say I've got to cart Lilly down to Palm Springs and back?"

"You don't have to bring it back," Wheeler snapped. "After you've sold Merkel, you can toss it out on the highway." He turned away. "Oh, yes—Mrs. Wheeler said if you can find some real maple syrup, to bring it."

He went out and slammed the door.

IT was just too much, Bill decided. He put on his hat and coat, stuffed his cigarettes in his pocket. He was so fed up with the Sun Snatcher line, and Paul Wheeler, and the run-around he was getting from June that he was about through. And now, maple syrup! He turned off the desk light and stalked through the outer office.

Benny Sherlock, the shipping clerk, was just leaving the coupé when Bill splashed up. Bill opened the door and stepped back. A woman sat there. He glanced again. It was Lilly, all dressed up in a rain-splattered coat, the new Spray Queen model. Benny grinned.

"How's she look?"

"Pregnant," Bill said. He pointed at the bulge in Lilly's lap. "What's that?"

"Just the Sun Snatcher stuff. Didn't want it to get wet." Benny licked his lips. "Have a good trip, Mr. Shaw. You know, I could kinda go for a dame like Lilly myself."

Bill got into the car, shut the door, and wound down the window. "She's too smart for you, Benny."

He started the motor and squished off. The traffic was bad, the streets were slippery, and the rain was relentless. And on top of it all, Bill had a feeling of uneasiness.

He drove furiously, leaving a trail of angry motorists in his wake. As he crossed the Arroyo Seco bridge into Pasadena he heard the whine of a siren and a police car pulled up alongside. Swearing, Bill swung over to the curb and stopped before a white sign on which his lights played. Memorial Hospital it read. A glistening raincoat appeared at his elbow.

"You tryin' to get killed, bud?" the red-faced cop demanded. "Nobody minds your committin' suicide, but they's other people on the road, too, you— Oh, oh!"

The cop had thrust his head inside the car and was blinking at Lilly. He saw the sign and then glanced at Bill.

"Close?"

"Nip and tuck," Bill said.

"O.K., bud. Follow us."

The police car went off like a skyrocket, water spraying from its wheels, siren shrieking, red lights blinking. Bill, amused, drove hard in its wake. They rode a dozen blocks in fewer minutes and the police suddenly swirled in the middle of the street and waved Bill on, into a drive leading to a huge lighted building.

"Good luck," one of the coppers called as Bill swung past.

He slid around a corner of the building and pulled up alongside a covered walk. He turned off his lights and lit a cigarette. A couple of minutes should suffice for the police to get back to their beat. The door beside Lilly suddenly opened and a raincoated attendant looked in.

"Maternity?"

Bill shook his head. "No, thanks. Just a practice run." He started the engine and turned on his lights. The attendant blinked. "Just wanted to know how long it would take," Bill told him. He reached over and shut the door. "See you soon."

He drove off. As he went through the outskirts of Pasadena, he began to chuckle. He reached over to squeeze the mannequin's knee.

"Nice going, Lilly. You're quite a dame.

"As a matter of fact, Lilly," he went on, "you're just about perfect, as dames go. You wear clothes well, you're pretty enough to flatter a man's ego, you keep your mouth shut, and you don't have any ideas of your own. A man can't ask for much more."

The lights of a drive-in loomed up on the outskirts of Arcadia. "Hungry?" Bill asked Lilly and swung in under the canopy.

A pink-cheeked girl in slicker and sou'wester came to the window.

"Yes, sir?"

"A barbecued beef on toast and black coffee for me, miss."

She smiled. "And the lady?"

Bill turned to look at Lilly, then glanced back at the girl, shaking his head. "She's drunk."

Embarrassment saddened the girl's blue eyes. "Oh, I'm sorry."

"That's all right," Bill said cheerfully. "It's her own fault."

HE wound up the window against the downpour and turned on the radio, catching the end of a news report. Rain and more rain. Washouts already were being reported. The Highway Patrol was cautioning all motorists to drive carefully.

He turned the dial and got some music, smoking a cigarette while he waited. The girl came out and handed in his sandwich and coffee.

He ate, drank the coffee, and touched his horn. The girl came back and he gave her a dollar bill. "Keep the change."

She beamed. "Thank you—and good luck!"

"I need it," he assured her. He backed out.

Only a fool, he decided, would drive on a night like this. And there were a lot of fools out. The car splashed through watercourses, skidded on gravel, swung wildly around stalled cars, and fought the storm. The ventilator cowl developed a leak—a drop of water falling occasionally on his right ankle, trapped as it was on the accelerator. Sometimes the rain was too much for the windshield wipers and then Bill drove prayerfully, blinded by the sheet of water covering the glass.

He reached Colton, hunted up a service station and drove under the canopy. He got out of the car and watched the water falling in solid sheets against his headlights. The attendant sloshed up.

"Gas, and check the oil," Bill said. "Don't bother about the water—there's plenty."

The young man's leathery face cracked in a grin.

"Enough and to spare. Going far?"

"Palm Springs."

"It'll probably be high enough to run right in through the radiator cap," the young man observed cheerfully. "Not many cars coming through from that way."

Bill frowned. "I'd hate to get stuck on the highway all night."

The attendant looked in at Lilly, then cocked an eye at Bill. "I wouldn't say that." He grinned wickedly.

Bill chuckled, paid the bill, got in, and the car rolled into the storm.

There was wind now, in addition

"Venice? I thought you said VENUS!"
LIBERTY

to the rain. It whistled and sometimes threw water in solid sheets against the car. Debris littered the highway and Bill realized with increasing apprehension that there were very few cars coming from the opposite direction.

"Lilly, old girl," he said, leaning over the wheel and peering intently at the swirling road, "tonight may very well put the finishing touches on your sagging reputation."

It grew colder. His breath steamed up the windshield and he kept wiping it clear. He jammed on the brakes. A tree was down, extending halfway across the road. He swung around it cautiously and went on—at twenty-five miles an hour.

AT ten o'clock he had just passed Redlands. He was tired, angry, and chilled. His right foot was soaked. But Lilly nestled beside him, her face serene and unruffled.

From Beaumont to Banning he didn't meet a car coming from the east. And at Banning he discovered the reason. The streets were blocked with cars and trucks. The road was out, three miles beyond town. He got out of the car and went into the hotel, but one look at the crowded lobby sent him back into the rain. He drove to a service station.

"Any place to sleep in this town?" he asked.

The operator shrugged. "I hear some of the private homes are takin' in folks. Might try Tompkins'. Big white house up the street a couple of blocks. Can't miss it—lotta gingerbread and a wide veranda and high steps. Built in the '80s."

The Tompkins place was as advertised. There was a light on the veranda and an old man stood in the doorway, watching the storm. Bill drove up, got out, and ran up the steps. The man grinned, his pale eyes blinking behind thick glasses.

"Wet, eh?"

"Roger!" Bill said. "Could you put me up for the night?"

While the old man scratched his head, a little old lady, looking enough like the man to be his twin sister, came up.

"We had a call from San Bernardino before the line went out," she explained, "and some fellows asked for the last room." She craned her neck and looked down at Bill's car. "Your wife with you?"

Bill remembered Lilly. From this position the mannequin was slumped in the seat, her face a ghastly color under the yellow porch light.

"She don't look real well," the little man said. "Been sick, mister?"

Bill swallowed. "Not really sick," he admitted. "No pep. Just practically no life at all."

The old lady clacked her tongue a couple of times. "Pa, it isn't right that the lady sit up all night."

"No, it ain't," Pa agreed.

"You take the room, mister," the old lady said. "If those men get through, they can lie down in the parlor. Bring your wife in."

Bill went down to the car. He opened the door and gathered Lilly in his arms.

"Play it straight," he breathed in the pink right ear. "Play it straight or I'll kick the stuffing right out of you—if you have any."

Simulating a weight he did not feel, Bill carried the mannequin up the steps, through the door, and followed the little lady up the stairs. Her husband got Bill's bag and tagged happily along behind.

There was confusion on the upper floor. Bags were strewn haphazardly around and people wandered in and out of opened doors. Bill headed for the room the old lady indicated. A tall man passed him, hesitated, then nodded tentatively. Bill, not thinking, nodded back.

His host and hostess paused considerately at the threshold of the room as Bill carried Lilly in and laid her tenderly on the bed. He muttered inaudibly in what he hoped was a solicitous tone.

"Poor thing," the lady said. "She's practically asleep."

"Out," Bill said, stepping quickly back to the door. "Out like a light." The elderly people backed into the hall.

"Thanks a million. I sure—we certainly appreciate your taking us in. People don't do things like this nowadays."

The old couple flushed with pleasure.

"We got ten people up here," the lady said, indicating the hall. The man who had nodded at Bill was standing in a doorway, staring.

***

If you have no reactions to speak of, you are sophisticated!—*Jimmy Barksdale.*

***

"Very generous. Very," Bill said. He closed the door and locked it. He leaned back, blew out his breath, and wiped his forehead. Then he stepped over, looked down at the mannequin and grinned.

"Get out of there and let a man sleep," he said. He plopped her into a chair.

She stared fixedly at him.

"O.K., O.K. You're breaking my heart."

He picked her up again, opened the closet and held her upright until he could snap shut the door. He turned off the light, slid out of his clothes and into bed. He sank into deep feathers.

IT was still raining when he awoke. Bill blinked at the ceiling for a moment, gathering his thoughts, and then looked at his watch. The next instant he was out of bed. Ten o'clock.

"Ye gods!"

He hurried into his clothes and went to the door, then turned back and opened the closet. Lilly fell into his arms.

"Great night's sleep, eh?" he asked. He put her on the bed, covered her, and then peeked out into the hall.

The house was quiet and all the other rooms were open. He went to the bathroom, washed up, and came back. He carried his bag downstairs and met his host fumbling around in the dim hall. They greeted each other, the little man blinking rapidly at Bill.

"Misplaced my glasses," he said plaintively. "Can't see a blessed thing without them."

Bill spied the glasses behind a vase on the hall table. He slipped them into his pocket, rushed back upstairs, grabbed Lilly, and hurried down through the hall to the car. He dropped the mannequin in the seat and came back for his bag.

"Why, here they are!" he said to the old man. "Right here."

He handed over the glasses and took out his billfold. Mr. Tompkins put on his spectacles and beamed gratefully.

"How much?" Bill asked.

"How about a couple of dollars?"

"It was worth five to me," Bill said, handing over that amount.

"And how did your wife sleep?"

"Like a log," Bill assured him. "Never moved after she got settled."

He shook hands, went down to the car, and drove off in the rain. It was a relief to find the traffic moving again, and before long he had passed the repaired washout and was sweeping along the edge of the mountains and into Palm Springs.

HE stopped at the inn and went in to the desk. He got the number of A. G. Merkel's room and called on the house phone. A thin voice answered and Bill explained who he was and that he'd like to come in a little later in the day.

"Come up now," the voice said. "Damned rain's spoiled everything. You might as well put the finishing touches on the day. Wish I'd stayed in New York, or gone to Florida. Wish I'd gone to Florida!"

"O.K., O.K.," Bill said shortly and hung up. He wasn't going to like A. G. Merkel.

He went upstairs. Mr. Merkel was a scrawny runt of a man with a big bald head and eyes that bulged. There was a negative set to his lips and he jerked his head, curtly motioning Bill inside. Bill's temper soared.

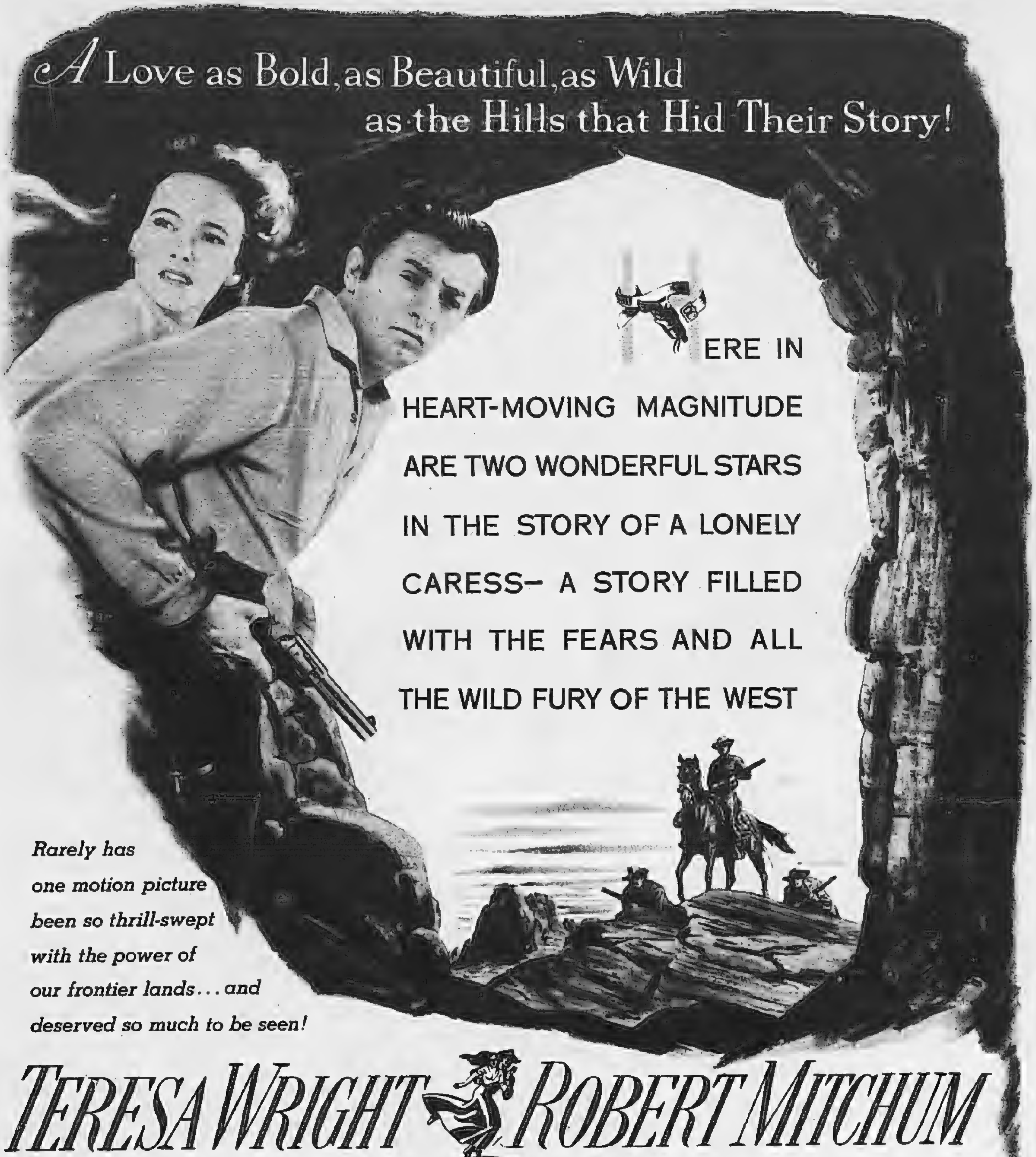
"You people got no ethics," Merkel snapped. "I'm out here on vacation. Wheeler even called me off the golf course yesterday. Well, don't just stand there with your face hanging out—show your goods, man, show your goods."

Bill tossed his bundle of Sun Snatcher suits on the table, flipped it open and scattered the items around with an indifferent sweep of his hand.

"There they are. Stink, don't they?"

Merkel didn't look at the clothes. He was eying Bill with surprise. His

(*Continued on page 74*)



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ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY BY NIVEN BUSCH · MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

Produced by United States Pictures for Warners

(*Continued from page 72*)

lips came together with a dry snap.

"Yes, they stink."

"But they're better than anything you've ever carried in that chain of cheap stores you own."

"What kind of sales talk is this?"

"I'm not here for chitchat," Bill snapped. "Do you want 'em or not?"

Merkel bristled. "How the hell do I know what they look like? Where's a model?" He grabbed up a Bra-Pantie outfit, waved it around and threw it down. "You can't expect me to know what they look like unless they're draped on something!" He snorted in disgust. "How long you been selling these things?"

"Too blamed long," Bill retorted. "I'll get you something to drape 'em on," he said. "Stay here."

He stalked out and down the stairs. He had come to a definite decision. He had had a stomachful of Sun Snatchers and old man Wheeler and all the Merkels in the world. Whether he made this sale or not, he was through with this sort of stuff. He'd dump Lilly in Merkel's room and go see June. It had to be one way or the other now. No more hedging, no more vacillations. Either she'd marry him or not. He wasn't going on like this.

He dragged Lilly from the car, carried her up the step, past the startled doorman, and went through the lobby, while the bellboys, guests, and clerks ogled him. The manager came out of his office and Bill lifted one of Lilly's arms in greeting.

"Hiya, George," he said and went on up the stairs.

Merkel stood in front of the windows of his suite, chewing a cigar, his face set belligerently. Bill came in, kicked the door shut, and adjusted Lilly's trick legs so she could stand alone. He took off the Spray Queen raincoat and tossed it into a chair. Lilly's look seemed to become suddenly demure as she stood there unclothed.

MERKEL slowly removed his cigar from his mouth and walked over for a closer view. A glint came into his frosty eyes.

"Well, well," he said. He licked his lips and walked slowly around the mannequin. "Well, well. Where'd you get this one?"

"Never mind," Bill said. He put the flesh-colored outfit on the model and snapped it up. "This is Number X-434. 'X' for experimental. We don't know whether it'll come apart in the water or not. Let the public find out, we always say. What do you think of it?"

Merkel reached out and prodded Lilly's arm. He giggled. "My, my, that's really something!"

"Keep your hands off the lady," Bill said. "What do you think of the play clothes? That's what I'm here for."

Merkel threw down his cigar and stamped on it. His face swelled and even his bald head reddened.

"You got no more technique than a goat!" he roared. "You couldn't sell new automobiles even! Get out of here! I'll look at the clothes! *I'll* do the selling for you. If I like the stuff, I'll buy it. But I don't want you around. Gimme your number and I'll call you."

"That's a deal," Bill yelled back. He scrawled June's number on a card and tossed it to the table. "Take your time," he snapped. "Enjoy yourself!"

He slammed the door behind him, went down the hall, the stairs, and across the lobby. He stamped out into the rain and got into his car. Number X-437, the bilious green outfit, had slipped from the bundle of Sun Snatchers and still lay on the seat. Bill angrily stuffed it into his pocket and drove off.

He turned into the Wheelers' estate and parked his coupé behind the half dozen already lining the gravel drive. One thing about the Wheelers' week-ends — there were always enough guests to keep you amused. As Bill went up the two low steps, five people came from the front door laughing happily, obviously cocktailed up for lunch. One of the men eyed Bill in amusement. He seemed familiar and Bill nodded. He'd seen that guy before, but where?

Then it came to him. It was the man in the upper hall of the Tompkins' home in Banning. Bill laughed involuntarily. But this momentary diversion didn't weaken his decision to get things settled with June. He went into the house, dropped his bag at the foot of the stairs, and headed for the laughter in the bar.

* * *

In the legal world, what's right is right, and what's left is the client's! —*Elaine C. Hill.*

* * *

A half dozen people stopped talking and turned to stare. They seemed embarrassed at his appearance. June, looking lovelier and cooler and more desirable than ever, came toward him.

"Well, Bill. You finally got here."

"Yeah, I'm here. Come out in the hall where I can talk to you." He took her arm, steered her toward the conservatory.

June's brows lifted. "Rather possessive today, aren't you?" There was an odd look in her eyes. A new interest, almost. "Especially after last night."

"What about last night?" he demanded.

"Nothing, except that the Pearsons stayed in the same house you did in Banning."

"Forget it," Bill said. "Pearson talks too much. What I want to know is whether or not you're going to marry me."

"Oh. Rebound?"

Bill reached out, took her lovely shoulders in his two hands and shook her. "Rebound nothing. Are you going to marry me?"

She smiled tentatively. "Well, don't be so angry! After all, you've never seemed to really care whether I did or not."

"Well, I do care! And I'm asking you now. Once more!"

There was a discreet cough behind them and Bill turned. The butler smirked.

"Telephone, Mr. Shaw."

"Stay right there," Bill said to June. "I'll take care of this bird in no time."

He found the phone and snarled into it. "Shaw speaking."

"This is A. G. Merkel."

"Well, what do you want?" demanded Bill.

"I want this model."

"Not for sale. What about the clothes?"

"On this mannequin anything looks good. I want this model and a thousand more like it. How much?"

Bill wet his lips. "They're two twenty-five apiece."

"Two twenty-five! I never paid more than a hundred and fifty!"

"That's the price," Bill barked.

"I never met a bird like you in my life," Merkel complained. "How much you getting out of this?"

"Seventy-five bucks apiece. I'm busy. Do you want 'em or not?"

MERKEL groaned. It was a thin groan, like that of a cat whose tail has been stepped on. "A quarter million dollars, almost, and you're too busy to talk business. O.K., O.K. Come on back."

"See you in half an hour," Bill said and hung up.

He turned around, and suddenly all the ferocity went out of his soul. His knees wobbled and perspiration broke out on his forehead. Seventy-five times a thousand. Seventy-five thousand—*dollars!* He walked back to June in a daze.

She was waiting for him in the same spot he had left her. And there was a glow in her look that stabbed into his cold body and warmed him.

"Ask me once more, Bill," she said tenderly.

He did, and then kissed her. When he came up for air, he saw Paul Wheeler crossing the hall.

"What's he doing here?"

"Dad? Oh, he got away earlier than he expected. Bill—Bill—it's not that I don't trust you, honey, but really—who—" She faltered, clinging to him. "Who was the girl?"

Bill kissed her again. "Stay right here once more," he said. He reached into his pocket and drew out Sun Snatcher Number X-437. "I've got a few words to say to your old man. Have you something we could use for a Maypole?"

She shook her head. "Bill—who was she?"

He leaned back, kissed her, and grinned. "Now, don't worry about Lilly. She's always a perfect lady." He kissed her once more, firmly, and then straightened up. "Ever see your old man dance?"

THE END

"Today's magic carpet travels on a railroad track"

"This afternoon the children and I have been planning our vacation trip. We have all of this wonderful country of ours to choose from, and the railroads can take us to any far-away place we pick. Like a regular magic carpet.

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BEAUTIFUL DEPENDENT

Continued from Page 19

I'd have telephoned yesterday, but I was in Frankfort with the general and didn't have a chance to get at a private phone."

"It didn't matter," said Jane, "but I can hardly wait to get to Berlin."

"You'll get a flight as soon as they can fix it. The delay at Gander balled things up."

"All right, darling," said Jane obediently. "But I'm wild to get there and see you! Can we find a place to live?"

"That's all fixed. We've got a house."

"A house! But how wonderful! What's it like?"

"I haven't seen it myself."

"But hadn't you better, before you decide to take it?"

"You don't do the deciding here. But they'll give us something good."

That was all she knew about her new home, that it was a house. During the long-drawn-out days and weeks in London, she spent hours wondering what it would be like. She tried, too, to remember Clem accurately. They had been married more than three years now. During the first six months, while he was still in training, they had lived together in a bungalow near an army camp in Texas. After Clem had gone overseas she had gone back to be near her parents in Des Moines.

IF she could have gone to him as swiftly as she had expected, Jane told herself that she wouldn't feel so foolishly nervous. Before she had left America, she had been so sure that she was necessary to her husband. She began to be less certain. Clem didn't seem to be impatient enough.

The plane had started to come down, flying at lower altitudes. The passengers began to reach for safety belts. Emotional and physical shyness were sweeping over Jane. She was plunged into one of those moments when marriage seems strange, when the closeness built up by details of life together suddenly is no protection and it seems bold to lay claims to a man, or a woman, or an intimacy. Clem must be waiting for her, must be wanting her to arrive—but suppose he wasn't?

For a second she was not sure. The uniforms blurred the men wearing them as she looked around. Then Clem stood out, coming toward her in the way she had almost forgotten. He was looking very handsome, well polished and brushed.

"Gosh, it's good to see you, honey!" he said. "You look grand!"

"You're glad I came, aren't you?" she asked all in a rush.

"You know I am. You don't know how good it is to see my own wife again."

She wanted to ask if he had needed her. She wanted more reassurance, but she was ashamed to beg for it. Everything was all right now.

Impressions ran together at first. A soldier found her luggage. Another soldier was driving for them.

"Do people really live in those places?" she asked with a shiver, as she looked out at the blind and toothless wrecks of buildings.

"You don't have to, anyway," Clem answered. "Wait till you see your swell house. We're on our way home for dinner now."

"But how can I get food in tonight?"

"Don't worry about that. I've got a German couple out there, and the woman's quite a cook. You can buy pretty nearly anything you want at the shops in the Arcade. They're set up just for dependents."

"You mean this pair of Germans works for us? Lives there too?"

"They live over the garage," Clem explained. "The place belonged to a German doctor. They were his servants, and when one of our generals took the house over in the early days of the occupation, he let them stay on. This general was transferred to Frankfort and the house was vacant. It's got nine rooms," he finished proudly.

"But, good heavens, we don't need nine rooms!"

"The Cartwrights have more than that."

"Who are they?"

"Friends of mine. You'll be seeing a lot of Sally Cartwright."

SO much seemed already settled for Jane. The house with nine rooms, the German servants, this Sally Cartwright who was to be seen a lot. It was a wonderful break, of course, thought Jane. The car stopped in the middle of a city block. Jane saw a large and ugly stucco house rearing from behind a stubby iron fence with a closed gate. Clem told the driver to bring up the luggage and to put the car away, and not to forget to lock the garage. He himself unlocked the gate and, with Jane following him, went up the double twist of cement steps that led to the front door. Before he could use a key, the door was opened by a tall thin woman in a calico dress. Her eyes were hard, but her gestures and manners were deferential.

"This is Anna," said Clem. "How's your German, honey?"

"Bad. I'm going to work on it," declared Jane.

"Good idea, though these two understand a little English. Probably more than we think. Come on, have a look around. This is the big living room. Like it?"

She was determined to like it, in spite of a sinking feeling that it would be hard to make a home out of this set-up, with its locked gate and door, its foreign conquered servants who had belonged here for so long, and its nine rooms.

"Isn't this quite a layout?" Clem asked proudly.

"It's terrific, darling! But a lot of house for two people."

"Have you set that limit?"

She felt herself flush like a bride and he laughed.

"You'll be having company anyway—cocktail parties and things."

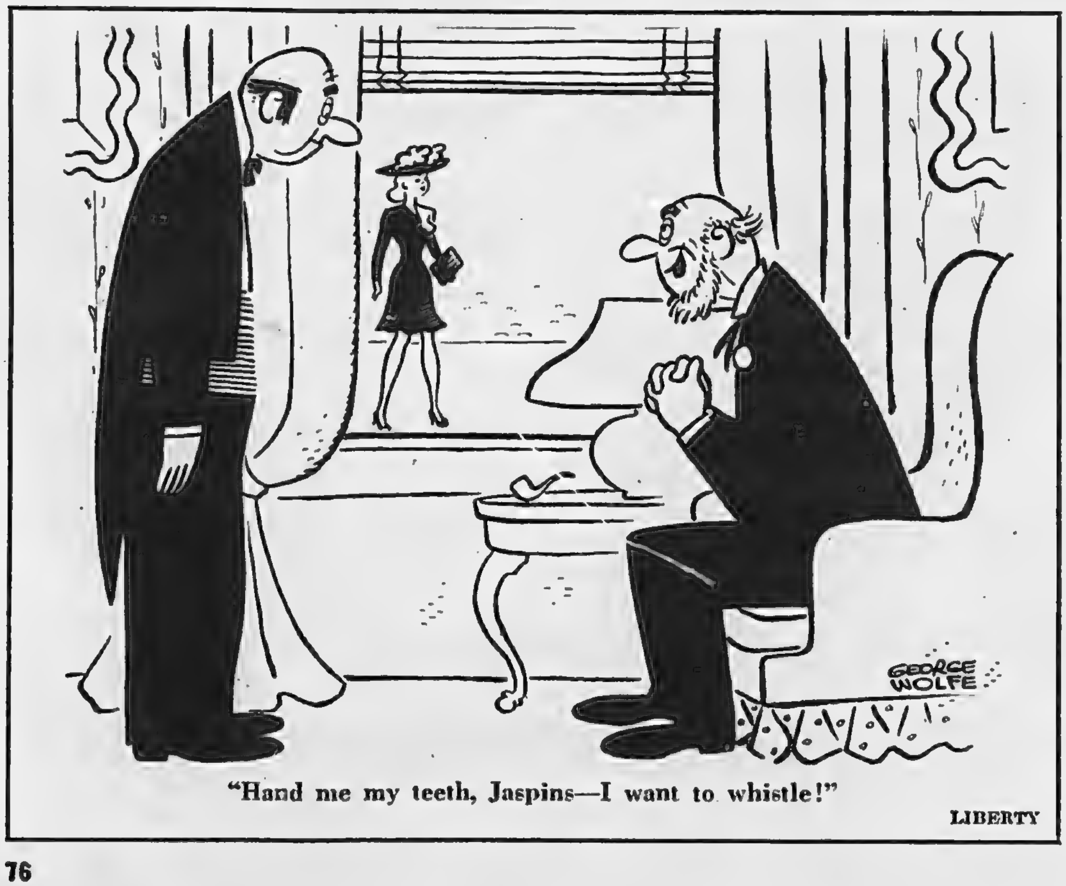
"Do they do much of that here?"

"It depends on the crowd you run with."

"Let's see the rest of it."

It was vain and dull and plush, except for the largest bedroom, and on the threshold of that Jane drew a breath of surprised delight. Someone had revolted against the rest of the house or tried to find refuge from it. The bed was broad and low and

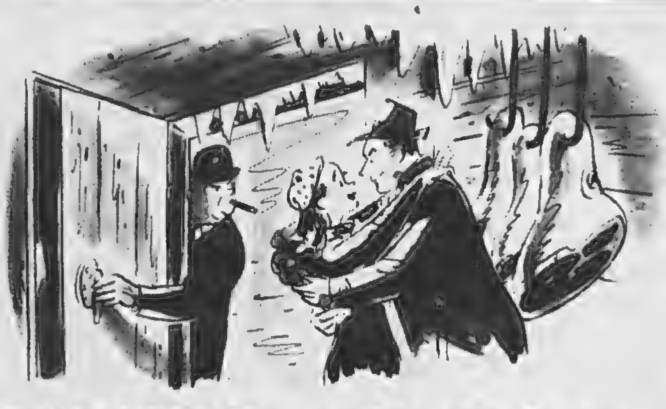
(Continued on page 78)



"Hand me my teeth, Jaspins—I want to whistle!"

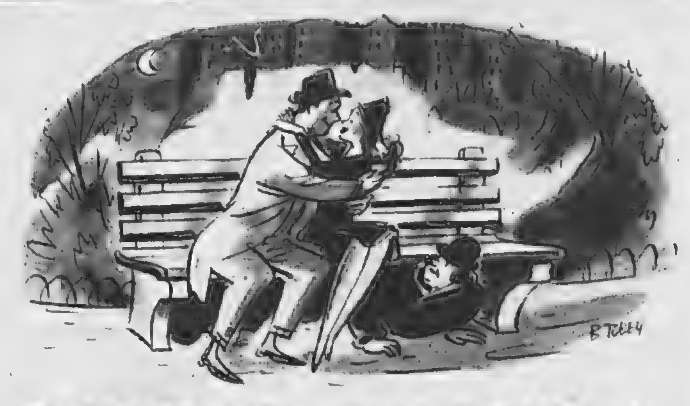
LIBERTY

IT HAPPENED IN THE STRANGEST PLACES....



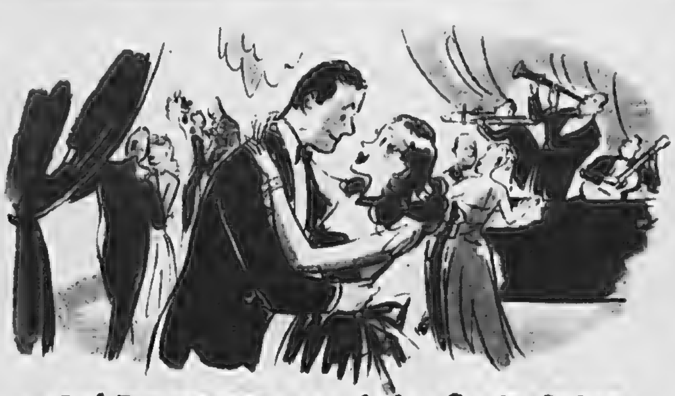
IT HAPPENED IN AN ICE-BOX!..

It was 20 below when they met... but it didn't take them long to start a heat wave!



IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK!..

Even the lovebirds were jealous of the way these two traded hugs 'n' kisses!



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Music and Lyrics by HARRY REVEL & PAUL WEBSTER

"Well, I guess it's getting pretty close to our bedtime, folks!"

LIBERTY

(*Continued from page 76*)

painted cream color with small green wreaths, and the dressing-table mirror reflected brass andirons on a marble hearth. There were four old pictures of the seasons spaced on one wall. Sheer ample curtains were looped back from long windows, and in one place they freed a view of the upper branches of some fruit trees to which a few sturdy red apples still clung. There were two low armchairs, chairs in which a man and his wife might sit to talk things over.

"I love this room!" she exclaimed.

"It's cozy, isn't it?" said Clem, sitting down and holding out his arms to her. His mouth was set in lines of command, and grimly, as if he'd made decisions too often and without much satisfaction. It was a face for a woman to love and pity and comfort, and Jane went to him. She was holding his head against her heart when the German woman spoke in the doorway in guttural interrupting words that Jane did not understand. She lifted herself out of Clem's arms and he stood up.

"Len and Sally Cartwright and the Mollers are downstairs. They promised they'd drop in for a drink and to meet you."

"Now? The way I look?"

"You look lovely."

"Tell me about them quickly. Are they army people?"

"Len Cartwright's a captain. Moller is a major. The Moller girl doesn't cut much ice, but Sally is sort of queen bee around here. She was Sally Olander."

"Olander Flour Mills?"

"That's right. But she's quite a girl in her own right. She knows the score."

It was incredibly unlike the way Jane had expected her life in Berlin to begin. She had known about destruction and ruins, and they were there. But everything else was different. She had been planning to make Clem comfortable and keep him from being lonely.

And here she was in a house technically hers, giving a cocktail party and having no hardships at all. Clem mixed drinks, Anna brought in cheese and crackers. It might have been in Iowa, except that in Iowa Jane would not have been entertaining Sally Olander Cartwright.

Sally exclaimed, "You didn't tell me your wife was so lovely, Clem! You've been holding out on me."

That was the generosity which a really beautiful girl could show to a merely pretty one. Sally Cartwright was such a beauty that she could be careless and noncompetitive. Her pale yellow uncurled hair was pulled back from her face to give its features a proud exposure. But she obviously wanted to be liked, to make people have a good time. She took that chore out of Jane's hands at the start.

Len Cartwright didn't say much. The young Mollers were small planets in Sally's orbit. That was obvious.

"It was time you came over here," Sally said to Jane.

"I thought so," said Jane, "but Clem took a little convincing."

"Yes, I know he did."

HOW did she know? Was Sally Cartwright the one who had changed Clem's point of view so suddenly?

"He was afraid I wouldn't like the life," Jane explained.

"Do you think you will, now that you see it?"

"Oh, yes. It's very much better than I ever dreamed."

"It's primitive," said Sally. "We're the conquerors' women. And conquerors must have women. Their own—or Fraüleins."

It was not a pleasant statement, but so lightly made that it apparently was meant for wit. Jane laughed and Clem came over to ask what the joke was.

"I was just telling your wife that Berlin is a man's world," said Sally.

Captain Cartwright interrupted any answer: "We ought to go along, Sally. These people want to have dinner."

Sally agreed quickly. "See you very soon," she promised, and the party vanished. Jane started to pick up ash trays and stopped, because Anna had already appeared with a tray, to take care of any disorder.

"Aren't we scaled a little high, Clem?" she inquired. "What do we pay these people?"

"Don't let that worry you. Whatever we pay them will be in marks."

"But aren't they almost worthless?"

"That's Germany's fault. They started the war and were fools enough to lose it. Anna and Hans are lucky to have a roof over their heads."

"I shall have to get used to it," said Jane. "I suppose we have a right to be here, but having this house seems so strange."

DINNER was strange, too, but surprisingly good. Later Jane told herself that she must begin to take over management, and went out to the kitchen to see about breakfast. Hans put down the cup of coffee he was drinking and looked silently at Jane. Anna was carefully putting away the food, and Jane noticed that the meat and vegetables which had been removed from the dining room had been quite untouched by the Germans. It embarrassed her, for they were so gaunt and might be hungry.

But she did not know what the rule or custom about food in a requisitioned house might be, so she made no comment. She would ask Clem. Awkwardly she tried to make clear what she had come to say, using the simplest English and few words of German. Then, without being sure that she had been understood, she escaped from the uncomfortable, clean kitchen. She had a feeling that Anna and Hans were taking care of the house for the German doctor, not for Clem and herself.

The living room and library had freer air. But Clem seemed restless.

"Clem, why did you decide to stay here in Germany?" she asked.

"Don't you think you'll like it?"

"Of course I shall. But I wondered why you stayed."

"I'm not doing so badly. I couldn't make the same money in the United States—certainly not with a house like this practically for nothing. Not for years."

"Was it just because of the money?"

"I know this occupation racket now. Somebody has to stay. Most of the kids they send over aren't dry behind the ears."

"But do you like Germany? And Germans?"

"What do you mean?" he countered. "What do you mean by that crack?"

"It wasn't a crack. I just wanted to know."

"Look," he said, "let's get this straight. You wanted to come over. You're here. We don't have to fool around with questions or answers or suspicions or anything else. We start from here."

"Didn't you want me to come?"

"Yes, I wanted you." His voice sounded hard.

"Then what are you getting so mad about, just because I asked you if you like Germany?"

"Why should I like Germany? I helped blow it to hell. You asked if I like Germans, and I know what's in your mind. You mean German girls. I don't want to go into that argument at all. Occupying a country is an artifical, rotten set-up. I knew you wouldn't like it, and that's why I didn't urge you to come until you put it right up to me."

"I know," she breathed.

"You've got your own place here. Forget about the Fräuleins." He shrugged. "Fräuleins are just girls. A lot of them are tramps. Some of them have something in their favor. They know they haven't got any future, and anyway they were trained to believe that their job in life was to tie up to a man. No one has proved anything different to them yet. Sorry. I didn't intend to blow off like this, but some things get under my skin."

"It's all right," Jane said. "I won't bring up the subject again."

The anger drained out of his face. A smile touched it.

"You're just the same," he told her, "with your stubborn little jaw and sweet contradictory little mouth. How did I ever get along without you? Jane, do you love me? Tell me. Show me!"

She told him and showed him. And she did not bring up the subject of German girls again.

THE word "dependent" became commonplace. Jane was accredited, with proper identification and currency control books so that she could trade in the clean commonplace shops that bordered Onkel Tom's Arcade. She could buy anything that would be available in a drug or grocery store in America, because she was a dependent, though German children fought for cigarette stubs on the street.

There were all kinds of American wives in Berlin. But Jane had had a wider range of friends at home in Iowa. Here she was Clem's wife and in the Cartwright set, and it conditioned her acquaintance and narrowed it. It kept her a little lonely.

Anna ran the house. A working respect between Anna and Jane developed, but sometimes, noting the scrupulous care with which the German woman polished a piece of furniture, Jane would realize ironically that Anna was still working for the

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German doctor. When Clem was not at home, Jane spent most of her time in her bedroom, watching the red winter apples wither and finally drop from the trees, wondering if the reason she did not have a baby was because, even now, living with him again, there was that secret uncertainty that Clem belonged to her completely and loved her best.

Outside the shopping Arcade and the American district, Berlin existed for her only as a spectacle. She had been warned to walk only in special areas and to keep off the streets after dark. She grew used to sullen, hating, sometimes crazy faces. She grew used to seeing yellow-haired Fräuleins on the streets, with their cheap flimsy clothes and bare wind-reddened legs and pasteboard or wooden shoes and promising bosoms, and with the willingness that everyone knew about. Jane would think against her reason and will. Was there a girl like that in Clem's life before I came over here?

Jane saw a great deal of Sally Cartwright. Sometimes she wanted to refuse invitations, but there was always Clem to consider. She knew that Clem had gone about with the Cartwrights before she arrived, so she fell in with the crowd. Sometimes she would find Clem looking at her with a speculative glance, as if he expected her to be bored.

They had dined at the Cartwright house on a November night, and adjourned to the American three-tiered bar where it was too crowded for comfort. Someone suggested that they try a new night club and Sally was for it. They had found the place, in a wing of a battered building but surprisingly luxurious within.

THERE were German girls with officers at many of the tables. Jane looked around with curiosity and interest, as a waiter moved two tables together.

"That will take care of us," said Len Cartwright, counting up the places. "That's everybody— No. Where's Clem?"

"Someone stopped him," answered Sally, who'd been with Clem. "He paused—for station identification." And she gave a little meaningful laugh.

Jane's head turned. She saw her husband standing by a table where another officer and a blonde, obviously German, girl were sitting. The girl's face was lifted. And as Clem looked down at her, she put her hand on his arm. The girl knew him. That was apparent.

Sally lowered her voice, but Jane heard her question.

"Is that the one?" Sally asked Major Moller.

Jane picked up her bag and looked around, as if for the ladies' room. But once away from the table she made her way to the outer door and went down the stairs into the street. The dooorman watched her stolidly as she walked rapidly away. There were no taxis. The private cars formed columns on either side of the streets, but she did not have a key to Clem's car. She did not want Clem's car.

She knew the plan of the city, or thought she did, until after she had turned the third corner. Then she was not sure that she was going in the right direction. The wrecked buildings loomed up black and abandoned. She began to realize that she had done a mad thing, running off alone like this into a city where hatred and need were only controlled by force. She turned back in the direction she had come. A car light flashed on her back and she began again to walk fast. But the car's brakes ground beside her.

"Get in," said Clem. Jane did as she was told. She could not have spoken even if she had tried.

He swore. "What do you think you're doing? Have you gone clean off your head? Sally said she thought you'd left the club when she couldn't find you in the dressing room. Do you know what might have happened to you?"

"I don't care."

"Well, you ought to care, you little fool. And you damned well would. You could get the whole American Army into a jam."

He jerked the car to a stop again, in front of the night club.

"I'm not going in there again," Jane said stubbornly.

"You bet you're not. But you're going to wait here until I tell them that you're here and all right. Don't try anything now. Answer me, Jane! You'll wait here?"

"Yes."

He was back incredibly soon.

"I told them," he said shortly, "that you felt faint and didn't want to bother anybody, so you came down stairs for a breath of air, and that I met you right outside the door, and that you didn't feel well enough to come back to the party."

"Why bother?"

HE drove through the empty, horrid streets in silence until they came to the house. He unlocked gate and door for her and went to put the car away. Jane thought, I'll tell him now.

"You'd better go to bed," he said when he came up from the garage.

"There's something I want to say to you first. This isn't working out, Clem. I want to go back home."

"You should have thought of that before," he said in a hard voice.

"I didn't know what it was going to be like."

"No matter what it's like, you're in for it now. This is an occupied country and I'm in the army. You asked to come here and you've got to take it whether you like it or not. It seems to me you're doing pretty well. House, servants, friends—you've got more than you had at home!"

"No, no. There I was useful, at least. I wasn't just a dependent! I want to go back," she repeated.

"Well, I tell you right now that's

out. You can't make a fool of me like that. Remember that you were the one that asked to come over. I wrote you that you mightn't like it, that I didn't think you would."

"Then you cabled me to come. Why did you? Were you tired of the German girl?"

"That was the trouble tonight, wasn't it? I couldn't stop to speak to a girl I knew—"

"How well?" asked Jane.

He stared at her, and she felt as she had when she was alone in the street.

"You're hysterical, Jane. Snap out of it."

"Will you let me go home? And be rid of me?"

"No. You're here now and you'll have to put up with me."

Upstairs, Anna had turned down the big bed. Jane crept into it. She tried to plan, but the plans came to dead ends. She couldn't leave this house and go to a hotel. She couldn't get into a hotel without an order from a billeting office. She could get no travel orders without a scandal. She had no personal rights, only rights as Clem's wife. Clem, who didn't want her.

Sometime in the night Clem came into the room. Jane heard him come softly. She heard him go, too, in the very early morning, and wondered if he'd slept at all. When she was sure that he had left the house, she dressed and went downstairs to her empty life. Anna brought in breakfast and Jane tried to eat. She had to face this situation and go on somehow. People did, even when they'd lost everything. Wretched as she was, Jane had a grim feeling of going to work. If Clem was going to force her to stay here she'd show him that she could take it. For the first time she felt like the mistress of this house. She went to the florist's and came back with fresh flowers. She moved the furniture about in the living room. Once, she stopped to realize that she had never, until now, felt that she would stay. Not until now, when Clem bluntly refused to let her go. That settled things.

SALLY CARTWRIGHT came in on her way to lunch somewhere. "What goes on?"

"I'm moving furniture."

"Throwing it around in a rage?" inquired Sally agreeably.

"Something like that."

"Of course," said Sally, "Clem didn't fool a soul when he came back after he'd found you. He looked simply ghastly. Why did you run out on him? Because he was talking to the German girl?"

"Leave it to me and Clem, will you, Sally?"

"I could try," answered Sally dubiously, "but it interests me. I've so often wanted to take off like that myself."

"You?"

"Do you think you're the only American over here whose husband knows a Fräulein? Don't be silly. I can tell you this: With Clem it's never been serious. He's always been too much in love with you."

"Let's skip that."

"I often tried to when he started talking about you. You were the only girl who could be trusted, who was loyal and honorable. It was very tiresome. He didn't want you to come over. The situation was too artificial, he said. It wasn't good enough for you."

"He could have come home," said Jane.

"I know. So could Len. But they're bigger shots over here than they would be at home. That's the only reason I forgive Len for a lot of things. I know what's eating him and why he has hung on here so long. Here he's the boss, or one of them anyway. And home he thinks he'd just be my husband. I think Clem's the same way. He told me once that if he went home he wouldn't earn what you did."

"Who cares?" cried Jane.

"He does. Men like to run the roost. Those Fräuleins know it too. They're pretty smart in certain ways. I'm going to remember some things when we go back to America. We're going, by the way. Len's got a desk job in Washington with more brass, and he may like that."

"You're a good girl, Sally, under the sables."

"Not so very. I get funny notions. That's why I happen to know the

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kind of fellow you've got. I was a little in love with Clem myself. But he would have none of it. He always had you on his mind."

"Please don't say any more."

"I wish I hadn't said that," Sally answered. "I'd better get out of here. You won't tell Clem that last confession of failure?"

"Of course not. And thank you, Sally."

"For what?" asked Sally.

IT was a long day, filled though it was with preparation. She heard the click of Clem's key at last and wondered what he would say when he came into the living room and saw that she'd changed it, that the drinks were ready before the tiny coal fire.

"Going back to what we were talking about last night—" he began.

"You needn't," said Jane.

"I want to. I think we were both pretty angry. And I was rough. I've had time to think and to realize the way you feel. You're right. This situation here isn't up your street at all. And I knew it before you came. I shouldn't have given in."

"Why did you change your mind?"

"As a matter of fact, it was selfish. Something came up—a funny situation—and I felt that if I had my wife here, it would be better. I wanted someone I could depend on. You'd said you were ready to come. So I cabled you. I was the one to blame, not you. I'll see that you get back to the States, Jane. And soon."

The room seemed to whirl. Then Jane steadied it with her words:

"Will you be happier if I go?"

"Happier? No, of course not. You're all mixed up on some things, Jane. No Fräulein ever meant a thing to me. That one last night went out with me a few times. You never had any reason to worry about any Fräulein."

There was a faint underlining of the last word. Things were coming very clear to Jane now. It was Sally she had reason to worry about. Sally, who had fallen a little in love with Clem and told him so. That was the "funny situation." Clem had cabled his wife to come so he would have someone to keep him from doing something he didn't want to do. Or was he afraid that he might want to do it? He would miss Sally when she went to Washington.

"I'm not going back home, Clem. Not till we both go."

He made a gesture of despair. Then he laughed.

"This is too hard for me. If you do stay, you'll have to behave yourself. You can't go running out on the street at night every time you get sore at me."

"I'm sorry. I won't do that again. Just love me, Clem!"

"You foolish, stubborn, lovely thing," he scolded. "You're a lot of trouble, but I guess you're worth it."

Jane said, against his heart, "I'm your dependent. And you can depend on me."

THE END

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

FULL SPEED BACKWARD!—From Mrs. Leighton Platt of Portland, Oregon, comes a letter saying, "In your page in Liberty I see that meat is being prepared for infants, assuring them of the vitamins and benefit derived in the feeding. The Indians prove this! No hardier race can be produced. Their papooses are given a slug of bacon to suck on. This is tied by a string to the infant's wrist, so if he starts to choke on it, it is jerked out when the child throws its hands in the air, and screams in true Comanche style."

(Mrs. Platt was referring to Swift's strained meats for babies, and diced meats for juniors.)

LINES ON THE MORE FLAGRANT ASPECTS OF SPRING

Hats overburdened with cabbage roses,
Or even more feverish *quelque choses*,
Make strong men quiver and thumb their noses
And groan of womankind, "Holy Moses!"

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABY: From a kindergarten teacher comes the story of a small girl who went to lunch at a schoolmate's ritzily appointed home. Served by a waitress, the young guest could hardly wait to get home to tell her mother, "My gracious, but they're old-fashioned! They have *maids!*"

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN: If parents compelled their teen-aged young to dress as they do for school, they would be called heartless. It's the children themselves, especially the girls, who insist on wearing bobby socks (or no socks at all) without stockings on subzero days. And their loafer-type shoes are giving them flat feet and other foot troubles, according to Dr. Arnold A. Weiss, president of the Podiatry Society of the State of New York. Dr. Weiss and Dr. Lawrence Cummings, with the co-operation of the Board of Education and the Department of Health, have completed a two-year survey made in twenty-two elementary and high schools in New York State. Of 35,000 students examined, 60 per cent had foot defects, most of which could be attributed to wearing the wrong kind of shoes. Dr. Weiss says that girls have three times more foot defects than boys, and blames high heels and loafers.

BIRTHDAY PARTY: At the Seventh Birthday Party of the DuBarry Success Course, director Ann Delafield presented on a stage at New York's Hotel Astor seven of the first-year students to answer a question that continually crops up, to wit: Do graduates hold onto the posture, health, contours, good grooming, and poise attained through the course? The seven shining examples of what diet, exercise, proper cleansing and make-up habits can achieve included a radiant, slender, white-haired grandmother who said she had contracted for the course because people were taking her for her husband's mother! "Before and after" photographs thrown on a screen were convincing evidence that she looks younger now than she did seven years ago, when Miss Delafield insisted she should *not* have her hair dyed, but should work toward a glowing complexion and the right dimensions. The result from the time Mrs. Davis finished the course, on through the years, is a credit to Miss Delafield's theory that there are seven principles of beauty: good posture, radiant health, clear skin, subtle make-up, gleaming hair, a sense of humor, and poise.

BEFORE
AFTER

Another exhibit was a slender young thing who said her mother sent her to the school seven years ago because she was so shy she couldn't make friends. Two little daughters provide convincing proof that she learned how. What's more, she lost 30 pounds, and trained down from a size 18 dress to a 9, which is her current size. Another ravishing young woman had lost 55 pounds, and wears a 14 dress instead of the 40 of seven years ago.

THE CAT WHO KNEW

Continued from Page 33

This was too much. Bill Owen's paralysis cracked abruptly. He charged wrathfully at the monkey.

McGinty dropped the sextant. He dodged Bill, jumped down, and almost landed on Marcella, the ship's big imposing tiger cat.

The startled cat converted lazy composure into spitting, back-arching menace. One barbed paw lashed threateningly at McGinty. With a shriek the monkey fled into the chartroom. Marcella stopped, yawning. Bill got hold of himself.

But McGinty was off on a tear. He came out through the chartroom window dragging the captain's briefcase along in a black paw. Outside, he paused to pluck a paper out of the case and throw it to the deck.

Captain Sanders let go a wail like a steam-driven banshee. Agony and stark panic were in his voice.

"My clearance pap— Grab him!"

He darted at McGinty. His feet tangled as he tried to dodge Marcella. Bill Owen, trying to be useful, went barging into him. They collided.

McGinty pulled out a couple more official papers and gave them to the wind before, still clutching the case, he swarmed easily aloft.

Papers swirled like snowflakes. Before McGinty reached the block at the top of the halyard the case was empty. He dropped it to the bridge top with a shrill comment.

CAPTAIN SANDERS, howling like a demented hyena, was leaping and diving at the fluttering sheets. Bill knew well that a ship sails on paper, not sea water, and that Sanders had acquired that caseful of red tape at various offices ashore with swearful toil. It was black tragedy, irremediable.

"Grab those papers!" Sanders bellowed. "Grab 'em, you dead-footed paralytics! Great snakes, we'll lie here till doomsday if—"

His voice rose an octave as some of the documents fluttered gaily overside: "Lower a boat! Jump, you swabs! Get 'em! Where's Gene? Where's that mate? Lower a boat, you! Get after 'em or you'll die here at anchor!"

Marcella alone was calm. Lazily she put out a striped paw and playfully stirred into action a sheet that had brought up safely in a corner of the deck. It went whisking aft and Pete Sanders howled anew.

"—— —— —— Noah's ark!" he blared. "Well, I'm no blasted, dashed, dashed Noah! I'll fix these two four-legged jinxing Jonahs! Look! Will you swing that boat over or do I make you swim for 'em? Get those papers or we're dished!"

The men jumped to it. They dropped a boat overside, with Gene Zabriskie in the stern sheets. They rowed. From the harbor they fished some wet and tearing bits of ship's

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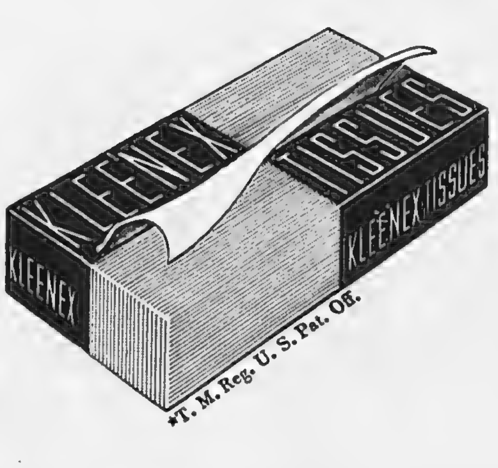

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documents. On deck, other men cornered some more.

McGinty chattered at the masthead now. Marcella slept in the wheelhouse.

All hands had sobered fast. Even the greenest ordinary knew you were sunk without clearances, registers, passports, sea letters, bills of health, crew lists, manifests—you had to have 'em in bunches. They'd already been hung up in harbor by mishaps long enough to start all kinds of direful predictions about this run to Reykjavik in December.

"All right," said Captain Sanders wearily two hours later. "I'll take this mess of pulp ashore and dump it on people's desks. Maybe I'll live long enough to get clear."

His voice became hard. "I'll take that monk and that cat with me. The Grace Young's finished as a menagerie ship."

"Not Marcella, sir!" Bill Owen protested spontaneously.

"The cat too," said Pete Sanders in his voice of command. "The steward tells me she hasn't caught a rat since we steamed into the bay."

"She hasn't had a chance, sir," said Bill Owen desperately. He and Marcella had been matey all his days as a cadet. "There are no—"

He stopped.

"Well, why bring that up?" asked Gene Zabriskie harshly.

Everybody knew it was true; nobody had spotted a rat aboard lately.

Pete Sanders was looking hard at Bill Owen.

"For a third mate, you're chucking your weight around, Bill."

"I'm sorry, sir," Bill Owen said. "I—I'm fond of the cat. I didn't mean—"

"O.K.," said the skipper. "No apologies. You know my system: Frills, no; essentials, hell, yes! Next time you chase a monkey, don't blow up; sneak up. And next time I fall over a cat, don't you fall over me."

He ran his light-blue eyes over his three mates. "Now, look," he said. "I've seen some swell jams build up out of too much loose talk about bad luck. No rats—that rot! You have too, Gene."

The old mate nodded.

Sanders' massive fist hit the deck. "There are no rats aboard because the steward's an anti-cat man and the cat has to work. So pipe down this superstitious chatter."

He scowled at the soggy mess on his desk. "There's nothing supernatural about what's going to hold us up from here on," he growled. "It's all official."

He walked out and aft to Tommy Blair's pint-size room. Bill Owen heard the skipper's crisp voice:

"Yeah, I laughed harder than anybody, Tommy, and then the monk backfired on me. Yeah, I'm a bum sport. But he's got to go ashore."

"I'll have him there," Tommy Blair said sullenly.

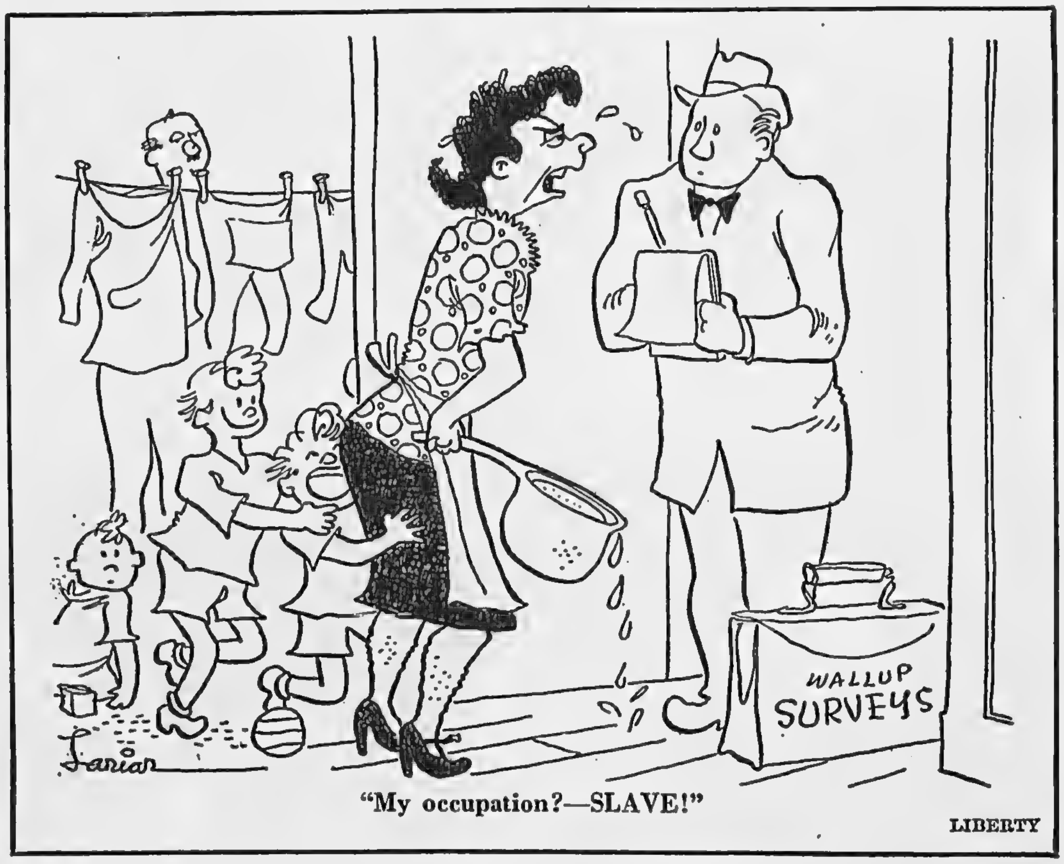
Twenty minutes later Captain Sanders was at the ladder. Marcella was nowhere to be found. Captain Sanders didn't linger.

"I'll handle that later," he said at the rail. "Hold still, you monkey-faced —— —— Hold still!"

He descended to the shore boat, needing all his agility. McGinty had spread himself out pathetically over the skipper's hat, head, and shoulders, terror-stricken eyes on the water. Bill Owen watched guiltily. His grab at McGinty had started all this. Half the crew were sore at him.

IT took two days to square away the Grace Young with the Customs House and other shore joints where papers were juggled.

Bill suffered. Definitely his discipline was shot.



"My occupation?—SLAVE!"

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Pete Sanders came aboard footsore and pooped. Even his red hair looked faded. He had a pilot with him, a caseful of papers, and no monk. He gave orders to get her going as his foot touched the deck and hastened to lock up his case.

Marcella came strolling out onto the bridge. Hastily Bill parked her in the radio shack.

The small freighter got under way and left the bay as rapidly as her clanking up-and-down engines would shove her along.

In the saloon that night at supper, Tommy Blair stopped beside Bill Owen's seat and looked him over slowly. Tommy was still mad.

"I met another eminent guy once," he said. "He lived in a crack between the headboard and the port-side piece of a crimp's boardinghouse bed."

"Lay off me, Tommy," Bill Owen said. "I'm sorry about McGinty! And I wasn't going high-hat. But when a fellow that's been ship's boy takes over a bridge watch, he's got to put up some kind of a front or—"

Tommy Blair made an uncouth noise as he passed on. The listening first assistant engineer laughed loudly. The black gang just didn't love Bill any more.

When Bill showed up for his first bridge trick at eight that night, it wasn't the big moment he had pictured. For one thing, although it was a clear night, Captain Sanders stayed on the bridge. No confidence. And for another thing, Marcella showed up.

The skipper scowled down at the gray form beside him.

"That cat goes overboard," he said decisively. He added: "At the first wrong move out of her."

"Yes, sir," said Bill, keeping his eyes square ahead. "And she's smart enough to know it, too. She'll keep clear of you."

Next morning he remembered his prediction when he found that Marcella had deserted her roost on the lee side of the fiddley. Usually she bathed herself there, basking in the warm air from the engine room. The place was right under the Old Man's nose. So now she was gone.

As soon as he was relieved at noon, Bill went hunting for the cat.

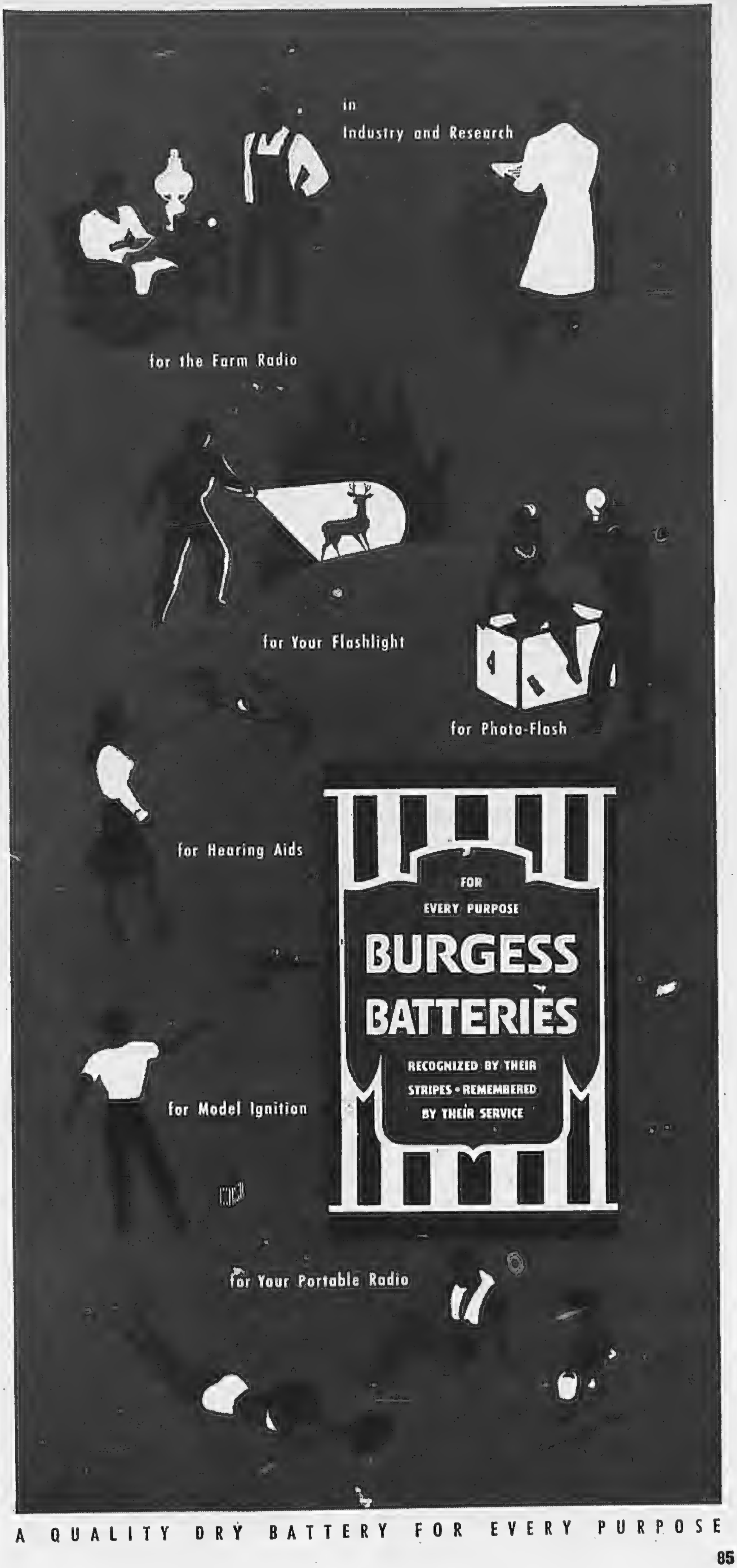
It was a bitter cold day. Perhaps Marcella had insinuated herself into a nook by the galley fire. He tackled Louis Gallucci, the steward.

"In my galley? No!" Gallucci said coldly. "Cats are unsanitary. Not in my galley. Unsanitary."

Bill was suddenly gladdened by the sight of Marcella. She was down on the main deck in the starboard alleyway, with her paws tucked under, drowsing contentedly.

"I'll be blowed!" Bill Owen muttered.

He had never seen her hanging out here before. Anxiously he felt her nose. Cold and wet. A healthy cat. He could feel the slight vibration of a purr in her throat.



A QUALITY DRY BATTERY FOR EVERY PURPOSE

He stood up and contemplated her. Was Marcella really smart enough to have understood the skipper's threat and his own promise that she would keep away from him? That was fantastic.

He hustled up to get his dinner. Four hours of facing a sharp northerly wind had hollowed him out right down to his toes.

He asked old Gene Zabriskie, who knew everything, about Marcella. Zabriskie had to know everything. He was the mate.

"Sure, she'd shift down to the main deck to keep clear of the skipper," Zabriskie said. "She don't miss any percentages, that cat."

"It's a little hard to believe," Bill said. "I mean that she'd catch on—"

"Cats are for cats," Zabriskie said positively. "They know."

The old wagon got it cold and clear out of the north. No fog; no clammy penetrating breath of the Grand Banks. Just bitter cold weather. The steward waged his feud with the cat. Some men got jumpy.

And Bill continued to be the butt of the ship. Cracks. More grins. It might die out. But on a dull voyage it was more apt to become a habit. Bill gritted his teeth.

At midnight Bill came off watch with a feeling that his frigid body would snap if he moved too fast. From nowhere Marcella joined him when he went snooping in the pantry refrigerator, ate her share of the snack and insisted on sleeping on his bed. But again next day she was back on the main deck, starboard side.

The Grace was making good time.

Captain Pete Sanders was singing to himself that morning. But Bill was uneasy. He ventured to ask the captain about the cat.

"Damn 'f I know," the skipper said. "Cats play it their own way."

"I like cats, sir, but I don't credit her—"

The skipper contemplated lanky Bill Owen. "Black gang riding you?" he asked abruptly.

"No, sir," said Bill promptly. He figured on crying on no man's shoulder.

"Blown your top again lately?"

"No, sir." Why had he gone haywire over that blasted monkey? The skipper couldn't forget it.

"Pipe down about this cat, Bill. Watch your ship."

"Yes, sir. Of course the cat's part of the ship, somehow."

The skipper frowned. "I want that monkey to blow over in the engine room. He set us back two days, but they're still pining for him."

"Yes, sir," said Bill.

THAT night unhappy Bill Owen stood the first two hours of his watch with little supervision from the captain. Joke or no joke, he kept a good watch. But he couldn't seem to get Marcella out of his head.

Bill Owen's brisk step slowed. His pace fell to a crawl. He frowned. He stopped, with his mouth open, the bitter wind biting at his face.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

THE COMPLETE SHORT STORY

A few years ago there was a course in short-story writing offered here. The instructor told his students: "There are four requisites for a good short story: It must be brief, contain a reference to religion, an association with royalty, and an instance of modesty. Now you have the rest of the period in which to write a short story."

After about fifteen minutes a hand went up.

"Finished so soon, Jones?" asked the professor. "Very well, suppose you read your story to the rest of the class and maybe they will get some ideas."

This is what Jones read: "'My God,' said the queen, 'take your hand off my knee!'"—*From Auburn Plainsman (student weekly newspaper of Alabama Polytechnic Institute).*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Captain Sanders came drifting out onto the bridge, a silent black shadow. That appearance roused him. He turned to the skipper.

"Sir, may I be relieved of the watch for a moment or two? I've got a notion—a cockeyed sort of notion —and— If I could be relieved, sir."

Sanders growled. He moved closer. "The cat?" he asked harshly. "Owen, you're exceeding—"

"No, sir, the ship," Bill cut in.

"I'll take the watch—and I'll want an explanation," the captain said abruptly. "Get going."

Bill Owen streaked toward the bridge ladder, and went swinging down. He headed for the main deck, starboard side, shucking off his gloves as he went.

Marcella was gone from her new spot. She had sneaked inside.

Bill dropped to his knees on the deck where she had been sprawling so luxuriously. He laid his hands on the steel deck plates. His cold fingers felt heat. Not warmth—heat! Too much heat, now, to be comfortable for a man's hand—or for a cat!

He got to his feet and hustled up to the bridge. He made out the white blur of the skipper's face as Sanders turned sharply toward him.

"Sir," Bill Owen said quietly, "the spot where the cat's been lying—over the starboard side coal bunker —is hot to the touch."

"Hot to the touch," repeated Sanders slowly. "Hot."

His head inclined slowly in the darkness. "All that time in dry dock," he muttered. "Small coal, no doubt lousy stuff. That bunker wouldn't ha' been worked for quite a while—and Number Two 'tween decks—"

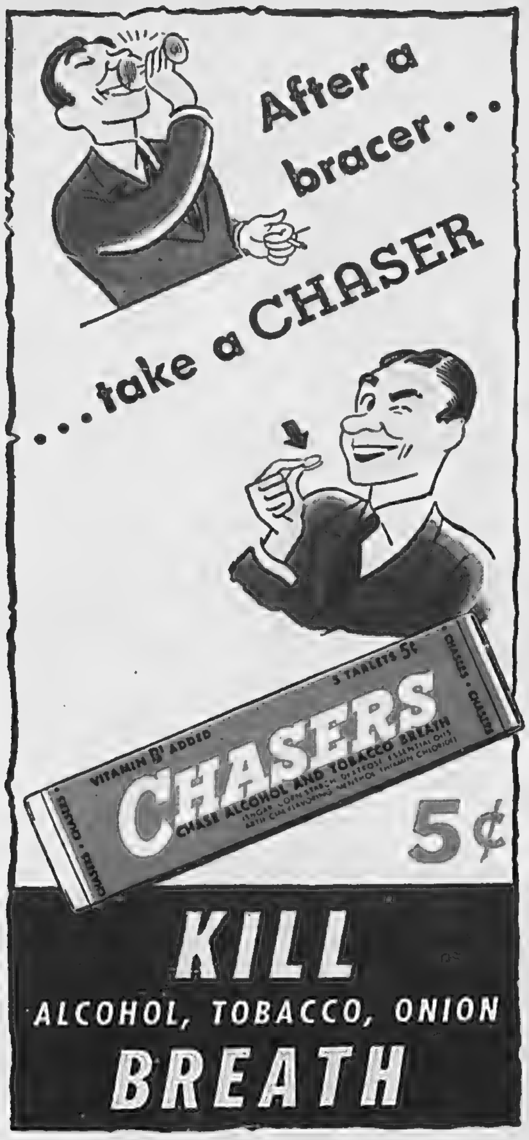
He stopped.

He laid his hands gently on the bridge rail and stared at the cold sky.

"St. John's," Pete Sanders said. "St. John's, Newfoundland. Take the watch, Mr. Owen."

"The watch, sir," said Bill Owen.

Captain Sanders walked off at a steady clip into darkness.



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BILL made quick guesses about what the skipper was thinking. Down in the bunker, heat must have been mounting slowly as the coal absorbed oxygen from the air for many days before they sailed. Any attempt at fighting it with water or steam would mean more air—and a raging fire. The combustible stuff, paint, turpentine, in Number Two 'tween decks, just forward of the bunker, made this more than a coal fire at sea. The thing to do was to haul tail for port; not try to get fancy and heroic. They were still close enough to have a good chance. Anyhow, it was the best chance.

Captain Sanders came back. Gene Zabriski, still sliding into his coat, followed him. The two men went into the chartroom and bent over the chartroom desk. A moment later the old chief engineer joined them.

Bill Owen locked his hands behind his back and paced the bridge with dignity. He wasn't rehearsing now. The man at the wheel would have eyes and ears rigged out. He might need a little reassurance.

In two minutes Captain Sanders gave Bill the new course. The bow of the Grace swung to the west.

The situation, Bill Owen understood, had been taken in hand. Sanders had picked his gamble. The ship would put her life on her speed.

All of a sudden Pete Sanders rested his hamlike hand on Bill's shoulder and spoke quietly:

"In this line o' business, Bill, a young fellow invents things to wrinkle his skull over."

"Yes, sir."

"You can give dignity the deep six, kid, if it isn't natural to you, or you can puff up like a blowfish. Either way, kid, it don't matter. If you can lead with your head, to hell with the trimmings. They'll follow you every time."

Bill Owen thought it over.

"I didn't know that," he said. "I'm not sure I know it yet, but—I think I'm going to."

IN port, with the lively stuff moved out of Number Two 'tween deck, the fire made its challenge in flaring heat. It went down under the pressure of many water lines.

Not until then did Captain Sanders, swearing mournfully, go ashore with his briefcase for a round or two of papers. He had sent radios and cables many hours before that.

When he came back to the ship his briefcase was gripped firmly in one hand. Only one hand. In the other McGinty himself, the monk in person, fresh out of an airplane, was gripped much less firmly.

McGinty rode the skipper's blaspheming head up the ladder to her deck and jumped promptly into the arms of Tommy Blair. He was shrilly loquacious. All hands cheered.

"B'lay that!" Pete Sanders said flatly to the bunch on the main deck. "Now look. I played favorites back in New York when I stowed the damn cat in my room so nobody would find her for me to take ashore.

Bill Owen's jaw sagged.

"But it worked out," Sanders said. "And now I'm bringing the monk back. Why? Because I'll give even a monk his due. It was McGinty that held us up two days. If we'd got forty-eight hours farther nor'east—well, we'd be bailing lifeboats now—if we were lucky."

Bill Owen grinned suddenly at Tommy Blair. "I'll buy McGinty another third mate's cap and teach him my way to handle a sextant, Tommy," he said. "If he wants a junior third mate under him, I'll take the job."

Pete Sanders nodded approval. "Outfit him with a master's cap," he suggested casually. "He'd be better than some. But the cat, now, she's different."

He looked up at Marcella, who was asleep. "She's different," he said. His eyes skewered the sanitary steward. "By glory, she's a blasted first-class passenger from here on in. Understand, steward? Somebody's got to sport a little dignity around here and she's just the type."

THE END

...and then things happened fast!!
BULLETIN... BRICKTOP JACK CREMERO, ESCAPED KILLER, IS REPORTED HIDING IN GRANT'S POND AREA. STATE TROOPERS...
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UP WITH 'EM, KILLER.. AND QUICK
BENNO!! FETCH THAT KNIFE
YES SIR. AT ELTON'S CAMP ON GRANT'S POND
GOOD WORK, SERGEANT! THE VAN WILL BE THERE ABOUT DARK
SHE'S A PIP
BENNO'S HUNGRY, MISS ELTON. HE'S BEEN ON THE TRAIL SINCE SUN-UP
WHY YOU MUST BE STARVED TOO! DAD, SHOW THE BOYS WHERE TO FRESHEN UP —I'LL FRY SOME TROUT
WHAT A QUICK, SMOOTH SHAVE! SAY, MY FACE FEELS GREAT!
YES, THIN GILLETTES ARE JUST THE TICKET FOR SLICK-LOOKING EASY SHAVES
I HAD A SIDE-KICK IN FRANCE NAMED BILL ELTON. ANY RELATION?
RELATION? WHY BILL ELTON IS MY BROTHER!
WHY, I'D LOVE TO SEE YOUR PICTURES OF BILL. CAN YOU COME OVER THIS WEEK-END?
COUNT ON ME! AFTER TODAY'S JOB I'M A CINCH FOR TIME OFF
THE MOON, A GIRL, A THIN GILLETTE SHAVE... M-M-M-M
WITH THIN GILLETTE BLADES YOU ALWAYS GET REFRESHING, GOOD-LOOKING SHAVES IN JIG-TIME. FOR THESE ARE THE KEENEST, SMOOTHEST-FINISHED, LOW-PRICED BLADES YOU EVER TRIED. WHAT'S MORE THEY FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR TO A "T" AND PROTECT YOUR FACE FROM THE HARSHNESS AND IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES
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PARADISE WITH SERPENT

Continued from Page 42

Angela Toland wasn't built in a day."

She tightened her small fingers on his and regained her feet. Once balanced, she pushed him away.

She stepped out determinedly this time and walked, with here and there a sharp jerk to catch her equilibrium. Her look of concentration made Bill Willoby laugh aloud. She stumbled, took three quick off-balance steps, and toppled forward.

He caught her in his arms, and regretted the chivalrous action at once. She threw her head back and looked up into his eyes, laughing. She was much too close against him, much too alive and friendly. He remembered what Angela had said: "Monks aren't a bit like army officers, darling!"

He placed his hands under her elbows and straightened her up. He said, "You'll have to go back to your hut, Rozouila. And this dress is not for you."

He caught one of the short sleeves in his fingers. "Not for you," he said, shaking his head. "You—no." "You—" He pointed at her, then made a gesture to indicate her customary sarong.

Her underlip trembled again. But she got the idea. She kicked off the sandals. She started to struggle with the top button of the front of the dress. He intervened. He took her arm and led her to the back door. Sternly, trying not to be affected by her brimming tears of disappointment, he sent her away.

But by that time Second Lieutenant Michael J. Sloan was back at Mrs. Murphy's.

Bored, he had gone over to try to find out from Bill Willoby what had happened between him and Angela Toland last night. At the door, he had looked in through the unshaded window, and seeing the Old Man with a black-haired girl in his arms, he had gone quietly away. Not disapproving, but astonished.

NEXT morning brought two letters from Leila Stacy that had been mailed in New York five days apart. As was his habit Bill read them in postmarked order.

The first letter was fairly dull. Leila had been working hard at her singing because she had a definite promise of a spot on the afternoon radio show Jimmy Lottray was producing. She did wish Bill could meet Jimmy, who was Simply a Love and Not a Bit Spoiled. And she would write again soon. . . .

He opened the second letter and the opening words arrested his attention:

> Bill dear:
>
> I don't know how to tell you what I've got to say. It seems so completely unfair and disloyal with you on the other side of the world fighting for your country and depending on me. But you do remember don't you darling that we said we wouldn't be formally engaged just in case one or the other of us should have a change of heart after a long separation and we promised each other that there would be no hard feelings no matter what happened. That doesn't make me feel any better about writing this to you because you are the last person in the world I want to hurt even a teeny bit. I suppose I'll always love you in a special way . . .

Diana Forrester stopped typing. "Did you say something, captain?"

"Did I? It was probably a little yelp at what I was reading."

"Oh. Excuse me."

"Contrariwise, excuse *me*. I ought to be quiet."

Lieutenant Schmidt was not at his desk. Bill held up Leila's letter. "I've got Standard Letter Number Eight. Wife or Sweetheart to Soldier Overseas. Let me read you the first little bit: 'I don't know how to tell you what I've got to say. It seems so completely unfair and disloyal with you on the other side of the world fighting for your country.'—I don't know how many guys have read that to me, word for word. Only it's like getting killed in action: you never think it can happen to you till it does."

"I'm terribly sorry," she said.

He grinned. "Don't waste your sympathy. It's a girl I can't really remember after all this time. This one," he said, picking up the leather-framed photograph.

"She's very pretty."

"Yes," he conceded. "But it's probably all for the best. She's going to marry a radio producer. I don't even need to read the rest of the letter."

He took the picture out of the frame, put the frame back in its place on the desk, and tossed the photograph into the upper right-hand drawer with his personal papers. He met Diana Forrester's eyes and laughed. "That takes care of my immediate obligations," he said. "Tell me: Do I have to write and congratulate her and all that?"

"It's good manners. Anyway, a calm, friendly letter will rob her of the satisfaction of thinking she's broken your heart."

She went back to her desk.

Leila's letter held no further surprises. His deduction from the first sentence had been correct: Bill took his fountain pen and wrote, "Dear Leila" on a new sheet of white paper.

He had got no further when Lieutenant Schmidt came in to announce that a deputation from the king had arrived.

"The main guy seems to be a witch doctor or something," he said. "He's got on a big green mask with red eyes. Then there are three bruisers in loincloths. One of 'em's carrying a fancy box, and the other two have wicked-looking spears."

Bill groaned. "Send 'em in."

"They don't want to come in, sir. Old Whirlaway's with 'em as interpreter, and he wants you to come out and meet 'em in front."

"O. K. Get your cap and come with me." He placed his own cap at a smart angle and went into the corridor. Maybe they had changed their minds about Rozouila and had come to take her back.

The medicine man dominated the proceedings. His mask was at least three feet high, dark green, with an expression of unrelieved sadness in its every line. His arms and body were painted the same shade of green, with narrow black stripes. He greeted their arrival with a high-pitched wail that was taken up by the other three men.

THE wail died down. The leading character began to chant an incantation.

Woolawei came forward and took up a position at Bill Willoby's elbow. He recited:

"Yaws of the ite-teenth inst. received and contents noted."

Bill turned his head. "Hah?"

"Yaw letter of the iteteenth, 'aving regard to the punishment of trytors, 'e says, 'as been received by 'Is 'Ighnuss, 'e says, and contents noted. Pursuant to yaw request, 'e says, the said trytors 'ave been appre'-ended, 'e says, and appropriate punishments, as described in yaw letter, 'e says, 'ave been carried out."

Bill looked at the interpreter. Moving his lips as little as possible, he asked:

"Did you say the punishment has been carried out?"

"That it bloody well 'as, capt'in," Woolawei said, and returned to more formal locutions: "'Is 'Ighnuss is sending yew 'erewith, under separite cover, 'e says, tokens of 'is esteem and proof of 'is good fyth."

Sure enough, a big man painted

DOUBLE MALT
UNDAE
Tom/Sib

"*Now* are you convinced? No vanilla!"

LIBERTY

like a barber pole stepped forward and held the heavy decorated box out to the witch doctor. It was a wooden casket about a yard long, a foot deep, and not quite so wide, intricately carved and brightly painted.

"Nah, then—" Woolawei murmured to Bill.

The witch doctor grasped the knob on the lid of the box with one hand and lifted it clear. He reached into the casket with his free hand and stopped singing. In dramatic silence, he brought his hand up out of the box.

Bill Willoby called on his Maker and heard Schmitty gasp.

The witch doctor held the thing up by its hair high before him, turning it slightly so that no one would miss its twisted grin or its inturned staring eyes.

"This 'ere," Woolawei announced calmly, "is the 'ead of Poolangaro, the trytor, oose nyme was first on yaw list, capt'in. Dooly executed by 'Is Ighnuss's command for crimes as detyled."

Bill's stomach settled back, quivering. He clamped his teeth together. He turned his head and found Schmitty very white indeed for so naturally pink a young man.

Bill said, "Go ahead and get Sergeant O'Brien and a couple of men to come out here. You needn't come back, if you don't want to. Tell 'em to stand behind me at attention."

Lieutenant Schmidt gulped, "Yes, sir."

Bill faced to the front again.

"This 'ere," Woolawei said, "is the 'ead of Kalabomo, the trytor, oose nyme . . . "

It went on until all six heads, including that of a woman (neither more nor less revolting than the others) had been exposed to view and returned to the casket, which was then proffered to Bill, and accepted on his behalf by Sergeant O'Brien. The ceremony ended on a dance number by the witch doctor, to which his three assistants chanted in hot rhythm; and a few words in closing.

Woolawei interpreted: "Good-by, capt'in, 'e says, and 'e 'opes yew live a thousand years."

"Very nice of him," Bill said. "If I do, I'll bet I never see anything nastier."

"Beg podden?"

"Tell him the American government hopes he lives five thousand years."

The man in the mask and his acolytes turned away and withdrew in stately dignity. Woolawei bowed and trotted off after them.

Sergeant O'Brien was rigidly at attention. Behind him, Private Tekelman held the casket, his head pulled up away from it.

"What disposition does the captain wish to make of these—uh—Things, sir?" the sergeant asked.

"Bury 'em, sergeant. Box and all."

LIEUTENANT SCHMIDT was not at his desk. Diana Forrester sat at hers, looking rather white.

Why take harsh laxatives?

If you have trouble keeping regular, think twice before you resort to the usual harsh laxatives—*which irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition!*

Lemon and Water is probably all you need–

Most people find that the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—when taken daily *first thing on arising*—insures prompt, *normal* elimination day after day. Not a purgative, lemon and water simply helps your system *regulate itself.*

—it's healthful!

It aids digestion—supplies vitamins—and alkalinizes too.

Lemons are among the richest sources of vitamin C; and supply valuable amounts of B_1 and P. Over 12,000,000 now take lemons for health.

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Lemon and water helps the system function *normally.* It gives best results when taken every day. Give it time to prove its value and establish regularity for you. Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has just enough tang to be refreshing—clears the mouth, wakes you up. Take it every morning—*first thing on arising.*

JUICE OF ONE FRESH LEMON

IN A GLASS OF WATER

FIRST THING ON ARISING

California Sunkist Lemons

LEMON and WATER

—first thing on arising

"Where's Lieutenant Schmidt?" Bill asked.

"He went to the OD's room," Diana said. "He didn't feel well."

"No. I'm not in such rugged health myself." Diana was staring at the keys of her typewriter. Bill said, "I take it you peeked out the window. Not a pretty sight."

"I wish I hadn't. Were those the—the spies we wrote the letter about?"

"I'm afraid so. I hope they were guilty. I suppose I'll have to write a report to Washington." He sat down at his desk and saw the sheet of paper on which he had written "Dear Leila." He tossed it into the wastebasket.

"There's one thing," he said. "It doesn't leave anybody for Lieutenant Schmidt to execute."

THE rest of the day seemed interminable. Just before three o'clock, Bill dictated his report on the unexpected outcome of his request that the six traitors be turned over for trial.

Diana took his words down grimly.

"All right," Bill said. "One more paragraph. What is it—five? O.K. Five. 'It is believed that relations between Allied Military Government and the island administration comma which might have been disturbed if the accused traitors had been tried and executed by the U. S. Occupation Force comma have been improved by this co-operation in seeing justice done period. It is therefore recommended that no questions of jurisdiction or the guilt beyond reasonable doubt of the prisoners be raised period.' End. Signature of Allied Military Governor."

"Very well. Anything more?"

Diana raised her eyes and he smiled at her. He said, "Look. I'm not doing any good here, and I take it you're still suffering from shock, too. Why don't we clear out of this and go for a swim? Why don't you telephone and find out if the Edgett kids'll go with us?"

"I don't want to be a sissy," she said, "but I could do with a change of scene and subject."

"All right. Schmitty, will you take over, please?"

They went to the little cove on the far side of the island, which was posted: "Off Limits to All Military Personnel Except on Specific Invitation of the Rev. Mr. Edgett and Family." It was an ideal private bathing place, a tiny coral-sand beach at the foot of the miniature cliffs, with blue deep water against the rocks along one side for those who would dive. Lieutenant Biggs' engineers, making rafts for the garrison beach, had built one more than they needed—which was anchored now in the middle of the small bay.

The Edgett children, even nine-year-old Joan, were as easy in the water and as untiring as frogs. Bill and Diana swam out to the raft and lay on it side by side, propped up on their elbows, watching an amphibious game of follow-the-leader.

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE
David Pascal

. . . and President Truman slept here."

LIBERTY

"This was a good idea," Bill said, "if I do say so myself who shouldn't."

Diana raised herself on her elbows and stretched like a cat. "First Endorsement," she said. "Paragraph One: Undersigned concurs. Paragraph Two: Attention is directed to the passage of time. An estimate of the hour is requested."

"Who cares?"

"I do. Got to get the kids home on schedule."

He looked at the sun, squinting. He said, "It's about a quarter to five. To the minute, four forty-seven." The children were emerging from the water on the beach. "Hey, Paul!" he called. "Look at my watch, will you? It's there on the bath towel—no, the other one."

The boy found the watch, picked it up, and reported in his high unchanged voice: "Twelve minutes to five."

"Thank you!" Bill shouted. To Diana he said, "Watch must be fast. I said forty-seven and it says forty-eight."

"You must be an enormous help around the house."

"Oh, I am. I'm also good at weather predictions ten minutes in advance, and a little light mind reading. For instance, I could have told you two letters ago that Leila Stacy—that's the girl I heard from this morning—was going to trade me in on her radio producer."

"In time to feel you were free for Miss Toland?"

He groaned. "I wasn't going to mention that again."

"Sorry. I shouldn't have, either."

"Oh, I'm not sensitive about it. I simply didn't want to bore you. Now you've brought it on yourself and you've got to listen."

"I'll take it back."

"No, you won't. You'll answer a question. When a woman hauls off and spits on her hands and makes a flying leap at a man, what's he supposed to do? Beat her over the head with a baseball bat? The army doesn't issue etiquette books."

"I'm afraid I don't know what Emily Post would say. I should think a certain coolness, an unresponsive reserve, would do the trick."

"Ha! That's great! A certain coolness!"

"Of course, a lot depends on the people involved."

"You've got something there. Your certain coolness would work with you, but you'd never need it."

"Oh, I don't know about that. If I should see the one man in the world and he didn't come to me, I might go after him. . . . What do you usually do when attacked?"

"It's never happened before." He twisted his body sidewise to be able to see her profile. "I don't suppose you can look at it my way. Girls—pretty girls like you—have to fight off the wolves. It's expected of 'em. But a man— It never struck me before, but—a man's not supposed to have any moral scruples, is he?"

"He's supposed to have taste."

"Ah, but he's also supposed to be polite. If a woman makes a pass at him, he can't register indignation and say 'I'm not that kind of man.' The only reason he can give for not—not wanting to play—is that the woman is repulsive to him. And that's bad manners."

She asked, "So you surrendered gracefully?"

"That's just the point. I didn't. I tried to be a good host, and she left here hating me."

She turned her eyes on him. She said, "As I told you before, it's none of my business."

"It might get to be," he said, meeting her eyes for a moment. "Anyway, I mightn't have seen how repulsive she was if you hadn't been there for comparison. You made her look as phony as a dress dummy. I don't suppose it was fair for her. Comparison with you would be pretty odious for a lot of women."

She wrinkled her nose at him. "Yours is a very sweet-talking corps of officers," she said, and pushed herself up to her feet. "I'll race you to the beach."

THOUGH they hit the water with a single splash, she was half a length ahead of him when he got his eyes clear. Something was wrong with the coordination of his legs.

She beat him by a full length. She was on her feet, laughing breathlessly, when he reached the sand. He scrambled up beside her. But his right leg hurt.

She turned away toward the towels where they had left their things.

He started after her, but his leg buckled under him and he went down on his knees.

He got his left foot up and paused on one knee.

"Oop! What's the matter?" Diana asked.

(Continued on page 92)

Is there a season for whiskey ageing? In winter, cold white snow piles high. In summer, hot sunlight floods the plains. The cool days of many autumns pass while the base whiskies age in Hiram Walker's rackhouses. But in the rackhouses there is only one season. For only in a warm, even temperature can whiskey reach the rich, full flavor of Hiram Walker's whiskies. One day Artist Peter Helck visited the Hiram Walker distillery at Peoria. Beside a rackhouse, in a warm spring rain, he painted this picture. Won't you visit us, too? Come and see Hiram Walker's 89 years of whiskey-wisdom at work. In the meantime ask for Imperial. We're sure once you taste its fine, light flavor you'll enjoy it often.

It's good to know!

IMPERIAL

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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HIRAM WALKER
IMPERIAL
Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey

86 proof. Blended Whiskey. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

(*Continued from page 90*)

"Got a trick leg," he said. "I thought it was all right."

"Here. Take a hand. Or should you lie down?"

"No. I'm all right." He let her help him up. His right thigh was quivering.

Diana looked at it. "Oh, you've got a terrible scar. Why didn't you tell me, you idiot?"

"I really thought it was all right. I've been out of the hospital for months."

"Have you been wounded?"

"Kick in the pants from a mortar shell last fall. On Angaur. I was lucky. The man beside me was blown to bits."

"I didn't even know you'd ever been in action," she said.

"Most of us have. When we get too amorous, you must remember that our hearts are purple."

"Why don't you sit down?"

"I think it's all right now. It's quit jumping." He tried his weight on the right leg and it held him. "Sorry about the fuss." He accepted the cigarette she offered him and let her light it. He said, "If you're interested in heroes, Lieutenant Berry's your man. He's got the D.S.C. Sergeant O'Brien, too."

She handed him his watch. "Five five," she said. "We'd better get moving." The children were on the rocks diagonally across the little bay. "Paul!" Diana called. "Come along. We're off."

You could see their exasperated gestures, but they yielded to authority. They swam for the beach.

In one of the niches in the cliff that served as bathhouses, Bill flexed his leg. Have to ask the medico. Couldn't afford to have it folding up on him like that. Have to be in perfect condition to keep up with Diana.

To be continued in the next issue.

DENDRO'S GARAGE
73
Reamer Keller

"Loosen up my brakes!"

LIBERTY

THEY LEARN TO EARN

Continued from Page 31

enced, more skeptical, more wondering. We are going to teach, guide, and prepare students for the business world as well and thoroughly as we can.

"The cause of a large percentage of failures in small business is not the lack of technical knowledge, but the lack of business knowledge. We give our students the business knowledge along with the technical.

"We teach the four Survey courses: the Survey of the Physical Environment, Biological Environment, Social Environment, and Speaking and Writing. This last course is for the purpose of letting the students express themselves and teaching them to be articulate. The other courses are to give them a picture of their environment, of the world around them. Through this picture they can better discover what kind of niche they can fit into, before deciding what they want to do. However, if a veteran does not want these Survey courses, we will teach him only the trade he is interested in. Work in the humanities comes during the second year."

Veterans who, in order to meet college entrance requirements, would be compelled to go back to high school, which they are far beyond in maturity and experience, can go to Farragut and get the schooling they need to enter the college courses.

"At Farragut College," Dr. Kusner emphasized, "we have the kind of situation educators dream about. We are starting from the beginning with a hundred-million-dollar plant and a sincere, hard-working board of directors. Men and women, veterans and nonveterans, high-school graduates and nongraduates are admitted. Adolescent nonveteran high-school graduates, crowded out of other colleges, are welcome here. Furthermore, we have training programs for students of nonprofessional caliber who can find nothing to fit their needs in most other colleges.

"We will teach them a good trade or let them continue on in higher education. Employment opportunities are very good. In fact, there is a labor shortage here on the campus and we have a base scale of seventy-five cents an hour for all student employment. Farragut is approved by the Veterans Administration. We have pledged ourselves to make sure that our program *now* fits what people need *now*."

THERE is so much that is big about Farragut—the amount of shop and trade-school equipment to train men and women in everything from aircraft and all engine mechanics to laundry and dry-cleaning operation, to say nothing of radio and electrical appliance repair, baking, cooking, and woodworking. But the most exciting story of all is that of the pluck, the dogged perseverance, the unwavering faith of the small group of Western business men and educators and the veterans' groups who made the dream of Farragut College a reality.

More than 25 per cent of the veterans in this country wanted schooling. With the navy gone, Farragut could be a tremendous school. On June 17, 1946, Congressman Compton I. White of Idaho called together Congressional representatives from the Northwest, representatives of the U. S. Office of Education, the Veterans Administration, the War Assets Administration, the National Housing Agency, and the Navy Department to discuss the project. Result: an immediate freeze of the installation by the Navy Department and a decision to arrange an early meeting in Spokane, Washington.

The hope was that Farragut would be a protégé of the State of Idaho. But at the Spokane meeting the governor of Idaho told the conference that his state did not have the spare money to finance it.

The complexities of joint operation of a college by several states were found to be too great to be resolved in the short time available, as was the difficulty of one state financing a college in another state. So the governors of Montana, Oregon, and Washington said reluctantly that their states could not contribute funds in time to help. There were no federal funds. There was, in short, no money to get Farragut on its educational feet.

It was at this point of impasse that men whose grandparents had come to the Northwest in covered wagons took over. Scrap Farragut? Dismantle and move the buildings, lose the whole superstructure? No! It wouldn't be easy to raise the money, but they would do it.

Aided by Commodore Frank H. Kelley, former commanding officer of Farragut Naval Training Station, and Lieutenant Colonel George G. Greene, army veteran of two wars, a group of men (among them James W. Greene, Washington State Commander of the American Legion; G. O. Kildow, president of the North Idaho Junior College at Coeur d'Alene; Horton Herman, chairman of the Spokane All-Veterans' Council; M. C. Strauss, deputy county superintendent of schools at Spokane; Judge W. F. McNaughton, president of the board of regents of the University of Idaho; and Donald J. MacDonald of Coeur d'Alene) developed a plan to finance the school by private subscriptions.

Veterans' groups and organizations, fraternal lodges, commercial clubs, business men, and mine owners were contacted, and slowly but surely money came in. Almost $200,000 has been subscribed, much of it in outright gifts. This money was required to carry on until tuition funds could be received from the Veterans Administration. Since Farragut is a new school, it can collect from the V. A. the maximum tuition fee per student, $500 for each 34 weeks. These payments cover the total cost of registration, tuition, books, incidental fees and supplies. With 1,200 students, the school will be self-sustaining.

BY August 1, Farragut College and Technical Institute was chartered under the laws of Idaho as a nonprofit educational institution without capital stock. From then on it was a race against time so that the school could open in October. The buildings and grounds had to be released by the Navy, inventory taken, faculty hired, and quarters for faculty and students made ready. Just three days before the college was scheduled to open, the Navy Department, under authorization from the War Assets Administration, granted an occupancy permit. This was made on a temporary basis so that the War Assets Administration can make a survey in April, 1947, of the actual needs of the college on the basis of the size to which it has grown at that time, and its expectation of future growth. The War Assets Administration has committed itself, upon completion of this survey, to grant a long-term renewable lease which will, in effect, give Farragut a permanent, well-equipped campus of its own.

How does the veteran fare at Farragut with his $90 or $65 allowance under the G.I. Bill of Rights? Well, the average rent paid by a married veteran is $30 a month. Food purchased in the nonprofit commissary store runs around $40 a month. Other expenses are correspondingly low inasmuch as the college runs a laundry and dry-cleaning plant, and its own movie theater. All these nonprofit enterprises employ students and student wives. Although the total expenses of a married student crowd his $90 a month, sufficient employ-

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Lovely flowers by wire are inexpensive. Representative bouquets, corsages or plants for $5.00 or more can be sent from New York (including cost of the wire) to Atlanta for $5.76 . . . to Cincinnati for $5.49 . . . to Salt Lake City for $5.90 . . . to Toronto for $5.66. Overseas orders handled, too.

This year be sure to send your Easter flowers by wire. Do the same for Birthdays, Anniversaries, Business or . . .

IN *ANY* EVENT – WIRE FLOWERS

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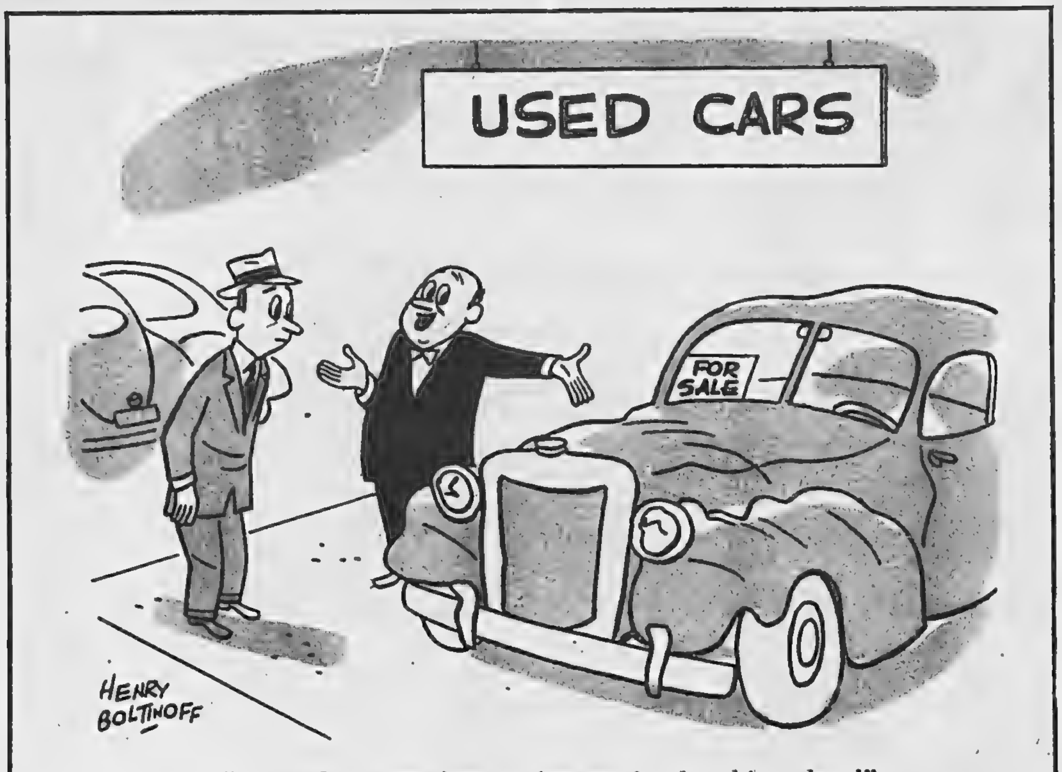


". . . and you get free towing service for thirty days!"

LIBERTY

ment is available so that he can supplement his allowance to the extent needed. Many of these jobs afford actual on-the-job experience training. Farragut pays the wages out of operating funds.

The $65 a month granted to a single student can easily cover his room rent and his approximate $40 per month for meals, leaving him enough for incidentals. And a good many of the single students, too, supplement their allowance by part-time work.

For nonveterans, now about 5 per cent of the student body, the tuition fee of $500 is obviously rather high; but scholarships are available to meritorious nonveterans. And they, too, can work part time.

A rapidly expanding program of athletics is under way. The basketball team is already engaged in intercollege competition. Swimming, boxing, and rifle teams have been organized, baseball and track teams are in training. Spring football practice is in the immediate offing. Farragut intends to have a complete program of intercollegiate and intramural sports.

Shortage of teachers has been far from a problem. Educators from all parts of the country have wired, phoned, and written for positions on the staff. Farragut now has a faculty of sixty, and by next fall Dr. Kusner expects to have a staff of at least 300.

The board of directors and faculty of Farragut are building for the future. They are convinced that Farragut will survive because the business and industry which it serves will support it, and because of the increasing interest of the federal government and the states in furthering technical education.

I left Farragut College and Technical Institute with regret, wishing that I too could go to school there.

THE END

HORSE-AND-BUGGY DIPLOMACY IS HURTING US

Continued from Page 17

Foreign Secretary, were backed up by a permanent Civil Service that maintained continuity at the policy level. But the United States has never been able to offer sufficient reward, in terms of money or position, to develop such a staff. While a few men of private means like William L. Clayton and Dean Acheson have stayed on in top positions from the Stettinius to the Marshall regimes, they have been the exception rather than the rule.

All these factors help explain *why* there are mistakes, inefficiency, and instability in the conduct of our foreign affairs, but they do not remove the dangers from instability.

What can be done about it? The first thing is that the bipartisan approach to foreign problems must be continued and expanded. In the past two years it has dealt mainly with United Nations and Russian policy, and in these fields of policy it has been effective; but it has not as yet touched the other fields of policy—particularly the foreign economic field—and foreign politics and foreign economics can be separated only at our peril.

There is, admittedly, a limit beyond which bipartisan co-operation in the planning and execution of foreign policy cannot go. The President is charged by the Constitution with the conduct of foreign affairs. He must be responsible for it. Moreover, he and the Secretary of State and their aides are the only officials who have all the information necessary to make policy. But wherever policy requires the consent or financial support of Congress, bipartisan consultation must be sought, and it has not always been sought by Democrats or offered by Republicans.

Another idea worth exploring is the creation of a General Planning Staff at the State Department and a Diplomatic Academy. When Elihu Root came into the War Department as Secretary at the turn of the century, he reorganized the department, planned the new War College, and instituted the General Staff to work out long-range plans. Many observers in Washington feel that much the same must be done at the Department of State.

Specifically, it has been suggested that there should be a more elaborate training school for State Department and foreign-service officers on the order of West Point and Annapolis. Such an academy, some observers feel, would encourage a much broader element of the nation's youth to enter the diplomatic service and eventually provide the manpower to run our expanding foreign policy.

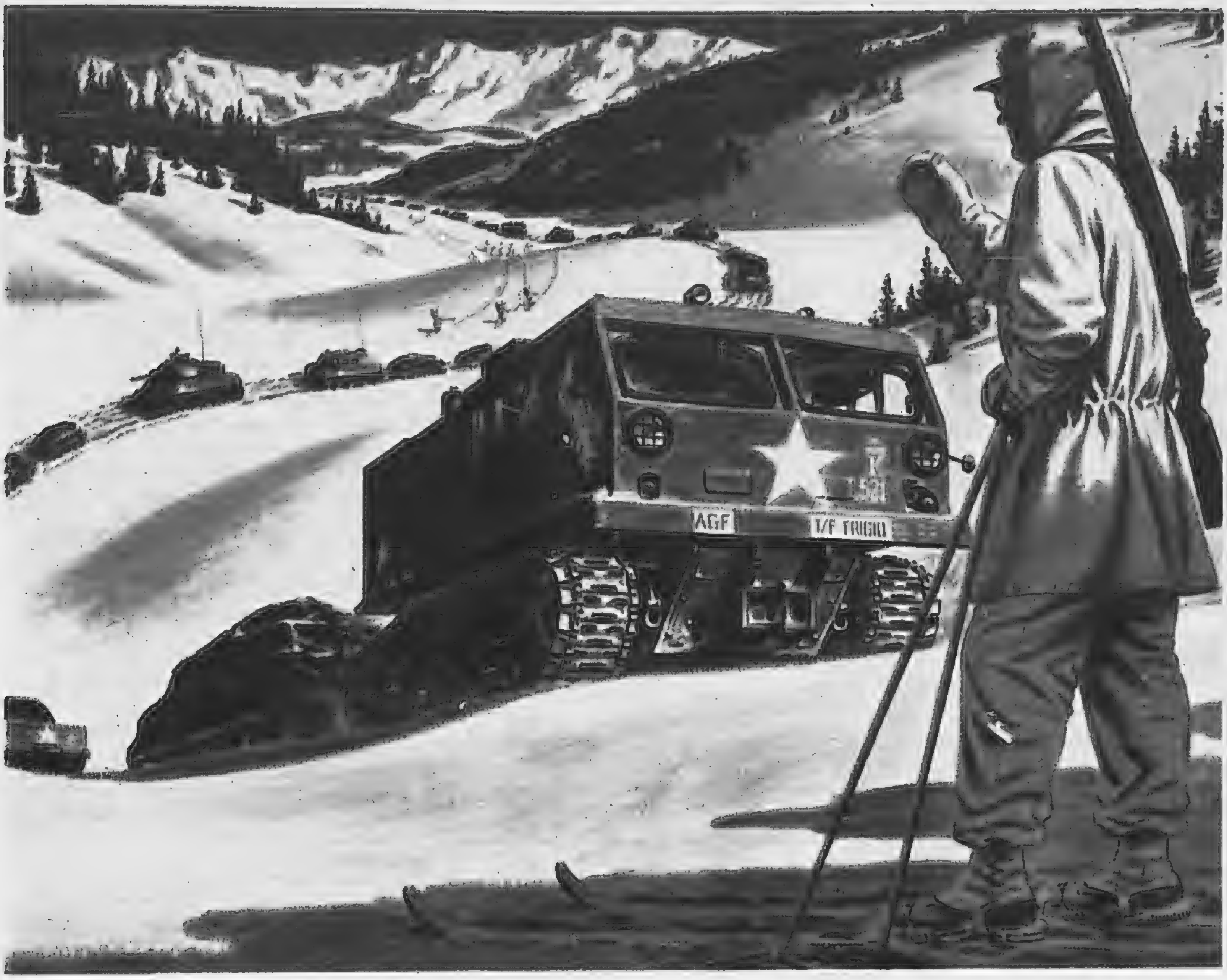
Meanwhile, it is generally felt in the capital, greater opportunities and higher salaries must be given to younger men at the Department of State and in the foreign service. Two of the most promising of the younger men in the State Department in recent years were Mr. Dickey and Alger Hiss. The former left the department to become president of Dartmouth College, and the latter—in charge of drafting our United Nations policy—took a more lucrative job with the Carnegie Foundation.

THERE seems to be something approaching a doctrine that the Secretary of State must be a venerable gentleman of the old school. Daniel Webster was sixty-eight when he headed the department for the second time; Henry L. Stimson was sixty-one when he succeeded Frank B. Kellogg in 1929; and Cordell Hull was sixty-one when he took the job and seventy-three when he resigned. Ed Stettinius was one exception; but Mr. Byrnes was sixty-seven when he quit, and General Marshall was sixty-six when he took office.

This question of age is much more important now than it was even a decade ago. Experience, admittedly, is necessary for the job; but the routine of a Secretary of State today entails not only a killing job at home but a wearisome and persistent series of long journeys abroad. In the future we are going to have to think of younger and stronger men of the generation of William Fulbright, Joseph Ball, Harold Stassen, Dean Acheson, and John Dickey for the position.

In short, under our present system, we are not only handicapped by a rapid turn-over of our foreign-policy negotiators at the top, but we are losing many of the best of the younger men in the department. It is a casual and spendthrift system and we can no longer afford it.

THE END



Pioneering on a New Frontier

It was once the wilderness of winter. Snowbound. Windbound. Practically impenetrable.

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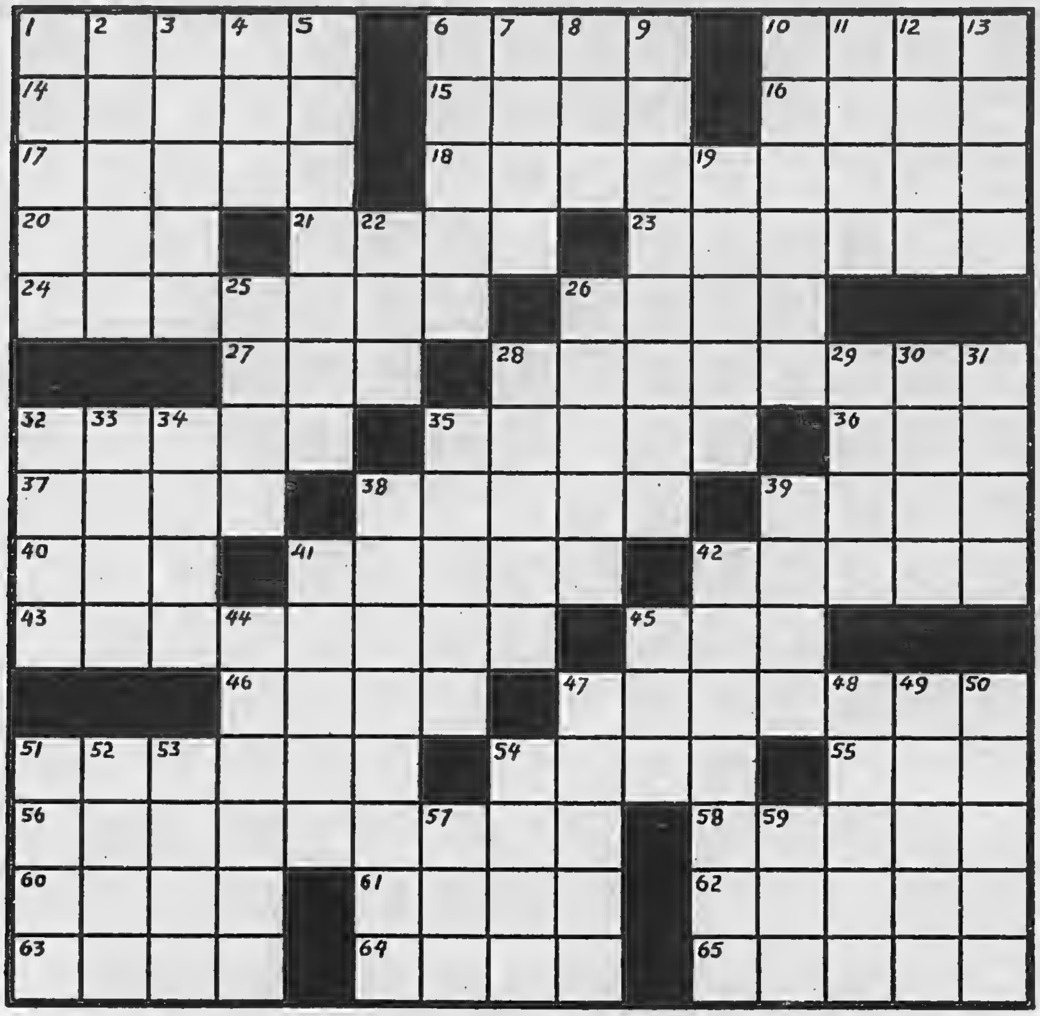
Puzzle 408 3/29/47

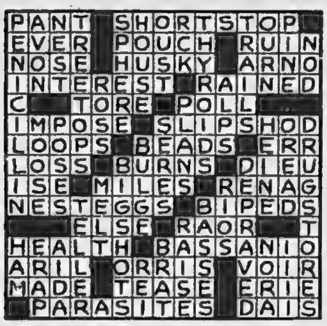
COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 Old-fashioned tanneries
6 Its theme song: With a Hay, Nonny Nonny and a Hoe, Hoe, Hoe!
10 *Esme,* appear! (anag.)
14 *Steal* the inconsequentialest (anag.)
15 Oh, for the —— of a dove!
16 Healthy spy
17 Kind of American relations Churchill loves
18 They go to any lengths to steal food from an animal
20 SSW's opp.
21 Peekaboot shoes (fem.)
23 Zeus's pop
24 Grease monkey houses
26 Twitch convulsively to sock someone
27 Kind of deal the country expects from the Republicans
28 Borscht, or consommé eaten with rose-colored glasses (two words)
32 Flashy things (they'll be knockouts this summer)
35 Kind of salesman who would starve at a nudist camp
36 Country anxious to secede from the unions (abbr.)
37 Gol ding it!
38 De Scotchman hoped to get a dozen with his ersters
39 Nazi donkey
40 No wonder it's tired, it goes round and round supporting the motorist
41 Little deers, results of crossing the buck with the doe
42 Gentleman suffering from inflationary overloading of the middleman
43 Flyer you hear singing in the spring
45 Now, if they only had the paper on which it would write under water!
46 Needles to say they ain't needles



PANT■SHORTSTOP■
EVER■POUCH■RUIN
NOSE■HUSKY■ARNO
INTEREST■RAINED
C■■TORE■POLL■■■
IMPOSE■SLIPSHOD
LOOPS■BEADS■ERR
LOSS■BURNS■DIEU
ISE■MILES■RENAG
NESTEGGS■BIPEDS
■■■ELSE■RAOR■■T
HEALTH■BASSANIO
ARIL■ORRIS■VOIR
MADE■TEASE■ERIE
■PARASITES■DAIS

March 15 Answer

47 What the athletic young man wanted to do with his girl
51 Double stagger
54 Kind of break British prisoners are hoping for
55 Reward for getting around the International League bases
56 Old-fashioned efficiency experts (with whips)
58 A buck in Africa
60 Leaping Lady of the Highways
61 Leg shade
62 High point in American life
63 When anyone kicks, they attack from the left and right
64 Has a spot of forbidden fruit
65 Old-time land-going battle wagon

VERTICAL

1 Hep talk
2 "I've got to dye sometime," she said, "so it might as well be this!"
3 Kind of beaver
4 Desiccated Shane Lallapaloozers (abbr.)
5 Comic assistants or human doormats
6 Destiny engineers
7 Quite a Ladd!
8 Criticize
9 State the timid soul lives in
10 Sneezes from a Colt
11 Wifely order
12 St. of fire
13 What army food sure was
19 Lawyers like to keep theirs about them
22 Where people sleep late Sundays
25 Mitey mites
26 They're at the bottom of some of the best-laid plans of seagoing men
28 On the verge of
29 Kick out
30 Sweet are the these of adversity
31 Well-known California Alto
32 Here's a sticker for you!
33 Medley
34 One of the world's great gambolers
35 Four for ten
38 One thing the painless dentist rarely is
39 Manufactures lambs
41 Travels by cloudsmare and gets pretty high
42 Insect radar (pl.)
44 Yelling and screaming organized (pl.)
45 He who makes it seem so easy to do (abbr.)
47 They're a lot of dirty little stingers
48 Give tit for tat
49 Make a dive for
50 What the honeymoon did when he started reading the paper at breakfast
51 Big fat thing, often seen with ham in it
52 What no horse player died
53 Tear
54 Show enamel by opening the crack in front
57 Invented gin, but was not a rummy
59 Glowing with woohoo water

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

OUR OWN KIND

Continued from Page 38

"You bitch," said the old man, his voice racked with rage.

From that day there were never any more Irish heroes in the funny papers getting the best of it, and they never again read Robert Emmet's bold words together.

NED McDERMOTT and his friend Tim Lee sat one evening in the back yard watching the fire of the sun burn itself down behind the spires of the cathedral down the hill.

Tim Lee was about eighty years old at the time, he thought, but he wasn't sure. Winter or summer he wore a greening derby hat, a stiff white collar and a green necktie with a huge horseshoe stickpin thrust into its wrinkles. He chewed ten-cent cigars.

"Red sky at night sailor's delight," said Tim. "It'll be a grand day for the voyage, Ned."

"The boy has his heart set on it," Ned said. "It'll be his first journey over water, God knows."

The darkness dropped over them as they discussed the details of the trip they planned for the morning. They were bound for Block Island to see Kit Somerville and would spend at least a couple of days there at Kit's farm, with at least one cockfight in Kit's barn. Two steamers made the run: the Mount Hope and the Warwick. The Warwick cost half a dollar less than the Mount Hope but her skipper was a nautical gentleman by the name of Olsen, whereas the skipper of the Mount Hope was an intrepid navigator by the name of O'Flaherty, a Galway man.

"D'ye see, Ned," Tim said. "I happen to run into Will O'Flaherty in McGarraghan's the other night after he tied up, and he says 'Lee, begod, I met an old friend of yours in Newport the other day.' 'Who is that?' I says. 'Casey,' he says, 'Torpedo Casey . . .'"

"Torpedo Casey," Ned mused. "The son of a bitch. And how is he?"

"Wait now," Tim continued. "It seems Casey is working on some boat that's tied up at the other side of the wharf where O'Flaherty docks. He says you'd never know Torpedo for a machinist mate, first class, except for the cap he wears. They have a chin for half an hour or so every time. . . ."

"Machinist mate, first class," Ned scoffed, "Why the man couldn't wind an eight-day clock and have it keep the time of day."

"That I don't know," said Tim, "but he has the rating and draws the pay. That I *do* know."

"How long is Casey in now?" Ned asked.

"Due for a pension any time he wants it," Tim said. "And a fat one, too, besides what he has put by."

"Put by?" Ned snatched the clay

pipe out of his mouth and spat. "Many's the time I gave him the fare back to Newport when he'd be on a toot. You did yourself, Tim."

"Not in late years, Ned. Torpedo's a changed man, they tell me."

"For his own sake I hope so," Ned said fervently. "Though he has neither kith nor kin. Well, it's dark, Tim, and we might step around to Deignan's for a drink. I never drink during the day myself unless I'm drinking."

"Yes."

"Come along, Peg," Ned said, and the dog followed them out.

Next morning, standing like an admiral of the fleet in the cockpit of his tiny bewhiskered launch, the great trunk of his arm casually resting on the tiller bar, Harbor Master Owen Tegue steered his craft for the float anchored just below his little shack on the bridge. He spied Ned McDermott crossing the bridge with his grandson and hailed them. He was a cousin or something, of Nell's, a huge, rusty man who was crafty enough to have himself elected to his job as the candidate, unopposed, of both parties for many years.

"Where are you bound so early in the morning?" Owen Tegue asked.

"The island," Ned answered. "We're meeting Tim Lee in McGarraghan's. Come along with us and have a drink. You look chilled to death."

McGarraghan opened early in the morning, as most of the waterfront saloons did, for the longshoremen and the teamsters. Tim Lee was already there, leaning against the bar talking to McGarraghan. It would be more than an hour before the Mount Hope sailed.

The sun was well up over the city when Tim, Ned, and the boy walked to the long wharf shed where the tickets for the boats were sold. Tim went to the window and bought two tickets and a half-rate one for the boy.

They went astern on the main deck, sheltered from the wind by the boat deck above them and the housing of the cabins at their backs. The engines were already making steam and the vessel trembled. The boy ran fore and aft, above and below, peered down the engine room and watched them bringing the freight aboard forward. Her whistle screamed, terrifying him, and in a few short minutes there was shouting fore and aft as the lines were let go. Like a tired old cow leaving the tie-up, she waddled slowly away from the wharf.

"IT'LL be a surprise to Casey when he sees the two of us walk down the gangway," said Tim, "if we happen to run into him."

"God, I hope we do," Ned answered. "I want the boy there to see him, too, dressed in his blues and all."

A quartermaster approached on a round of inspection.

"How's Will O'Flaherty?" Tim asked him just to let him know there were passengers of some consequence aboard.

"Who?" The quartermaster looked puzzled.

"The captain," said Ned sharply. "The captain."

"How'n the hell do I know how he is?" said the quartermaster sullenly. "Ain't seen him this morning."

He moved around on the portside.

"T'hell with him, Ned," Tim said. "We'll wait a while until things 'is all snugged down for the voyage and we'll take a walk around the deck and go up on the bridge and see Will—I promised I'd say hello if we made the trip."

They were well below the city now. Watching from the stern, Willie McDermott could see the other river boats slowly overhauling them. One side-wheeler was coming along faster than the others and making ready to pass them on the starboard side. The boy watched her closely and as she came abreast about seventy-five yards away he could see the name, black letters in scrolls of gilt, on her bows: Mount Hope.

"That's the Mount Hope over there," he told the old men.

"This is the Mount Hope, Willie," his grandfather said quietly. "We're on the Mount Hope ourselves. Try to read it again, now, and see do you make it out any better this time."

TIM LEE went to the rail, his watery old eyes squinting at the boat. "Before God, Ned," he said, without turning his eyes from the boat. "Before God. I believe the boy is right after all, Ned."

"What the hell kind of a dirty trick is this?" Ned roared, springing over to the rail beside him. "Read it again, Tim. . . ."

The quartermaster, strolling aft for a smoke before reporting at the pilothouse again, walked innocently into the squall of their anger.

"Look here, you," Tim Lee blazed at him. "What the hell ship is this we're sailing?"

"No guff, now," Ned snapped. "What ship is it?"

"When she left the wharf she was the Edgemont," the quartermaster answered disdainfully. "Prob'ly still is. . . ."

"Where's the Mount Hope, then," Ned demanded. "What's become of the Mount Hope?"

"That's her alongside us there," said the quartermaster.

"That's her all right," Tim agreed.

"Where's Will O'Flaherty, then?" Ned was fuming.

"Who's he?" asked the quartermaster.

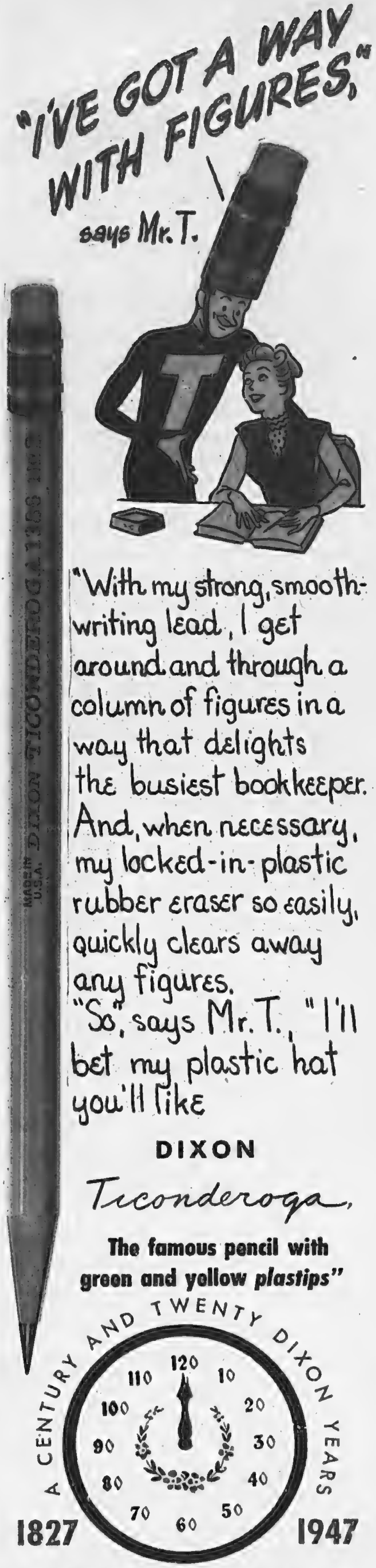
"Who's he? He's the captain of this ship. That's who he is," said Tim mimicking the quartermaster's tone.

"The hell he is," the quartermaster sneered.

"Who is, then?" Ned asked.

"Swanson," said the quartermaster.

"We're in a trap of some kind, Ned." Tim shook his head in bewil-



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derment. "We'll find this Swanson and see what he's up to."

They scurried along the deck, up a passage and to the pilothouse, the boy skipping along behind them, dodging in and out among passengers and wondering what the trouble was. Tim Lee pounded on the white door of the pilothouse. A deck hand opened it and told them to go away; passengers were not allowed there, he said. They stalked in, however, and found a large friendly looking man in his shirt sleeves.

"Where is the captain?" Tim cried.

"I am the captain," said the big man.

"What kind of cutthroat shanghai ship is this," Tim said, "snatching passengers from the wharves?"

"Gentlemen," said the captain. "I don't know what you're talking about, but if you have any complaints bring them to the purser."

"Look here," Tim said. "We bought tickets for the Mount Hope to Block Island. And there she is off there." Tim thrust the pasteboards at him. The captain glanced at them.

"You see what it says, don't you?" he asked them quietly. "Steamer Edgemont, Providence to New London and return. Maybe you bought them at the wrong window on the wharf. . . ."

"Step aside, Tim. I'll handle this my own way," Ned ordered. "Now, then, my man, your little game is up, whatever it is. But we'll give you a chance to get yourself out of a bad scrape. Put us aboard the Mount Hope there and the rest'll be forgotten."

"That's impossible," the captain answered. "Impossible."

"Come, my patience is running thin with all this talk," Ned shouted. "Will you or won't you do as you're told?"

"Gentlemen," the captain was threatening a little. "You can refer your mistake to the purser. Get out of the pilothouse now, or I'll have to call the deck hands to put you out. Passengers are not allowed in here."

THE quartermaster, reporting, stepped into the pilothouse.

"Calling your cutthroats and your pirates, are you?" Ned doubled his fists.

"Come, Ned," Tim urged, taking his friend by the arm. "Let's get out of here. Owen Tegue'll hear of this, you damn squarehead. . . ."

"And damn soon, too," Ned affirmed. "Wait'll Owen Tegue hears of what goes on. . . ."

They tramped out and went below to the sloppy beer bar on the freight deck forward. There a sallow little man in last week's apron set a bottle in front of them in a frothy puddle. Looking out the big cargo porthole on the starboard side they could see the steamer Mount Hope, Captain William O'Flaherty, bound for Newport and Block Island, rapidly pulling away from the steamer Edgemont, Captain Ivar Swanson, bound for New London.

TORPEDO CASEY appeared at McDermott's after supper on Sunday night and Ned hustled his old friend into the kitchen where he had a bottle of whisky.

"Ned, I hardly ever touch it nowadays," said Casey.

"What the hell, man," said Ned, "a drop won't hurt anyone. Here. . . ."

The front doorbell jangled.

"I'll go," said Nora.

"It's Chris," said Nell, "with Catherine Daly, God bless her." She came out into the kitchen.

"You might come into the other room to say hello to the girl your own son's going to marry," she said to Ned, ignoring Casey.

"Don't mind me, Ned," said Casey, "go right ahead. I'll just have a smoke here while you're gone."

"How d'ye do, darling," said Ned, shaking Catherine's hand.

"This is my Aunt Nora," said Chris, indicating her.

Nell tried to steer them around the table so Catherine wouldn't see Casey there in the kitchen with the bottle in front of him, but Catherine, glancing into a mirror that hung near the kitchen door, saw him and said, "Oh, you're Mr. Casey, aren't you? How do you do? Father often speaks of you."

"I'll be damned," said Casey, resting his hand on the whisky bottle. "Joe Daly's daughter! And a flaming redhead, too!"

They went into the parlor—Ned back to the kitchen—and Catherine unpinned her hat and sat on the ponderous horsehair armchair.

"Nora, put on a pot of tea," said Nell peremptorily.

"Wait till you see the boy," Ned was saying to Casey. "I want to make a doctor or a lawyer or something or other of him. He has no father to do for him, you know."

"I'd put the lad in the Navy if it was me," said Casey, "where he'd learn a trade."

"That's what I don't want," Ned answered sharply. "I don't want him pounding sand in a foundry like the rest of us, nor I don't want him breaking his back over an anvil. . . ."

Willie McDermott and Peg, both panting, burst into the kitchen. Willie was surprised to see Casey there; and the old man, with his rosy nose and his white hair, in a uniform Willie always thought of as being worn by young men, fascinated him.

"If it was me," said Casey, "I'd put the boy in the Navy when he came of age. It's the coming thing for a young fellow."

"Run along in to your grandmother," Ned told the boy. "Peg, stay here. D'ye see, Casey, I want to make something of him. I want to educate him. Pour yourself another drink, now, do. Times is changing and it is the man with the schooling that gets anywhere today. . . ." He paused, regarding Casey. "I was thinking that maybe later when the time comes and he's ready for it you might give me a hand to see him through the school and all. I thought his nibs there in the parlor would lend a hand, but he'll be flying off soon with his little pigeon."

"When the time comes, Ned," said Casey slowly, "if I have it you can count on me."

"I knew damn well I could," said Ned, overjoyed. "Have another drink for yourself. I knew damn well. . . ."

IN the parlor Willie McDermott was staring at Catherine Daly. She was asking him about school, how he liked it and how he got along in his lessons.

"I like it pretty good," he stammered. "I get pretty good marks."

His grandmother sent him out to his grandfather again.

"So this is the scholar," said Casey.

"This is the boyo," said Ned, clapping his grandson on the back.

"Can I take Peg out again?" the boy asked.

"How'd you like to be a sailor?" Casey asked him.

"All right," the boy said.

"To hell with the Navy," said Ned decisively.

The boy went out with the dog. Presently Ned was telling Torpedo he'd walk him as far as the trolley car, and they both went into the parlor to say good night. Casey had put his cap on and he saluted them grandly as he was leaving.

While they were gone Willie returned to the house with Peg. His grandmother and Nora had already gone to vespers at the cathedral and his uncle out to South Providence again with Catherine Daly. The parlor door was open and the picture album was on the horsehair sofa. He opened it to the pages where his father and mother, who would always be young, looked fondly from page to page at each other. He had no recollection of either of them except in this book. His grandfather found him there and when he saw the pictures the boy was staring at, turned and started out of the room.

"My mother was pretty, wasn't she?" the boy asked him.

"What? Oh—yes, indeed she was, a very pretty girl, Kitty McDonough was. Yes. . . ."

"Was she—did she have hair like Catherine Daly's? Was she—did she sing? What did she sound like?"

"She—ah, put that damn book away, will you?" Ned said. "Yes, she sang and she danced, I suppose, with your father and all that."

"Did she come to your house, too?"

Ned was disturbed. "Why don't you put that damn book away? No, she didn't. She was never in the house once. They were married very young, do you see, Willie. It was Nora, of course, first heard they were running around together and she never could see anyone happy. Your grandmother was crying in every ear she could find to cry in. 'My Will is just eighteen,' she said. 'Just eighteen and that one has him bewitched.' Why neither of them liked her, I don't know to this day. Anyhow, they were married in St. John's with none of the family there and they went to live in that house down the street that I showed you so many times.

"I went in to see them one night, before you were born, and told her it was time bygones were bygones and to come to the house and see Nell and all. 'No,' she said, 'she didn't want me and now I don't want her!' She meant it, too, and never came. Nor your father never came while she lived, though after she died he did.

"It broke my heart to see them only a few doors down the street, but as far away as a stranger, and I used to stop there many a night on my way home from the foundry. I was there the night you were born. I'll always hear the two of them, 'Will is just eighteen . . . my Will is just eighteen'—Now will you put that goddam book away and come out of there?"

"YOUR grandmother," Ned told Willie when they were walking home from early mass, "says you was not with the Riordan boys yesterday when they got after the old Jew man."

Willie mumbled that he was playing in the lots in the back of Kelly's in the morning and in the afternoon he had been with his cousin Fred Kane.

"I'm glad you wasn't there," Ned said. "Gyp McGlinn was telling me about it in Deignan's last night too. He seen one of them, it seems, in the afternoon smash the old man's hat as he was coming out of Slattery's. Your grandmother says it was in the morning it happened."

"It was both times," Willie said.

"Oh, I see it was. What had the old gaffer done to them? Had he done them any harm?"

"No," Willie answered. "He was just a Jew."

"And what are the Riordans up to then, crusading around after Jews? Is it fighting they want? Why didn't they turn on Gyp, I wonder. He'd give them all the fight they wanted, wouldn't he? God damn a man, or a boy either, that lays a hand on a body that's weaker than himself. That can't hold his own with him. A fair fight's one thing and never run from it. D'you see old Loony Mulvaney across the street there?"

OLD LOONY, shrouded in an ulster that reached his heels, was a tiny little man with a wreath of white hair and the voice of a little girl. Instead of just tipping his hat when he passed in front of the cathedral, as was the custom then, Loony would devoutly genuflect and bless himself. He rarely spoke to anyone but a priest. He chattered his prayers hoarsely in whispers during mass, and when he was walking the street he might be almost dancing along, lilting an Irish song with his head thrown high, or walking dejectedly and mumbling his rosary.

"That man," Ned said, "could walk the length and breadth of Jewtown, if he took it into his head, and never a hand would be turned against him. Not a hand. What is it makes the Riordans want to strike an old Jew, then?"

"Joseph says Jews will cheat you

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and they kidnap Catholic babies when there's no one looking and kill them," Willie said.

"Indeed," said Ned. "Wicked, ain't they?"

"He says they drink your blood, too, if they catch you and murder you."

"And where did he learn all these terrible things the Jews does? Has he seen them do it? Have they ever catched him to murder him?

"Is the sisters teaching them in the schools to go out tearing and slashing at a man in the street because there's a beard hanging on his chin or he talks in a strange way to them? . . . See that Boston bull, Willie. God, I'd love to mate my Peg with that one but your grandmother'd banish us all if I did. Wouldn't she? . . . No, by God, such things was never preached in any pulpit where I heard a sermon—raising a hand against a man because his faith is not our faith.

"Had I seen that yesterday I wouldn't have just yelled at them as Gyp told me *he* done. I'd have caught every last one of that crew and—and—and— How do you do, Mrs. Burns, lovely weather we have, ain't it?"

Willie could bear no more of it. He thought he was safe enough when his grandfather first began to talk because he was certain Gyp McGlinn had not seen him with Joseph Riordan and the others. Now he was wretched because his grandfather was convinced that he had not been in the attack. Willie was stifled with his own wickedness.

"I hit him," Willie said low. "I hit him, too."

"Yes," Ned said, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder at the gate and looking at Peg standing at the window above them with her paws on the sill. "I know you did."

MANY times during the summer Willie would slip away from the house in the morning with Peg, meet Joseph and Eddie Riordan at a hideaway in Tanner's yard behind the piles of old doors, lintels, window frames and mouldings, and head for the river. Among themselves they would usually contrive to scare up a nickel from the pennies they were learning to steal when they were sent to the store.

Joseph Riordan, ever restless, always exploring, told his brother and Willie one afternoon as they huddled around the fire that he'd bet he knew something about Kelly's cellar they didn't.

"I know how you can get in it," Joseph said. "I could get in it any time I wanted to. I could take anything I wanted to and Kelly would never know it."

"Suppose you did get in the cellar, how would you get out again?" Willie asked.

"Same way you go in," Joseph answered.

"You'd get pinched if you got caught," Willie said cautiously.

"Who's going to get caught?" Joseph laughed.

"Who's even going in?" his brother said.

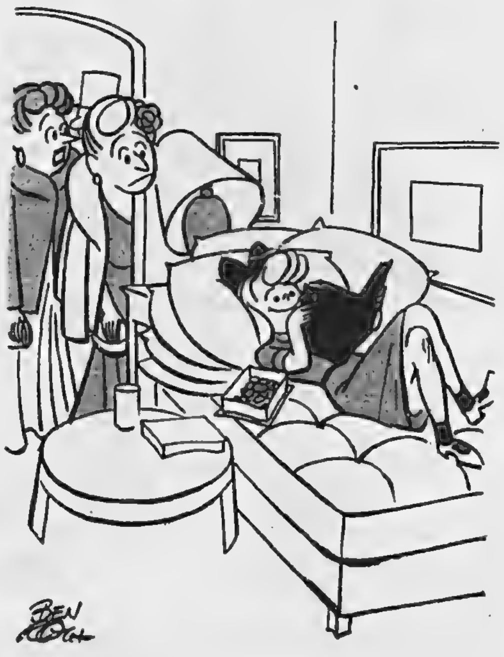
"I am," Joseph declared.

He asked them if either one of them dared to come with him some night. Willie was terrified at the suggestion. Joseph was laughing at him. He took them down the alley between Kelly's store and the house next to it. There was a small cellar window, about a foot and a half high with three dirty panes of glass in a row. Joseph pressed his foot against the bottom of the window and gently pushed it open about an inch; then, bending over, he put his hands on the narrow ridge at the bottom of the sash and carefully pulled it closed again. They walked slowly home.

For weeks Joseph talked so much and so confidently about it that the other two boys began to feel themselves a part of the enterprise. There was no use trying it while there was snow on the ground, Joseph said, because they would be able to trail you.

BY the time the snow had gone, toward the end of February, Willie, schooled carefully in his role, was ready, even anxious to get into the cellar and get it over with. He was to accompany Joseph in and Eddie was to stay outside to watch.

Kelly closed at eleven o'clock. The boys shivered in the streets, running over to the front of the store every few minutes during the long evening until at last they saw the bright lights inside the store go out and Kelly himself locking the front door. They hid behind a fence to watch him go up the street.



"That's our baby sitter!"
LIBERTY

Willie wanted to retreat, but it was too late for that. He followed the Riordan brothers. He was shaking and his mouth was hot. If everything went all right when they got inside they were going to tap twice on the panes and Eddie would push the window in again and hold it open for them until they got out. Eddie was to whistle and run if he saw anybody coming. Joseph slipped his feet in first and let himself slowly into the darkness.

At his rasping whisper to "come on," Willie followed him into the cellar and the window closed softly behind him. They groped their way to the stairs and up them to the door that led into the store, not daring to light a match. The door was locked and silently they crept down the stairs again.

"There must be something here," Joseph whispered.

HE led the way, groping around wooden boxes and barrels that smelled of alcohol. Willie, his hand on Joseph's back, moved with him. There was a damp smell of medicine everywhere and it began to make him sick. Joseph stumbled, knocking a cardboard box over from a pile of them and it landed with the thud of a cannon on the cement floor. There were cigarettes in it, hundreds and hundreds, Joseph found when he got down on his knees to examine it. He began to stuff packages into his blouse and his pockets and told Willie to do the same. Willie did and then whispered that they must have been in there an hour already and that they better get out while they could before someone came.

"Shut up," Joseph hissed.

He explored further, but Willie knelt where they had stopped, too fearful to move another inch. At last he started to creep toward the window. A shadow blocked out nearly half the window. Eddie couldn't be that big, Willie thought; someone must have come, and they didn't hear Eddie whistle to them. Perhaps he had been caught.

"Joseph," he whispered. When Joseph crept back to him Willie pointed to the shadow at the window.

"'S Eddie," Joseph muttered.

"Let's get out," Willie gasped.

Joseph stood boldly up and tiptoed to the window, beckoning Willie to follow him. He shoved a heavy wooden box under the window; it grated on the floor. He stood on it and tapped twice on the pane. Standing beside him, Willie watched the sash move slowly and noiselessly in toward them and he reached up to start climbing out. Joseph pushed him away quickly.

"Me first," he snarled, hauling himself up on the ledge.

Willie followed, the boxes of cigarettes he had stuffed into his shirt cutting against his belly when he moved himself over the ledge. Just as he was getting his legs out, Eddie let the window go and it dropped, pinning him there. The more he struggled to free himself the tighter the window held him. He moved his arms back and inch by inch squirmed himself out. By this time both Joseph and Eddie were over the fence and he stood there afraid to move. He didn't catch up with them until they were going into Tanner's yard.

"You bastards," he said, almost crying. "Why didn't you wait for me?"

"Shut up," Joseph said. "You got away all right, didn't you?"

They squatted on the ground near the old doors and window frames after they had stowed their booty, wrapped in an old length of rag, behind some doors where the rain couldn't wet it. Joseph had held on to a box of the cigarettes and they each lit one. Then Joseph hauled a box of candy from under his jacket and they began to eat. Joseph swore them to secrecy, even if they were caught later. No one would squeal on the others. They smoked and ate contentedly until the Mediator bell boomed once.

"WELL, Larry," said Ned McDermott as his cousin Lieutenant Larry McDermott of the Providence police department walked into the dining room. "It's months since we've seen you."

"Don't bother with any supper for me, Nell," Larry said. "I just dropped in on my way home from the station house to see how you were all getting along. . . ."

"Ah, Larry, you might as well have a bite to eat," said Ned. Nell set a place and the big man, grunting a little, packed his weight into a chair beside Willie.

Hot and palsied, the boy watched the policeman's hand with its red hair make the sign of the cross. There could be only one reason for Larry McDermott coming to the house.

The lieutenant ate slowly and with apparent enjoyment, answering Ned's questions about his family with single words.

"Things are quiet enough these days, Larry," said Ned.

"Uh-huh," said the lieutenant.

He slanted his piggy eyes down at the boy beside him. "Seen John Kelly this afternoon, Ned," he declared. "Had a great robbery at the drugstore a few nights ago, it seems."

"No!" said Ned amazed.

"Desperate criminals in the neighborhood and you never even think about it," said Nora. "We might all be murdered in our beds for all you know. . . ."

"Some of the booty has been recovered," said the lieutenant. "They didn't have time to dispose of it all."

"Who was the thieves, then?" Nora asked.

"Ah, that we're not sure about," said Larry. "The Riordans across the street there is being questioned in the matter. . . ."

"The Riordans!" Nell gasped. "Why—Willie is only after leaving them to come in to his supper. . . ."

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OUR OWN KIND

"Is that so?" Larry McDermott was smiling. "Pretty bad companions for a boy his age. Do you run around with them much, Willie? Did you notice them smoking a lot of cigarettes lately?"

"I—they don't smoke," Willie said sullenly, looking up at his questioner and shifting his eyes away quickly.

"Well, they admitted their part in the crime," said Larry. "But it seems they weren't alone. Seems there was someone else with them."

"Was it you?" his grandmother screamed.

"No," he declared.

"They say it was," Larry McDermott said deliberately.

"You wicked boy!" His grandmother was enraged, crying. "Oh, a thief in my own house. . . ."

His grandfather, tortured, his eyes red with tears, turned to his wife with fury and hatred pounding in his words: "How the hell do you *know* there's a thief in your house? The Riordans says it, do they . . . the Riordans . . . damn the Riordans!"

Wailing, Nell ran from the room. Nora ran after her.

The boy, so powerless, so guilty, sat hopelessly between his grandfather and Larry.

"Well, Willie," said the lieutenant, "tell us about it now. Was it the Riordans put you up to it?"

The boy couldn't speak. He sat in a flaming torment.

"Don't be shielding the Riordans, Willie," the lieutenant persisted. "It was them told on you in the first place."

"Did you," his grandfather was saying with his hand crushing the boy's arm. "Did you?"

The boy buried his face in his arms on the table and wept.

"Well, Ned," the lieutenant said kindly. "I hate to see one of my own people mixed up in a thing like this. That's why I come over myself. We'll go over to the station house now, the three of us, and see what's to be done about it."

They got ready to leave. Peg, wildly running from the boy to his grandfather, was scratching at the door in front of them when they were dressed.

"No, Peg," the old man said. "No, Peg. . . ."

IN a scrubbed and barren room, on a long bench sat two dirty-faced boys. Joseph, his hands clasped between his knees, was belligerently staring at an old sergeant pacing up and down the length of the heavily disinfected room. Eddie's cheeks were splotches of gray dirt where he had been rubbing away the tears.

Larry McDermott went behind a desk and sat down. In a chair at one side of the desk sat Mr. John Kelly, the druggist, looking very pure of heart and long-suffering. On the other side, his bloodshot eyes breathing out his hatred at the boys on the bench, sat Mr. Martin Riordan.

"Go ahead and smoke if you want to, Martin," said Larry McDermott, trying to put the older persons all at ease. "Well, Mr. Kelly, it seems we have all the culprits collared now. . . ."

Ned glared at Kelly.

"Well, I didn't accuse the McDermott boy," said Kelly. "I only said that where the Riordans was, there was McDermott. I see them forever playing together in the lots in back of the store. . . ."

"Well, they all admit their guilt," said Lieutenant McDermott. "All more or less admit their guilt. There's a complaint to be made out against them. Sergeant, will you get one of the complaints for Mr. Kelly? Unless, of course, there's some other way. Unless Mr. Kelly would be ready to accept restitution for the loss of his property. How much was the loss, Mr. Kelly? Now if Mr. McDermott and Mr. Riordan here was to make good the loss, say, and take care of the punishment of the boys in their own way, of course, there would be nothing for the police to do."

"The loss is substantial," Mr. Kelly said, smoothing the hair back over his baldness. "The loss would be in the neighborhood of one hundred dollars, more or less. . ."

LAUGHINGSTOCK

A fool is the fellow who heeds,
Too much, woman's tears and her laughter:
She uses whichever she needs
To get what (or whom) she is after!
—Richard Armour.

"In that case," said the lieutenant, "I think the fathers of the boys would be willing to make proper restitution. Am I right, Martin? Ned?"

Martin Riordan and Ned said they would be ready and willing to make the loss good if there were no further action taken against the boys. Yes, the boys would be punished properly, the lieutenant could be sure of that. Neither of them, however, had the money with him and it was agreed that they should call at Kelly's later in the evening and pay him. The lieutenant said Martin and Ned might as well go along home now and leave the criminals there with him.

Ten minutes later the policeman hauled Eddie toward the door, slapped him once more, then opened the door and flung him out.

"Get home," he ordered.

Joseph was next and received the same treatment. Then the policeman stormed across the room to Willie. He pinioned the boy against the wall, thumping his shoulders and head on the plaster.

"You dirty little thief," he snarled. "Going to be a tough guy, are you? I'll show you who's tough in this family. . . ."

The boy was choking. He could see only the flaming red face above him, the green little eyes in it and the tight mouth opening and closing as he was pushed out.

His grandfather and Martin Riordan were standing under the elm across the street, Joseph and Eddie hiding in the shadows near them. As he came up, they all started silently down the street toward home, the old men walking together and the lagging boys trailing behind them. Martin Riordan, big and heavy, strode along swinging his arms, but Ned McDermott, short and bent beside him, was dragging his feet and his head was down.

"Who squealed?" Joseph Riordan was muttering. "I wonder who squealed. . . ."

"Not me," Eddie said. "Not me, Joseph. . . ."

Willie McDermott, still breathless and aching, stared ahead at the sagging form of his grandfather. He was sick, penitent, and he wanted to run away from them all. He hated Joseph Riordan. He thought of all the people he hated: Joseph Riordan, cousin Fred Kane, his Uncle Larry McDermott, his Uncle Chris.

"Some son of a bitch must have squealed," Joseph repeated. "I'm going to find out what son of a bitch squealed on us. . . ."

Nearing home, they stopped talking and narrowed the gap between themselves and the old men reluctantly, realizing that no matter how severely Larry McDermott had beaten them, their worst punishment was only about to begin. They agreed to meet in Tanner's yard in the morning if they could sneak away.

FROM the dark refuge of his room Willie listened to the storm of his grandmother's anger flooding the house and his grandfather's low voice answering her. He couldn't distinguish all they were saying, but he trembled to realize that his grandmother was insisting that they put him away somewhere.

Gradually his weariness blunted the knives of torment that cut him and he slipped away into a doze, his face buried in the pillow. He woke up in terror with someone's hand on his shoulder and sat up to see his grandfather sitting beside him, and Peg standing with her forepaws on the edge of the bed ready to spring up if he said the word. His grandfather put his head into his hands and began to talk. . . .

"Whatever made you? . . ." he was almost whispering. "That son of a bitch Kelly is paid every cent and that's the end of it as far as he is concerned, but why did you ever go there in the first place with all the things that's being . . . all the things that's going to be done for you? What is it you want that you don't have, then? Why, the shame of it, the shame of it for a boy like yourself that's going to . . . that's going to be educated and all. And why would you go breaking my heart like that, then, after what I'm planning and scheming for you? Quiet, now! *Listen* to me! This is the last time, d'you hear?"

Willie said from a throat that was as dry as the cobbled gutters in August, "I promise, I promise."

"Only tell me what it is you want. Only tell me," the old man said. "Whatever on God's earth it is I'll see to it somehow."

"Nothing," the boy whispered. "There's nothing I want."

"I'll have to see," his grandfather murmured. "I'll have to see what's to be done."

"Send me away?" the terrified boy asked.

"No. I'll not send you away. You'll go to school as I've always said you'd go. Be quiet now and don't wake up the house. I'll have to see what's to be done here. I'll have to see. . . ."

THERE was no use trying to hide it from Catherine, Chris McDermott told his mother and father, and he brought Catherine to the house—"though God knows I hate to bring you into this, dear"—because she was a school-teacher and knew something about boys. If it were up to him he'd put the boy into a home or something of the kind for his own good.

The old man, sitting at the table with his elbows on it and his chin resting in the cup of his hands, neither looked at his son nor thought very much about what he was saying. He had not even realized that when Larry McDermott sent him and Martin Riordan out of the police station, he had done it so that he could punish the boys. Even then he had not understood they had been beaten; it had not become clear to him until the next day, when he saw the swollen lips and the puffed eyes on the boy.

"Let there be no more talk of a 'home,'" he said without looking up. "While I'm here this is his home—and that'll be a hell of a long time, too, please God. . . ."

"Oh, dear," Nell whined, "God knows what he'll do next."

"Now, Ma," Chris said, "don't plague yourself any more about it. Something can be done. . . ."

"It *is* done," said Ned abruptly.

"Willie will have to . . ." Chris started to say.

"I'll take care of the boy," Ned declared. "I'm damned if he's beyond redemption, you know, if he did steal a handful of cigarettes."

Catherine Daly was uncertain of what to say, but she knew she was learning something about Chris McDermott. There was a righteous chill to him that she hadn't known.

"This is not the first time, Catherine," Chris was saying. "Time and again mother's had to punish Willie for little things. Perhaps if she'd been sterner with him then. . . ."

"After all, Chris," Catherine

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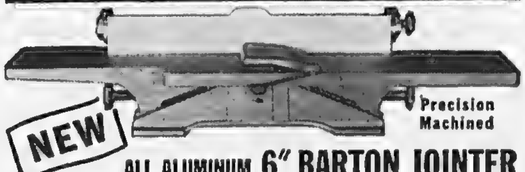

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couldn't remain silent any longer. "Willie's only a little boy. I'm sure he's not a hardened criminal. Chris told me," she turned to Ned, "that Willie was very smart in school."

"Bright's a dollar," Ned said, regarding her carefully. "What'd happen to his education if they was to put him away in a home or an orphanage? I'm not saying a word against the good sisters now, but there's things they don't know about boys, you see. Things a boy needs they would never think about."

"Chris," Catherine Daly said, "if your father wants to educate Willie I think we ought to help him find some way of helping Willie to break his bad habits and keep on with school. If you only lived in St. Malachi's parish I know things might be lots different for Willie. Father McCaffrey is out there. He's a young priest and the boys all idolize him. He plays ball with them and he's in charge of the altar boys. Willie could be with boys like that. . . ."

"By God, you've struck it there," Ned cried. "Remove the occasions of sin! We can *move* to St. Malachi's, can't we?"

"Move to St. Malachi's?" Chris McDermott protested.

All his plans were centered within the indefinite confines of the cathedral parish where he had become president of the Catholic Club and was well on his way to being elected grand knight of his council. Although St. Malachi's was a scant three miles away, he viewed the idea of moving there, now, with all the family, as though someone had suggested moving to Australia.

"No one in South Providence would know a thing about what happened to him," Catherine said.

"Not till after Nora went to mass once," Ned said.

" 'Twasn't me broke into Kelly's," Nora asserted quickly.

"I hate to think of moving in with strangers after living here so long," Nell said.

"We'll move to South Providence," Ned announced finally. "Come, Peg, we'll go for a walk."

THE day before they moved, Willie McDermott bounded from the attic to the cellar and up again, with Peg scooting in front of him, dodging between his legs, barking, whining when he closed the door on her, and pouncing wickedly on old rags when she found them on the floors of the rooms. Toward noon, winded, she stretched her length out on the wide steps at the foot of the back stairs and was dozing there when Helen Tracy who lived in the house next door came down to hang some things on the line in the back yard. When Helen returned, she sat down beside Peg, pulled her into her arms, and stroked her ears. The dog submitted petulantly to her caresses. From the attic Willie called the dog. Peg tried to squirm herself free, but the girl clung to her tightly, saying, "No, Peggy, stay here with me."

Willie called again and the dog twisted her head in a frenzy and began to growl. Helen held on. Once more the boy called and the captive, lurching through her bonds, leaped to the floor and spun sharply around, tensing her muscles to spring up the stairs. But Helen snatched the dog's collar and held her.

"She's all right, Willie," Helen called. "Peggy's here with me."

"Let her go," Willie shouted. "Here, Peg!"

The dog wrenched herself suddenly to one side and snapped, her teeth cutting deeply into the soft flesh of Helen's hand. Helen screamed and the dog sprang up the stairs to the attic, prostrating herself on the floor in front of the boy.

"My God, what's that?" Nell cried, running into the hallway.

Helen ran wailing into her own house, terrified. "Peggy bit me, Peggy bit me," she was crying.

About the only thing that keeps a girl in today at night is a tight girdle!—*Elaine C. Hill.*

Willie heard his grandmother's voice calling him, and he shut the dog in the room before he started down the stairs. Peg whined and flung herself against the door.

His grandmother sent Willie for the doctor on the corner. By the time the boy reached the street he could hear people saying Ned McDermott's dog went mad. When he reached the house again Helen Tracy's moans could be heard from the kitchen. He could hear Peg, too, crying in the attic. That mad beast, his grandmother said, must be kept there until they came to take her away and shoot her. The boy pleaded. She hadn't meant to bite Helen at all, Helen must have been teasing her. His grandmother was adamant; the man from the dogcatcher's would be there any minute to take her away.

Watching his chance, Willie went to the attic, brought Peg down to the kitchen and slipped her out the front way. They slipped through the break in the fence of the house next door and went into Tanner's yard. He took her to the corner where Joseph Riordan and he hid out sometimes and told her to stay there, but when he started back to the house the dog followed him. He took her back twice. The third time he beat her, holding her by the collar and slapping her on the snout. That time Peg stayed and he went around to the other side of the house to find the dogcatcher's wagon standing at the gate.

"Where is that dog?" his grandmother asked when he went into the kitchen. The dogcatcher was standing beside the stove, a pair of canvas gloves on his big hands.

Willie said that if she wasn't upstairs he didn't know where she could be. Nell hit him in the face.

"You better get that dog, kid," the dogcatcher said, "before she bites somebody else."

They threatened and cajoled him, and in the midst of it they heard Peg's joyful bark at the back door.

The dogcatcher stepped into the hallway. Willie followed him.

"She'll bite you," he cried. "She'll rip your legs! Peg! Go 'way!"

Too late. The dogcatcher opened the door and Peg leaped inside.

"C'mere, pup," the dogcatcher said, gathering the dog into his arms. He clamped his gloved hand over her black snout, stifling her cries, and marched out to the wagon with her.

WILLIE ran after him, kicking at his ankles and tearing at his arms as he went through the gate and opened the mesh door in the rear of his wagon, hurled Peg in and slammed the door shut.

Willie screamed, kicking the man as he went to the front of the wagon. "You black Protestant! Let that dog out!"

The dogcatcher slapped Willie in the face and knocked him against Tanner's high board fence; then he stepped onto the wagon and flipped the reins on the horse's back. Willie ran after it, clinging to the mesh, as long as he could.

Ned McDermott didn't notice Peg's absence when he first came home. When they sat down to supper, though, and she wasn't there, he asked Nell where the dog was.

Nell started to tell him about Peg foaming at the mouth and rushing around the house biting everyone in sight of her. She had to send her away with the dogcatcher, she said.

"She's dead," Willie said. "Peg's dead and you know it."

"Dead?" His grandfather was stunned.

"I had to have her shot after she bit Helen Tracy," Nell defended herself, glaring at the boy.

"*You* had her shot?" he roared.

"The dog was mad," said Nell.

"Mad? How the hell d'you know Helen Tracy wasn't mad?" Ned cried. "Why the hell didn't you have Helen Tracy shot?"

He left the table, bumping into a barrel of dishes as he reached for his hat. "You have a heart like a clod," he said bitterly to his wife as he went out.

He stayed out a long time. Nell lay waiting for him when he came into the bedroom and quietly undressed. He sat down in the rocker, smoking a last few puffs of his pipe.

"Ned," she said, "I'm sorry about the dog—I'll miss her."

"Yes," he said. "She was a darling."

"My heart's not a clod. I'll miss the dog, Ned."

"She was a darling," he said unforgiving.

He got up and sat on the edge of the bed. "Ah, well," his voice was low, "there's no great undertaking ever was done without suffering and sacrifice. Poor Peg. Go to sleep, now, Nell, and rest yourself. You have a hard day before you tomorrow."

HIS grandfather had not been wholly in agreement with Catherine Daly's proposal that Willie should go on the altar at St. Malachi's, but after a long talk she convinced him that the influence of Father James McCaffrey, who was in charge of the altar boys, would be the making of the boy. Ned gave his consent and Willie was sent to the rectory to join.

The boy himself was skeptical.

FATHER McCAFFREY was a short black-haired young priest whose keen brown eyes Willie could hardly see behind the glitter of the nose glasses.

"Ah, ha," the priest said as Willie entered the room where the altar boys were meeting for instruction. "McDermott, isn't it? What's the first name—William? I'll bet Patrick and John don't call you that, do they? Sit down there, make yourself comfortable. What do Patrick and John call you, what do they call you at home?"

"Willie, Father."

"Good, that's what we'll call you," the priest said cheerfully. "This is Stevie Ganley, Byron Searles, Joe Treanor, and that guy underneath the pompadour over there on the end is Paul Dougherty. Sit over there between Paul and Joe if you want to. Now, Monday nights for the rest of the summer we'll meet here. We'll learn how to walk on and off the altar at mass and serve the priest. All right, we'll begin with the 'Our Father.' Now, *Pater Noster. . . .*"

For an hour they repeated the phrases of the prayer after the priest. Then he told them they could go home.

"McDermott," he said as an afterthought, "I wish you'd stay a couple of minutes—there's something I want you to take to your grandmother. Good night, boys, God bless you."

"Well," he said when the others had gone out, "think you're going to like us out here in the woods?"

"Yes, Father."

"Good. That's good. There's some great boys on the altar out here. You're going to like them. You and I are going to get along all right, too. I can see that. It won't be hard for you to learn the Latin, will it? Catherine Daly says you're a good smart boy. She says you're quite a scrapper, too. That right?"

"I don't know, Father."

"Well, we don't want any . . . say, what's the matter, there? You look as though you were sore at the world in general. Are you?"

"No, Father," Willie said.

"Well, that's better. You look as though you had something on your mind, though. Have you? Got something you want to get off your chest? Ah, ha! Tell me, is it that thing Catherine Daly told me about that happened a few weeks ago? Is that still bothering you?"

She had betrayed him!

Father McCaffrey laughed. "That's past history. The slate's clean out here. All you have to do is keep it clean. No one out here knows a thing about it. Well, *I* do. Do you think *I'm* going to ever mention it? You forget it and I'll forget it, how's that?"

The boy tried to speak but couldn't.

"Do you know the Gospel about the stray lamb? No? Look it up when you get home. Tell your grandmother to tell you about it. You're no lamb, though, are you?" He pointed to Willie's head. "You've got an awful crop of wool there, though, haven't you? Why don't you get a haircut? Run along home now."

"You said you wanted me to bring something. . . ."

"Oh, that's right, I almost forgot," Father McCaffrey said, starting to write on a piece of paper in front of him on the desk. When he finished he handed Willie the sheet of paper, folded in the center. "I'm not going to seal it; I think you can take it home without reading it, can't you? I'll take a chance. Don't forget Friday night, now."

"Yes, Father. Good night."

Willie sped out the door. He was so tired of hanging his head and running out of rooms when people came to the house, so ashamed of avoiding his grandfather's eyes, so afraid of shattering the fragile frame of his new freedom that he ran furiously home to get the paper out of his hands.

"Dear Mrs. McDermott," the note said. "Thank you for sending Willie to the rectory. He has the makings of a fine altar boy and I'm sure he will prove a credit to you all. James McCaffrey."

"Man of sense," his grandfather commented. "Fine judge of character, I can see that. McCaffrey? Kerry, I suppose."

ST. PATRICK'S morning came rainy and blustery as it always did in the middle of Lent. His grandfather never worked that day and although he did not march in the parades, he always took Willie to see them.

They found a place at the foot of the statue of Mayor Tilden in the middle of the square by the church. Willie sat on the step at the base of the statue, his grandfather standing behind him and holding a hand on his shoulder.

The bands could now be heard. At last, in a line that swept across the whole of the street, their horses dancing wildly, came the mounted police led by Pete Carron, grand marshal in a stovepipe hat and a

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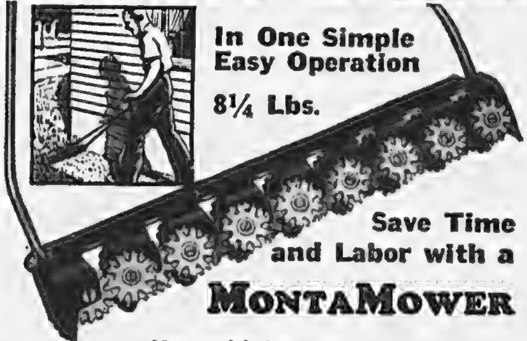
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cutaway black coat with a green silk sash bound in front of him. The bishop had barely time to raise his hand in a blessing for the parade and Pete hardly time to raise the little baton tied with green ribbon in salute, before the horse reared up nobly and spurted ahead in a gallop.

“God,” Ned muttered aloud, “that's a grand horse, that.”

The flags came along, the Stars and Stripes on the right and the green flag of Erin on the left. Leading one of the platoons of policemen on foot was Larry McDermott.

Willie turned away.

He felt someone touch his shoulder. He turned and saw Rose Riordan, Joseph's sister. He pulled her down with him on the granite step. She asked him why he never came around the old house any more, and said that they were going to move soon, too, she thought, and probably out near the park, or somewhere in St. Malachi's.

“Hello, child,” Ned said, “how are you? How is all the family, God bless them?”

“Hello, Mr. McDermott,” Rose said shyly.

When the last contingent had appeared Willie grabbed Rose's hand and, following his grandfather through the tumult of people, took her along with them. They broke free at last and he had to let her hand go again. His grandfather, unasked, went into the Greek's candy store next to the shoe store and ordered ice cream for them. While they were deciding what kind they would have his grandfather pressed a quarter into Willie's hand and told him that he would be back in a minute. Willie knew that he would be going into Flannagan's next door for a drink.

“Do you want my shamrock, Willie?” Rose asked him.

“Yes.”

She took it from her coat and pinned it below the button he wore. “There,” she said, taking his button off and pinning it on her own coat.

They finished their ice cream and went into the street again. Rose said she saw her sister across the street, and, pressing his hand in hers, she ran away into the crowd.

Willie waited outside Flannagan's until his grandfather came out and then asked him if he could go to the play at St. Malachi's old church that afternoon; he said it was an Irish play they were giving. His grandfather declared it didn't seem right to be going to a play or entertainment of that kind during Lent itself, but that if it was given in the church it must be all right.

IT was the first time Willie had ever seen a play, and it was the most beautiful thing he had ever known.

“Well, then, how was the show?” his grandfather asked when he came home.

Willie said excitedly, “Oh, it was great! Great!”

“What was it then, dancers doing jigs, or hornpipes or reels or something like that, I suppose?”

“No, no,” Willie cried. “It was a play, a play about a British landlord that tried. . . .”

“My God!” his uncle Chris said, “must I listen to that for the few minutes I'm home? I've been listening to every line of it Catherine recites. I have to go and see her in it tonight . . . do I have to listen? . . .”

“You do,” said Ned very curtly. “What's this about the British landlord, Willie?”

Willie began. His grandfather, pipe laid aside, crashed his elbows on the dining room table and, thrusting his chin into the palms of his hands, stared at the boy like a child.

“Wants the good man to turn informer,” he snorted at one point. “See, see, see. That's how they do it. Wouldn't do it, hey? Heh, I thought not! Go on, Willie, go on.”

“No,” Willie told him, explaining how Kathleen (“that's Catherine Daly,” he said, “she was beautiful”) came in and drove the spy out just before Rory entered.

“The rebel!” cried Ned joyfully. He jerked his hand from under his chin and pointed at the boy as much as to ask him if he weren't right.

************★************

A lot of last June's graduates have been making the mistake of trying to college their way through work! —*Jimmy Barksdale.*

****

Willie described how later the landlord himself came and Rory escaped out the window when the British soldiers came. . . .

“Sure he couldn't fight the whole British Army, could he?” Ned said indignantly. “And what'd they do then—shoot the man in the back, did they? Ptu! Go on, Willie.”

At the part where the traitor Murphy spied on the couple and brought the British soldiers again to arrest Rory, Ned groaned.

“Ah, it's the disgrace of the Irish. There's forever a traitor amongst them. Yes, and the landlord is there, too, is he, watching the proceedings?”

“Yes,” Willie answered, “and he says he'll get Rory out of jail if Kathleen will marry him.”

“Ah, he's after her, is he? He might as well get *that* out of his mind. She'll never do it, never in God's world. She didn't, did she?”

“My God, no,” said Chris McDermott testily. “Are you satisfied now? No, she don't marry him. . . .”

“I know that anyhow—who in the hell asked you? Be quiet till I hear what happened to the poor girl. Tell us the rest of it, Willie.”

“Well, Rory escapes from jail and the rebels drive the British out of the town and the West's awake.”

“Ah, good, yes, the West's awake. Indeed it's awake. Good for them,” Ned sat straight up, folded his arms across his chest. “It's a grand tale, Will. It is, yes.”

“And then Rory comes in at the end and I guess he's the one that marries Catherine,” Willie ended his report.

“Oh—oh, yes,” said Ned. “And the landlord—what happens to him and his informer?”

“The rebels seize them both,” Willie answered.

“Aaah, d' you see! That's it. And they sing it, too? ‘The West's awake’?” Ned was jubilant. “Hah, do they?”

“Sure they do,” Willie said.

“Nell,” Ned shouted, “put on your hat and coat till we go hear them sing ‘The West's awake’ at the Patrick's Day show! Tell the mother superior there to come along, too.”

Nell said she hated to go out and leave Willie there all alone and it was much too early to send him to bed. Ned said he saw no reason the boy shouldn't come with them; he couldn't learn too much about the Irish on Patrick's Day.

THE four of them, Ned and his grandson walking together ahead, went to the hall. Willie wanted to tell them as the play went on what was going to happen next, but his grandfather would restrain him. At the end of the piece the ushers ran down the aisles with armfuls of flowers for the girls in the cast, and Catherine Daly got more than anyone else.

“What the Irish can't do,” said Ned as they were going home. “What scholars and poets they are! What scholars, Willie! Ah, that was a grand thing! My boy, the talents the Irish has is—is unspeakable!”

“Nell,” he said when they were in the house, “do you remember the time just after Will was born—Lord have mercy on him—that I took the job with the pick and shovel, the only time in my life ever I did, too. It was digging the foundation of that bank downtown there and they struck water so that you were mud to your hips. Oh, and the weather was mean and nasty all the time I was there; drip, drip, drip all day long.

“There was a greenhorn alongside of me, a Galway man, and he telling me between drops all day as we went down deeper and deeper into the muck, wet to the skin every day, how grand it was at home. He was a fisherman and out in the curragh every day when it was fair and sometimes not, with his brothers.

“He had the ear talked off me and I wasn't long on the job, though it seemed a creeping century to me then. ‘The more fool you,’ I says to him one dirty day, ‘for ever leaving that place and coming out here. Why,’ I says, ‘how could you ever do

(*Continued on page 108*)

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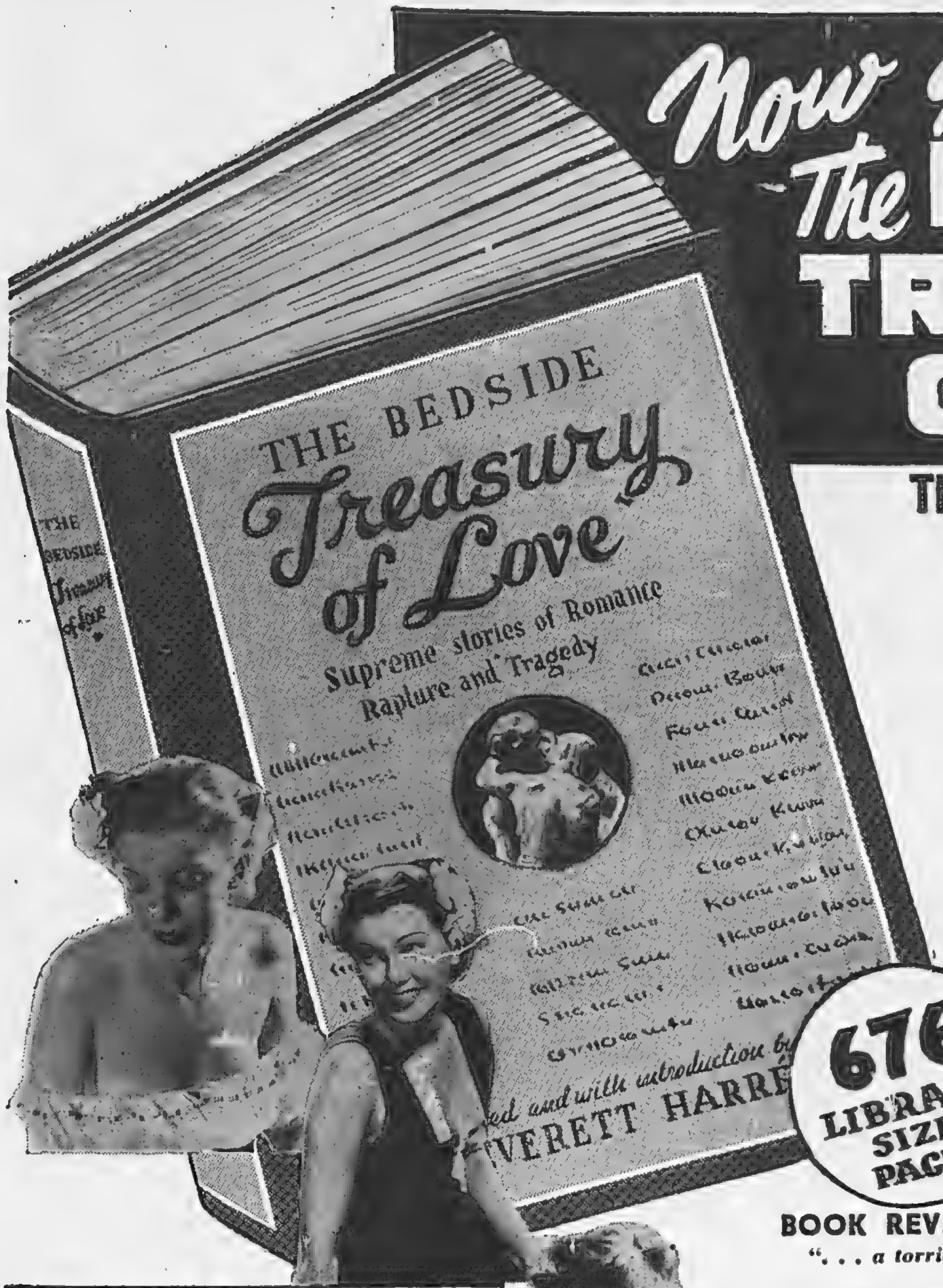
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OUR OWN KIND

Continued from Page 106

that?' I says. 'I'll tell you,' he says, with a cold rain showering down on us and he sweeping the shovel around at the walls of the pit. 'It was forever out and in over the same waves and in and out again the next day over them and I grew tired of it, I suppose. So then and there one day I made up my mind I'd see the world and all that was in it!'

" 'Well,' I says, 'it's a cold one and a deep one and a wet and muddy one, ain't it?' I says. 'Do you think you'll ever go back?' I says. 'I will,' says he, 'one day I will.' "

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," said Nell, "he said he'd see the world and all in it and there he was—"

"I think of him many's a time," Ned laughed, "buried to his ears in the muck of that pit while he was seeing the world. How much of it he saw or whether he ever got out of that wet hole, I don't know for I've never seen the man again to this day. But I often think of him."

"You never told about him before," Nell said. "Whatever made you think of him now?"

"God, I don't know," he answered.

YEARS flew now on quicker wings than ever they had, and Ned's step on the stairs when he came home from the foundry had grown slower and slower. He came home in the middle of the afternoon a week before Easter.

In the kitchen he leaned with both hands on the edge of the table, heaving like a winded horse.

"I couldn't stick it another minute—Skinny Byer's pouring the floor—is there any whisky?"

"There is," Nell said, bumping Nora out of her way. "Get into your bed."

Nell ladled sugar into a tumbler and filled the glass with the boiling water. She told Willie to help his grandfather off with his shoes.

"Ah," Ned said when he had emptied the glass and was lying back in the bed in his long underdrawers. His teeth were chattering.

Nell sent Willie to the store with a nickel to telephone to Dr. O'Neill to rush right over.

"The man has pneumonia," said Dr. O'Neill when he came out of the room and sat at the table to write his prescriptions. "He's a very sick man. That window in there is shut fast. Open it up and keep it open."

"Oh, God," Nell wept, "pneumonia!"

All during Holy Week the grandfather lay burning with fever, sometimes reaching through a fog of weariness with fierce determination only to sink back again exhausted, with bitter tears of defeat rolling down his face. His voice was throttled down to a whisper.

Tim Lee called to see him Holy Thursday. He sat with his derby on and collar of his coat up around his neck until Ned motioned to him to shut the window down. Ned drew his friend closer to him.

"I'll pound no more sand, Tim," he whispered slowly.

"Ah, sshh," Tim stuttered, "you'll be up and out of this in no time."

"Don't con me, Tim, I know. It's the last end, Tim, and it's here too soon for what I wanted to do and there's no one will do it for me. The boy is only after starting along the road to where he'll go and I wanted to be along with him. I did so. I don't want to leave him, now. Ah, it's too soon, Tim, I tell you, for all I have their promises they'll help him. I won't be here to see they're kept, will I? No. They'll promise me anything now to shut me up. When I'm gone—"

"Hush, man, don't talk like that!"

Friday Ned was weaker, sleeping a little, waking up to mumble a few words no one could understand, and collapsing again in sleep.

Father O'Farrell gave him the last rites of Extreme Unction. The long day grew dark and during the night they sat, one after the other, watching at his bedside.

A sunless silver day spread itself over the windows when Willie saw his grandfather's eyes open and turn to him. He asked, stifling his tears, if his grandfather would have his eggnog now, and the old man, after vainly trying to find a voice to answer, winked his eye to him, yes, he would.

A well-turned leg means a well-turned neck, but not necessarily on the same person!—*Buck Sullivan*.

Willie went downstairs into the sweet spring morning for the fresh milk and mixed the drink in the kitchen. Chris said he didn't know how wise it would be to give his father a drink; he was pretty far gone, he said.

Willie looked scornfully and defiantly at him.

"He wants it," he said, grinding the egg beater.

Ned barely sipped at it and Willie put the glass on the commode and lowered his grandfather gently onto the pillow. Ned's eyes closed.

It seemed hours later, or it might have been a moment, that Willie, sitting at the breakfast table, heard the words of a litany from his grandfather's room and went in again.

"He's gone! Oh, he's gone!" Nell cried, falling over him on the bed.

"Yes, he's gone. Lord have mercy on him," said Nora. She rose from the rocker as Chris McDermott lifted his mother and Willie ran out of the room. The eggnog was on the commode and Nora carried it with her to the kitchen. She was about to pour it down the pantry sink when her hand stopped.

"Why waste it?" she muttered, drinking it.

NED'S brothers—Pat, Pete and Nick, with their friends and Ned's: Tim Lee, Owen Tegue, Torpedo Casey—sat on the big kitchen chairs. Nell's family, whom none of the McDermotts ever liked very much, squatted on the uncomfortable campstools the undertaker had brought or, snatching a hasty drink from the bottle on the table, hurried into the other room to sit for a while with their wives and daughters.

"Hello, Will," Tim Lee said as the boy passed his chair. "Too late now for any of Ned's schemes," he said turning to Torpedo Casey.

"Be a damn good time for him to get into the Navy," Casey said.

"Ned was bound to make a scholar of him," Tim objected.

"What the hell use is a scholar these days?"

"That's what Ned wanted."

"Ned leave anything so's the lad can go to school?"

"Not's I know of," Tim said. "If there's enough to bury him, it's a lot."

"Ah, too bad," Casey said. "Too bad there's not some way the boy could get what his grandfather wanted for him."

CATHERINE DALY, Nell said, had been an angel, no less, doing things around the house on Saturday and Sunday, the thousand things Nell and Nora would forget and Chris McDermott wouldn't even know had to be done. Catherine was drooping with weariness Sunday night and after people began going home she went into Chris's room to rest, lying on his bed.

Chris had never seen her slender beauty at rest in a bed before and, quietly standing in the dark looking at her, he knew his hungry eyes might never feast this way again. Catherine opened her eyes at last and held her hand out to him.

He took it and touched his lips to her cheek as coolly and hastily as her father might, she thought. He began talking slowly.

There was no one now, he told her, to take care of his mother and Nora. They were getting old; he had never noticed how his mother had aged until he looked at her standing beside his father's coffin. There wasn't anyone but himself and he would have to take up the burden where his father let it down. He couldn't leave his mother, he couldn't marry and go away, not while she was living. . . .

Willie, alone in the dining room, heard his uncle's voice, so dull, so careful; and he listened more closely.

"There won't be much insurance or anything," Chris went on. "Probably only enough to bury him. There won't be anything left after that. Who would take care of my mother? Willie isn't old enough to do it. He'll have to have a home, too, of course. And he will as long as he needs one.

Father would want me to do that too. But of course he'll have to leave school now and find a job for himself, because I can't take the burden of his support entirely on my shoulders. . . ."

TO see Chris sitting, after the funeral was over, in the chair from which his grandfather had so often spoken words of encouragement stirred an indefinable anger in Willie.

"Willie," his uncle said, "we'll have to have a talk soon about how we're going to get along now that Father's gone."

"You mean," Willie said, "I have to leave school, don't you?"

"We don't have to talk about it now, Willie," his uncle assured him with a kindness Willie resented. "There's plenty of time to talk it over —when you're feeling better."

"I heard you telling Catherine Daly," Willie said.

"Why, Willie," his uncle said, "I didn't think you were spying on me when I was talking with Catherine. I had many things to say to her that hurt me very much to say. Did you hear everything I said to her?"

"I wasn't spying on you," Willie defended himself quickly. "I couldn't help hearing what you said. You never cared whether I went to school or not, anyway, did you? Only my grandfather wanted me to go to school and—"

"You're upset," his uncle said with the same adulterated kindness. Sullenly Willie got up from the table and started slowly for the kitchen, his uncle hurrying after him and putting his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Take your hand off me," Willie said. He struck at his uncle's hand.

"Wait," his uncle began, reaching again.

"For what?" Willie said. "Keep your hands off me." But he retreated, knocking against the stove.

His grandmother hearing rushed in. She whacked him in the face with her hand, the heavy gold wedding ring catching him in the forehead.

"He's a selfish, ungrateful boy," Chris declared bitterly. "But I'll take some of it out of him before long. Go and lie down and rest, Mother. I'll handle him."

"Ah," she said resignedly, "what can I do, anyhow? This is the thanks your father has, God rest his soul, for all he has done for him."

"I know," Chris said. "I know. I'll try to reason with him. Sit down there, Willie."

Ashamed, but still smouldering with anger, Willie sat in the rocker by the window where he could look out on the lane. He could not look at his uncle, but he heard the voice running endlessly on reminding him that whatever plans had been made for the future, whatever plans, even his own marrying of Catherine Daly, would have to be put away now.

"I'm sorry I did it," Willie said.

Yes, his uncle was sure that when he thought about it he would be. It hurt his uncle not to be able to carry out his father's wishes.

"Don't talk about it any more," Willie said. "I don't want to talk about it any more at all. Never."

He heard his uncle saying he ought to go into his grandmother's room and tell her he was sorry. He went, slowly.

"Be a good boy, now, Willie," she said to him. "It's hard on all of us. Be a good boy now and do what your uncle says."

Passing into the kitchen again, he saw his uncle sitting in the rocker where he himself had been a few minutes before, looking down the lane toward the back fence of the house where Catherine Daly lived.

When he reached his own room, he stood watching the clouds tumble across the sky over the tops of the budding elms, thinking. If he stayed here now, knuckling under the rule of his uncle, there was little to hope for, nothing that he had spent all his days hoping for and dreaming of with his grandfather. The first thing to do was to get out of the house, to get where no one knew him.

Exhausted, he dropped across the width of his bed, stumbled through the darkness of his loneliness for the comforting light of his prayers. . . .

HE did not know how long he had been there asleep, but when he woke up again it was dark and he jumped to his feet. He looked out of the window and could see the lights burning in the houses around them and on the lampposts in the street below. He went downstairs.

Ned's hat, battered and sandy from its many trips to the foundry, hung on the nail on the kitchen door where he had hung it himself the last time he came home. Looking at it, Willie wondered who would take it down, if they were going to take it down. It might be there as long as his grandmother and Nora were there. But that might not be so long either. All these old people—his grandmother, Nora, dear Tim Lee, Torpedo Casey, Gyp McGlinn—when they were gone, the world Willie would live in would be a world without great joy or great sorrow or great anything.

Frantically, Willie dredged the waters of his memory for the indestructible words his grandfather and Father McCaffrey had spoken to him, but he could not bring them up. Yet he knew they were there. He knew he could never run away from these people or from the house.

He surrendered, knowing that the trellis of dreams, of faith and hope his grandfather had built for him was there for him to cling to and climb. Perhaps he might not realize in himself the great stranger his grandfather would have made of him, but, clinging and climbing, he would never have to know the bitterness, either, of having to say goodbye to him.

THE END

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MAR. 29, 1947

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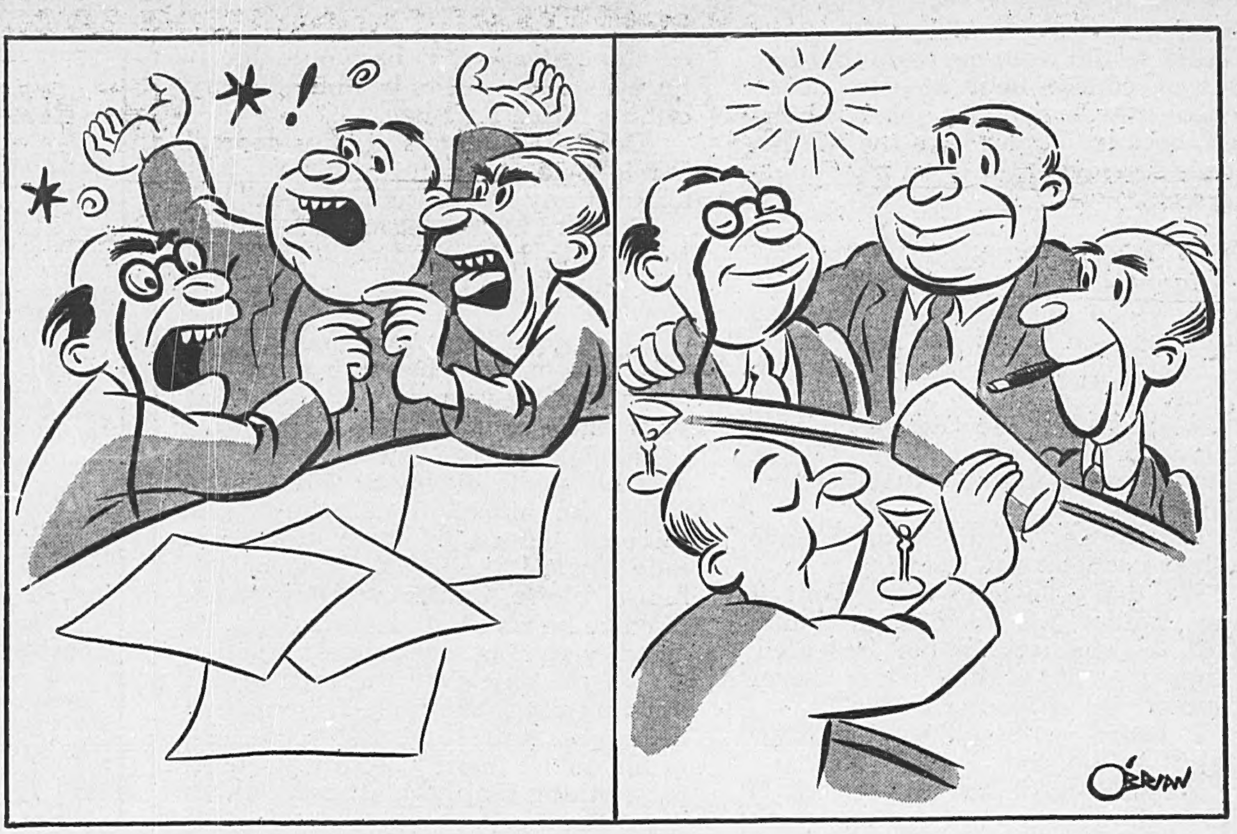


THE CUP THAT CHEERS STATESMEN

A TEMPERANCE body asks that all American public servants and legislators pledge themselves to abstain totally from the use of alcoholic beverages. It extends the request to the entire world by asking the delegates to the United Nations also to promise not to drink any alcoholic beverages, particularly vodka.

This worthy group asks a fair question: If it is a crime for a man to drive a car while under the influence of alcohol, is it not a crime also to direct the destinies of men while partially stupefied by an anesthetic drug?

Were it common practice to conduct legislative sessions, committee hearings, Cabinet meetings, or the deliberations of the United Nations in an aura of alcoholic stupefaction, they would have something there. But, actually, the gentlemen who propose this simple solution to our problems cannot have witnessed either our own lawmakers in action or the hair-splitting sessions which take place at Lake Success and Flushing Meadow. Nor can they have read many detailed reports of these proceedings in the newspapers.

Anyone observing these deliberations and the overdiligent manner in which all who take part obstinately insist on having their views prevail, even to the last comma and semicolon, is apt to feel it might help to bring on the refreshments before, or even during, the sessions, rather than allowing the statesmen to languish until business is finished, as is now the practice.

A valuable function of stimulating drink in moderation is to lubricate the gears of human contact; to induce, momentarily at least, a feeling of generosity and kinship among men and a more optimistic outlook. Few persons would say that these were harmful sentiments in the world today. Should those charged with the settlement of our affairs be compelled to reassemble for one nerve-racking meeting after another without recourse to the festive cup, tension might grow even more alarmingly than it has.

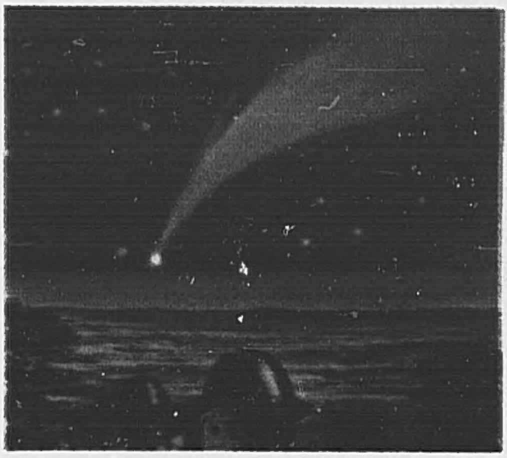
Besides, those gentlemen who ask the pledge are a little naïve as to the extent of the drinking which accompanies affairs of state. They cite a current book which reports that at one historic meeting between heads of governments, thirty-four toasts were drunk in honor of Mr. Stalin's birthday. Given more familiarity with the amenities of reporting, such convivial moments, either by observers or by the participants themselves, they would know it is customary to draw a very long bow. A toast on such occasions may be anything from a mere touching of lip to glass to the complete draining of it. They would know also that no human, even the fabulous Stalin himself, can down thirty-four complete drinks and still sit at a table, let alone talk coherently.

There are many and varied obstacles to the successful ordering of our affairs and those of the world. But alcohol is not, as the worthy gentlemen would have us believe, the main obstacle, nor does it rate as one at all. There is, in fact, some reason to suppose that the moderate use of stimulating beverages helps more than it harms.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
...THE PRESERVATION OF FREEDOM IS THIS MAGAZINE'S PURPOSE

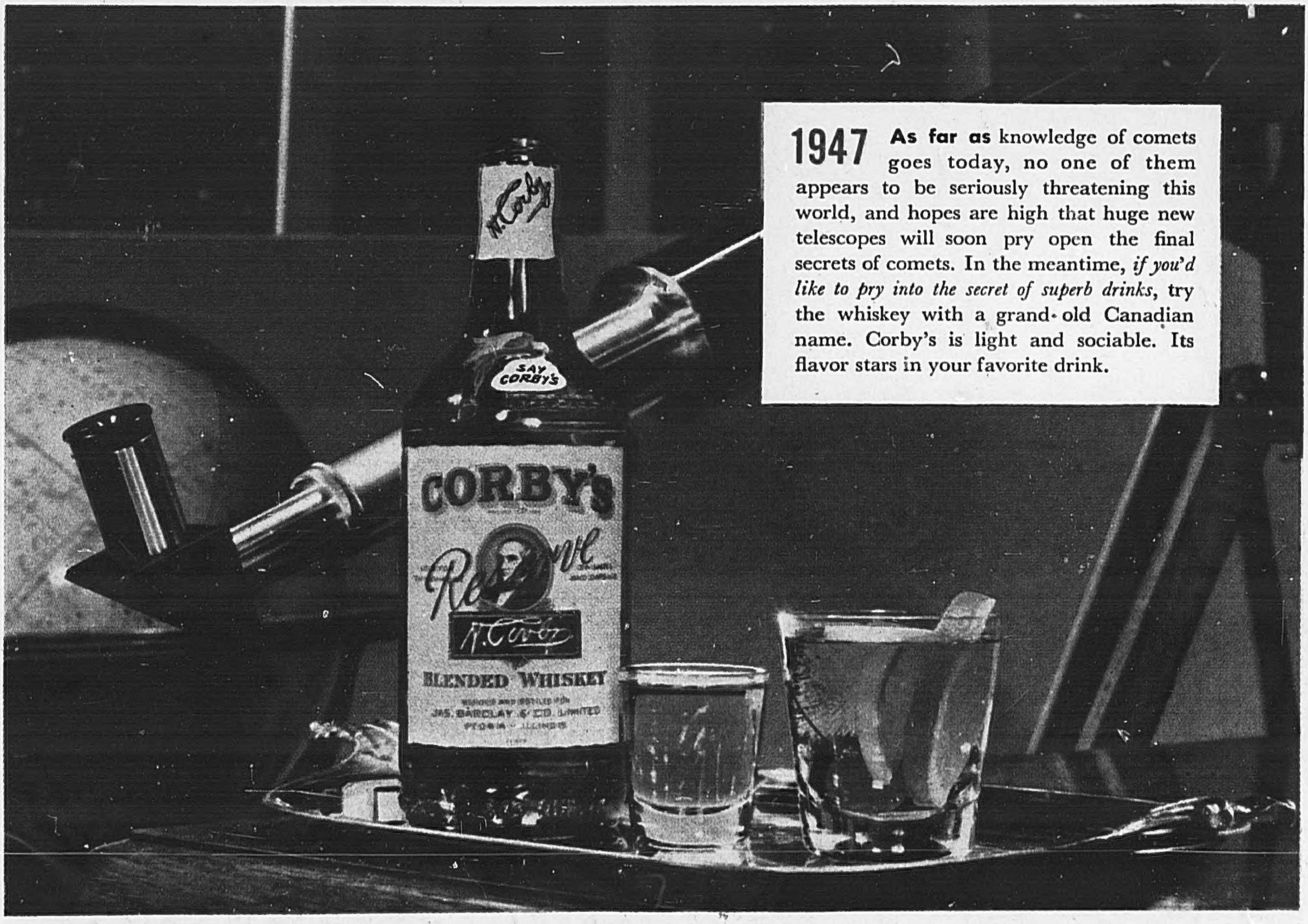
Will a comet smash the earth?



1858 **Comets,** those wanderers from far outer space, have frightened and mystified man since the dawn of history. Donati's comet, one of the most spectacular on record, swept a glowing plume across the heavens in the year the name Corby's came to Canada.

1882 **The great** comet of '82 is due to return in seven to nine hundred years. Astronomical measurements, made as the name Corby's was saluted for its 24th year in Canada, showed this giant's forked tail to be 200 million miles long.

1910 **Halley's** comet is now known to appear regularly every seventy-six years. As the name Corby's reached its 52nd year in Canada, some people said the 1910 edition of this comet heralded the end of the world. That prediction is repeated by alarmists each time a comet is due.



1947 **As far as** knowledge of comets goes today, no one of them appears to be seriously threatening this world, and hopes are high that huge new telescopes will soon pry open the final secrets of comets. In the meantime, *if you'd like to pry into the secret of superb drinks*, try the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. Corby's is light and sociable. Its flavor stars in your favorite drink.

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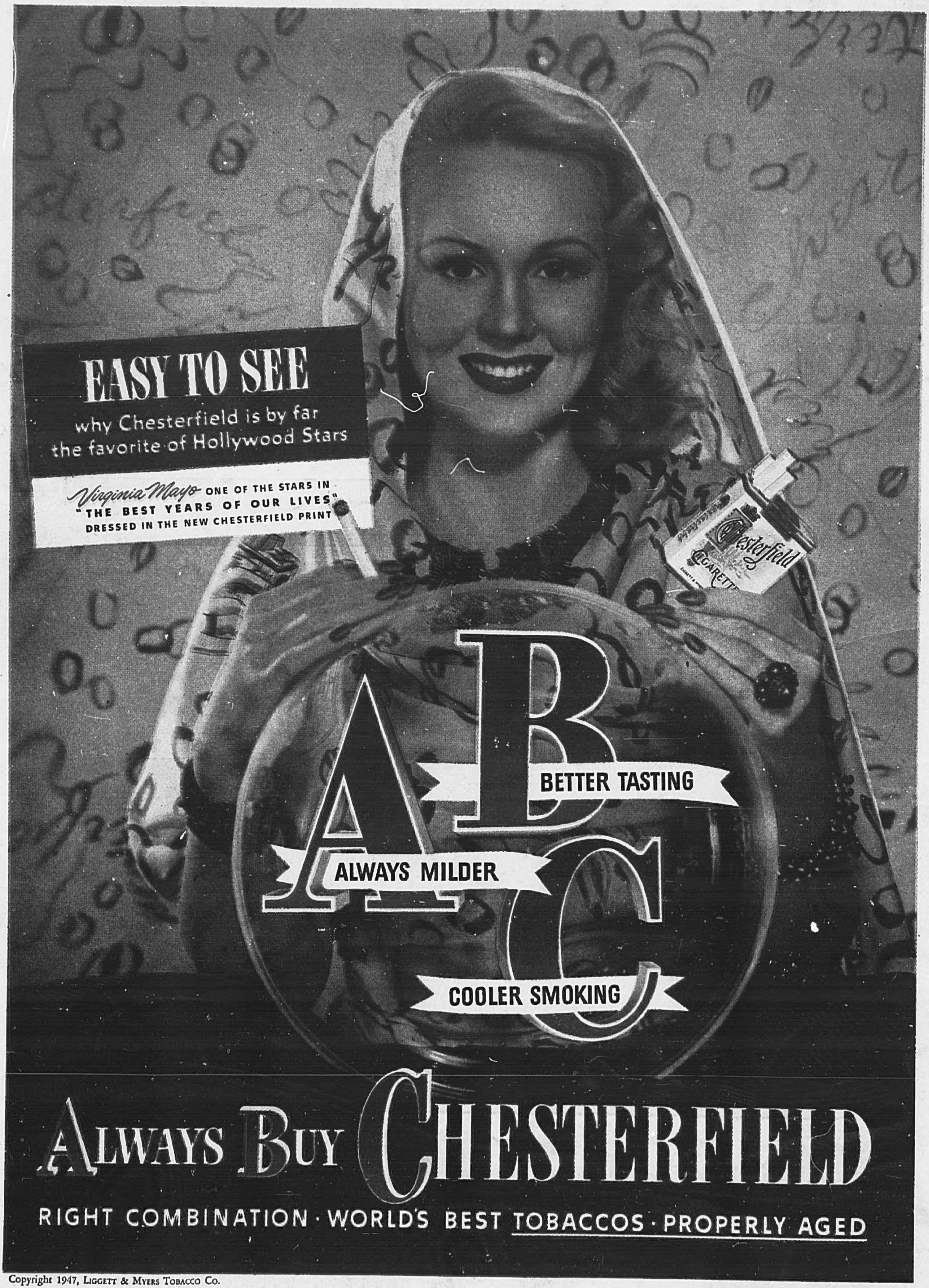
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